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POEMS AND LITERARY PROSE

OF

ALEXANDER WILSON.

VOL. II.—POEMS.

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THE

POEMS AND LITERARY PROSE

OF

ALEXANDER WILSON,

THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGIST.

FOR THE FIRST TIME FULLY COLLECTED AND COMPARED WITH THE ORIGINAL AND EARLY EDITIONS, MSS., ETC.

EDITED,

WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION, ESSAY, NOTES, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND GLOSSARY,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,
Editor of "The Fuller Worthies' Library," &c., &c.

VOL. II.—POEMS.

WITH PORTRAIT, ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.

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NOTE.—The small letters on the right-hand side before the page denote the sources and TEXT as given herein of the several Poems, viz. :—*a*, The Author's Edition of 1790 ; *b*, Ditto of 1791 ; *c*, Edition of 1816 ; *d*, Separately published ; *e*, American periodicals, &c., mentioned in the Life ; *f*, Provincial Scottish magazines, &c. ; *g*, Ornithology ; *h*, MSS. in Paisley Museum. On the left-hand side, those marked * have not before been printed, and those with a † have not been before included in any edition.—*G.*

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Essay on the Life and Writings of Wilson.

In the Memorial-Introduction—followed up as it is with a very much larger and fuller collection of his Letters than ever has been made—the outward Facts of the Life of Alexander Wilson are told with sufficient completeness. It is thought expedient, as likely to be helpful and quickening, to attempt here a more thorough estimate of his work and place than hitherto; and I propose to classify the things that I deem worth saying, under these two heads—I.—*The Poetry.* II.—*The Ornithology.*

I. The Poetry.—In the supreme meaning of the somewhat degenerated word, it would be very absurd to claim for Wilson any other recognition as a Poet than as one of the minor stars in the heaven of Scotland's Makers. That there *is* the real celestial light in him will appear I think before I am done; but *in limine* it must be understood that if his Poems were all whereon his admirers rested his fame I for one could not be very urgent in any high claim for him. Nevertheless, and indeed all the more because of this, is there a clear call to assert for him his own distinct niche as a Poet in a lowly unpretentious way—far beneath Ramsay, and Burns, and Robert Nicoll, but certainly beside Hamilton of Gilbertfield, and Fergusson, and Ross, and Tannahill, and Nicholson, and William Tennant.

I have placed "Watty and Meg, or the Wife Reformed: a Tale" in the fore-front of the Poems. It is *unique* in our literature. "Christ's Kirk on the Green" and the "Midden Fecht" have *bits* perhaps as effective in homely portraiture. But as a whole it stands alone for rough, coarse, realistic painting. It isn't altogether such a scene or incident as many would elect to paint, any more than one would those drinking groups which in Ostade and Teniers give renown to a gallery; but having been chosen I know not where to look for such raciness, vigour, genuineness. Only a native-born Scotchman can take in the *flavour* of its thoroughly Scotch wording and *motif*. But he is an emasculated Scot who does not relish it all through. Hector Macneil's "Will and Jean" is a thin, vapid, namby-pamby production beside it. *He* is credited with admitting that he copied after "Watty and Meg"; but it is a *feckless* copy. Where Wilson is terse and unmistakeable, Macneil is flaccid and uncertain. "Tam o' Shanter" itself is not more finely lined, if "Watty and Meg" lack the imaginative light that as in a Rembrandt etching flashes through its weird gloom and revelry. Watty the hen-pecked, who amid the uproarious mirth of the village hostelry,—

> "poor fallow
> Sat and smoket by himsel,"

from the moment that he "*kicket frae his shoon the snawbas*" and entered, until his nervous account of his Maggy's unending din and wearing of herself out "with perfect skelping" of the "weans" and on to the inevitable coming of Maggy for her husband:—

> "In the thrang of stories telling,
> Shaking hauns, and ither cheer;
> Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
> 'Mungo, is our Watty here?'"

and the as inevitable shrinking down of Mungo's small soul into his very shoes under the terrible lash of the "scawling wife," the *individuality* of the actors in the little tragi-comedy is admirable. Where is there a match anywhere for the homely *realism* of such a description as this, as I venture to italicize:—

"Watty heard her tongue unhallow'd,
Pay'd his groat wi' little din;
Left the house, *while Maggy fallow'd,*
Flytin' a' the road behin'.

Fowk frae every door came lamping;
Maggy cursed them ane and a';
Clappet wi' her hands, *and stamping,*
Left her bauchles i' the sna'."

It is called the "Wife Reformed." One has a sneaking kindness for "Maggy" after all, and a feeling that "Watty" was too much of the sot and too much in the public-house instead of by his own fireside; and also that "Maggy" is tricked. I like to imagine that the 'reformation' was all round, and that Mr. and Mrs. Walter ——— came to know each other better and study each other's common interests more, from the 'Taming' onward.

"Hogmenae" has a good deal of the same rapidly-touched or rather rapidly-dashed off character-painting. There is the same vivid reproduction of the scene and the rough and ready, coarse and vulgar personalities of the occasion, with here and there strokes of humour really inimitable. The brush of no Dutchman ever has painted with truer touches than the pen of Wilson in these:—

"Brodie's chin glitterèd with creesh
Till some swore they saw themsel's fair in't."

. . . . . .

"Now ilka ane, swelled like a drum
With roast beef, potatoes, and mutton;
Right stieve grew the stomachs of some,
While button was loos'd after button."

. . . . . .

"Now some fall to singing of songs,
And others to *roaring and bleth'ring;*
They rappèd like fire with the tangs,
'Our bowl's toom, come bring us anither in.'"

"Silence," (quo' Brodie) "nae clash,
I say." *But to ilka ane's wonder,*
Down hurl'd the form with a crash,
And levell'd the preses like thunder."

. . . . . .

"With laughing, and roaring, and drink,
At last we grew doited and weary;
Auld Saunders begoud for to wink,
Syne coupèd as sound as a peerie."

There are companion Geikie-like delineations of low life in other of the vernacular poems; and the reader who is on the outlook will mark them readily. Here is a portrait of a knavish employer of the poor weavers, that seems to me to stand out (so to say) from the canvas—in "Hollander, or Light Weight"—

"See! *cross his nose he lays the specs,*
And o'er the claith *he glimmers;*
Ilk wee bit triflin' faw't detects,
And cheeps, and to him yaummers,
'Dear man! that wark 'll never do;
See that; ye'll no tak' tellin';'
Syne knavish chirts his fingers through
And libels down a shilling
For holes that day."

Let "Hab's Door" be turned to, and studied as belonging to the same *kind*. It will be conceded that enough has been said thus far to make it plain that Wilson possessed a quick eye for the every-day ongoings around him and a rich idiomatic vocabulary whereby to catch "the living manners" as they rose. Granted and re-granted that it is a very humble sphere within which the gift is exercised; but there the gift is, and it is a gift of genius in its way.

Of a very different type, but out-come of the same penetrative seeing, are his descriptions of the world—a narrow world to him—of Nature. Pre-eminent among this group I place "The Disconsolate Wren," and I almost hesitated whether it ought not to have

gone first in the Poems. You have here a true 'seer,' opening brain and heart to the beauty of his sequestered daily walks. I ask the reader of this to pause meditatively over the opening of this most tender and priceless poem, *e.g.*—

"The morn was keekin' frae the East,
The lav'rocks shrill, *wi' dewy breast*
Were tow'ring past my ken;
Alang a burnie's flow'ry side
That gurgl'd on wi' glancin' glide,
I gain'd a bushy glen;
The circling nets ilk spider weaves
Bent, wi' clear dew-draps hung;
A' roun' amang the spreading leaves,
The cheary natives sung;
On'ts journey, the burnie
Fell dashing down some linns;
White foaming, and roaming,
In rage amang the stanes."

The form of stanza is that of Montgomery's "Cherry and the Slae" but the "Cherry and the Slae" has no such daintiness of observation and wording as this. One's heart is taken captive by the

"bonnie wee bit Wren
Lone, on a fuggy stane."

and the Robin "frae a hingan hazel root," hopping to compassionate its tiny neighbour as she 'rived' her "mirley breast" over the catastrophe of the 'brae' hurled down on her nest with its "saxteen bonny things" all gone. The "Laurel Disputed" has exquisitely delicate, as it has also unfortunately grievously vulgar things in it. Take of the former, of the rising of Ramsay when

"nane were left, in hamely cracks to praise
Our ain sweet lasses, or our ain green braes;"

and when,

"Far aff our gentles for their poets flew,
An' scorn'd to own that Lallan sangs they knew."

But "honest Allan" came:—

"O blythesome hearty days!
Whan Allan tun'd his chaunter on the braes!
Auld Reekie than, frae blackest, darkest wa's,
To richest rooms resounded his applause;
An' whan the nichts were dreary, lang, an' dark,
The beasts a' fothert an' the lads frae wark;
The lasses' wheels thrang birring round the ingle,
The ploughman, borin' wi' his brogs an' lingel,
The herd's wires clicking ower the ha'f wrought hose,
The auld gudeman's een ha'flins like to close;
The "Gentle Shepherd" frae the bole was ta'en,—
Than sleep I trow was banished frae their een;
The crankiest than was kittled up to daffin',
An' sides and chafts maist riven war wi' laughin'.

. . . . . .

Learn'd fouk, that lang in colleges an' schools,
Hae sooket learning to the vera hools,
An' think that naething charms the heart sae weel's
Lang cracks o' Gods, Greeks, Paradise, and deils;
Their pows are cram't sae fu' o' lear an' art,
Plain simple nature canna reach their heart;
But whare's the rustic that can, readin', see
Sweet Peggy skiffin' ow'r the dewy lee;
Or, wistfu' stealing up the sunny howe
To gaze on Pate, laid sleeping on the knowe;
. . . Whae'er can thae (o' mae I needna speak)
Read tenty ow'r at his ain ingle-cheek;
An' no fin' something glowan thro' his blood,
That gars his een glow'r thro' a siller flood;
May close the beuk, poor coof! and lift his spoon;
His heart's as hard's the tackets in his shoon."

There is a tremble in the voice in the final verdict for Fergusson, however we may dispute its soundness:—

"To set Rab's youth and inexperience by,—
His lines are sweeter, and his flights mair high;
Allan, I own, may show far mair o' art,
Rab pours at ance his raptures on the heart;
The first, by labour mans our breast to move,
The last exalts to ecstasy and love:
In Allan's verse, sage sleeness we admire,
In Rab's, the glow of fancy and of fire,
And genius bauld, that nought but deep distress,
And base neglect, and want, could e'er suppress.
O hard, hard fate!—but cease, thou friendly tear,
I darna mourn my dear lo'ed Bardie here."

With the "Gentle Shepherd" filling the fore-ground, comparison between Ramsay and Fergusson is out of the question, but none the less must it be conceded that in "The Farmer's Ingle" and "Hallowfair," and in the "Butterfly" and "Braid Claith," and "Tron Kirk Bell,"—to name only these,—the youth of twenty-four bade fair to rival the venerable Allan. It would appear from somewhat conflicting, not to say stupid accounts, that the "Laurel Disputed" was composed off-hand on seeing the advertisement of a prize for the best poem on the subject announced. It is simply impossible that Wilson was not previously familiar with Fergusson's Poems, although he might not at the moment possess a copy of the volume in his scanty library. The fictitious account of what led the Poet to attend at the Pantheon in order to recite his "Laurel Disputed," is well-told in the character of an old-fashioned Worthy, who could not himself appear, as thus:—

"Last ouk, our Elspa wi' some creels o' eggs,
And three fat eerocks fassent by the legs,
Gaed down to Embrugh; caft a new bane-kame,
An' brought a warl' o' news and clashes hame:
For she's scarce out a day, an' gets a text,
But I'm dung deaf wi' clatter a' the next;
She'll tell a' what she heard frae en' to en',
Her cracks to wives, wives cracks to her again;

Till wi' quo I's, quo she's, an' so's, her skirle
Sets my twa lugs a-ringing like a girle.
'Mang ither ferlies whilk my kimmer saw,
Was your prent paper batter't on the wa';
She said she kentna richtly what it meant,
But saw some words o' goud an' poets in't!
This gart me glour; sae aff sets I my lane
To Daniel Reid's, an auld frien' o' my ain;
He gets the News, and tauld me that ye'd hecht
A dawd o' goud on this same Fursday night,
To him wha'd show, in clinking verses drest,
Gin Ramsay's sangs or Fergusson's war best."

"Rab and Ringan" and the "Loss of the Pack," other two of the Pantheon poems, have much the same characteristics, and some capital home-thrusts at pretence. "The Pack" and "Callamphitre's Elegy," and others of the same cast, have also touches of the cunning hand. Certain of the 'Pack' group are ingrainedly vulgar and coarse in warp and woof. His Verse-Epistles have not the '*wecht*' of common-sense, or the wealth of fancy, or the immortal axiomatic watch-words of those of Burns. They belong rather to the humbler verse of Ramsay, Hamilton of Gilbertfield, and Fergusson. But again and again you come upon out-of-the-way sketches. How few would or could have drawn his garret-home with the vividness of this to Dobie :—

"Clos'd in a garret spread wi' beuks,
Whare spider-wabs, in dozens,
Hing mirk athwart the winnock neuks,
Maist dark'ning up the lozens;
Thro whilk the sun, wi beams sae braw,
Ne'er shows his face discreetly,
Save when out owre the Misty-Law,
He's flitherin' doonward sweetly,
To close the day."

Again :—

"While rains are blatt'rin' frae the earth,
An' down the lozens seepin';

An' hens in mony a caul' closs-mouth,
Wi' hingin' tails are dreepin'."

Once more, to William Mitchell :—

"Wide muirs that spread *wi' purple sweep,*
Beneath the sunny glowe ;
Hills swell'd vast, here—there, dark glens deep,
Whare brooks embosom'd rowe ;
Cots hingin' owre the woody steep,
Bields reekin' frae the howe ;
Wild scenes like these, a blissfu' heap,
Has drive'nt in my powe,
To write this day."

One singular thing is, that, dating this last Letter from Leadhills, he fails to remember that in the Scoto-Alpine village Allan Ramsay was born. The recurrence above of the word 'lozens,' (window-panes,) reminds me to remark that in the poems of Wilson there is an abundance of genuine Scotch words found scarcely anywhere else—not in Ramsay or Fergusson or Burns. They were in ordinary use, and still are in inland undriven corners ; but only in Wilson, so far as I am aware, are they found idiomatically used. He was not always exact in the use of his words, whether Scotch or English,—in his first beautiful little apologue-preface to 'The Ornithology' he even mistakes 'similitude' for 'similarity ;' but, regarded broadly, his Poems will furnish a rich list of racy and expressive words when, in the good time coming, Scotland gets a reproduction and enlargement of Dr. Jamieson's great Dictionary of the Scottish Language. So generally felicitous is Wilson in the selection of his words that never was anything more of an outrage than ANDREW CRAWFORD'S preposterous re-writing of the "Laurel Disputed," "Eppie and the Deil," and other poems. He vulgarizes them all, and his spelling is worthy only of Josh Billings.* "Eppie and the Deil" has one scintillation of pitifulness and justice towards the last-named, that recalls Burns :—

* In "The Visitor or Literary Miscellany. Original and Selected." Greenock : 1818. 2 vols., 12mo. : Vol. II., pp. 167-181.

"*Though* he was the devil,
For ance he acted verra civil."

To the English Poems, you must bring warm sympathy and interest in the man to enjoy them. And yet in "The Foresters" and "Solitary Tutor," there are not a few noticeable descriptions of natural scenery; and the verse-portraits of the birds may take their place beside the prose of the 'Ornithology' itself. It is a pleasure to me to have recovered "The Pilgrim" and "The Rural Walk," and the memorial of "Captain Lewis," and the enlarged verse-Letter to Charles Orr. Summarily—perhaps it will be granted now, that Alexander Wilson has a right to be remembered among the lesser minstrels of old Scotland. He had an ambition to have done more as a Poet, as revealed in Letter XXIX. (Vol. I., pp. 92-3); but not thus, but with the Birds, was he to fill the world with music.

II. The Ornithology. I know not that I can more inspiringly introduce the Reader to what it is in my heart to say of the 'Ornithology,' than by opening the 'L'Oiseau' or the Bird of Jules Michelet.* His charming and brilliant book turns and re-turns to Wilson. I limit myself to one complete portion headed "The Heronries of America: Wilson the Ornithologist." I shall be disappointed if any lover of the memory of Wilson does not read this tribute (though it errs in several places) with fervour. It thus runs:—

THE HERONRIES OF AMERICA.

WILSON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

The decay of the Heron is less perceptible in America. He is not so frequently hunted. The solitudes are of vaster dimensions. He can still find, among his beloved marshes, gloomy and almost

* London (Nelson) 1869. Royal 8vo.

impenetrable forests. In these shadowy recesses he is more gregarious: ten to fifteen "domestic exiles" establish themselves in the same locality, or at but a short distance from each other. The complete obscurity which the huge cedars throw over the livid waters re-assures and rejoices them. Towards the summit of these trees they build with sticks a wide platform, which they cover with small branches: this is the residence of the family, and the shelter of their loves; there the eggs are laid and hatched in quiet, the young are taught to fly, and all those paternal lessons are given which will perfect the young fisher. They have little cause to fear the intrusion of man into their peaceful retreats: these they find near the sea-shore, especially in North and South Carolina, in low swampy levels, the haunt of yellow fever. Such morasses—an ancient arm of the sea, or a river, an old swamp left behind in the gradual recession of the waters—extend sometimes over a length of five to six miles, and a breadth of one mile. The entry is not very inviting: a barrier of trees confronts you, their trunks perfectly upright and stripped of branches, fifty or sixty feet high, and bare to the very summit, where they mingle and bring together their leafy arches of sombre green, so as to shed upon the waters an ominous twilight. What waters! A seething mass of leaves and dêbris, where the old stems rise pell-mell one upon another; the whole of a muddy yellow colour, coated on the surface with a green frothy mass. Advance and the seemingly firm expanse is a quicksand, into which you plunge. A laurel-tree at each step intercepts you; you cannot pass without a painful struggle with their branches, with wrecks of trees, with laurels constantly springing up afresh. Rare gleams of light shoot athwart the dulness, and the silence of death prevails in these terrible regions. Except the melancholy notes of two or three small birds, which you catch at intervals, or the hoarse cry of the heron, all is dumb and desolate; but, when the wind rises, from the summit of the trees comes the herons' moans and sighs. If the storm bursts, these great naked cedars, these tall "ammiral's masts," waver and clash together; the first roars, cries, groans, and imitates with singular exactness the voices of wolves and bears, and all the beasts of prey.

It was not then without astonishment that, about 1805, the heron thus securely settled, saw a rare face, a man's, roaming under their cedars, and in the open swamp. One man alone was capable of visiting them in their haunts, a patient, indefatigable traveller, no less courageous than peaceable—the friend and the admirer of birds, ALEXANDER WILSON.

If these people had been acquainted with their visitor's character, far from feeling terrified at his appearance, they would undoubtedly have gone first to meet him, and, with clapping of wings and loud cries, have given him an amicable salute, a fraternal ovation.

In those terrible years when man urged against man the most destructive war that had ever been known, there lived in Scotland a man of peace. A poor Paisley weaver, in his damp dull lodging, he dreamed of nature, of the infinite liberty of the woods, and, above all, of the winged life. A cripple, and condemned to inactivity his very bondage inspired him with an ecstatic love of light and flight. If he did not take to himself wings, it was because that sublime gift is, upon earth, only the dream and hope of another world.

At first he attempted to gratify his love of birds by the purchase of those illustrated works which pretend to represent them. Clumsy caricatures, which convey but a ridiculous idea of their form, and none at all of their movements; and what is the bird deprived of grace and motion? These did not suffice. He took a decisive resolution: to abandon everything, his trade, his country. A new Robinson Crusoe, he was willing, by a voluntary shipwreck, to exile himself to the solitudes of America; where he might see with his own eyes, observe, describe, and paint. He there remembered one little fact: that he neither knew how to draw, to paint, or to write. But this strong and patient man, whom no difficulties could discourage, soon learned to write, and to write an excellent style. A good writer, a minutely accurate artist, with a delicate and certain hand, he seemed under the guidance of Nature, his mother and mistress, less to learn than to remember.

Provided with these weapons, he plunges into the desert, the forest, and the pestiferous savannahs; becomes the friend of buffaloes and the guest of bears; lives upon wild fruits, under the splendid

ceiling of heaven. Wherever he chances to see a rare bird, he halts, encamps, and is "at home." What, indeed, is there to hurry him onward? He has no house to recall him, and neither wife nor child awaits him. He has a family, it is true: that great family which he observes and describes. And friends, he has them too: those which have not yet learned to distrust man, and which perch upon his tree, and chatter with him.

And, O birds, you are right; you have there a truly loyal friend, who will secure you many others, who will teach men to understand you, being himself as a bird in thought and heart. One day, perhaps, the traveller, penetrating, into your solitudes, and seeing some of you fluttering and sparkling in the sun, will be tempted with the hope of spoil, but will bethink himself of Wilson. Why kill the friends of Wilson? And when this name flashes on his memory, he will lower his gun.

I do not see, let me add, why we should extend to infinity our massacre of birds, or at least, of those species which are represented in our museums, or in the museums painted by Wilson, and his disciple Audubon, whose truly royal book, exhibiting both the race and the egg, the nest, the forest, and the landscape, almost rivals nature.

These great observers have one speciality which separates them from all others. Their feeling is so delicate, so precise, that no generalities could satisfy it; they must always examine the individual. God, I think, knows nothing of our classifications: He created such and such a creature, and gives but little heed to the imaginary lines with which we isolate the species. In the same manner, Wilson knew nothing of birds in the mass; but such an individual, of such an age, with such plumage, in such circumstances. He knows it, has seen it, has seen it again and again, and he will tell you what it does, what it eats, how it comports itself, and will relate certain adventures, certain anecdotes of its life. "I knew a woodpecker. I have frequently seen a Baltimore." When he uses these expressions, you may wholly trust yourself to him; they mean that he has held close relations with them in a species of friendly and family intimacy. Would that we knew the men with whom we transact business as well as Wilson knew the bird *qua*, or the heron of the Carolinas!

It is easily understood, and not difficult to imagine, that when this *bird-man* returned among men, he met with none that could comprehend him. His peculiarly novel originality, his marvellous exactness, his unique faculty of *individualization* (the only means of re-making of re-creating the living being), were the chief obstacles to his success. Neither publishers nor public cared for more than noble, lofty, and vague generalities, in faithful observance of Buffon's precept: "To generalize is to ennoble; therefore, adopt the word 'general'."

It required time, and, more than all, it required that this fertile genius should after his death inspire a similar genius, the accurate and patient Audubon, whose colossal work has astonished and subjugated the public, by demonstrating that the true and living in representation of individuality is nobler and more majestic than the forced products of the generalizing art.

Wilson's sweetness of disposition, so unworthily misunderstood, shines forth in his beautiful Preface. To some it may appear infantine, but no innocent heart can be otherwise than moved by it." (Pp. 121-127.)

For *the first time* the Prefaces and Introductions to the successive volumes of the 'Ornithology' are furnished to readers in our own country. They seem to me of the rarest value, and, read along with his Letters while on his Journeys, and 'Diaries,' in the shape of long Letters, present such an example of devotion, of single-hearted energy, insistent progress, and of the most thorough scientific exactitude, as is not to be found anywhere in the proud annals of the devotees of Science or of Art. Well might Mrs. Brightwell call her delightful Life of him, "Difficulties Overcome." How poorly furnished in the outset he was, none was more conscious than himself. But with a fine enthusiasm and a self-forgetting resolution not to be beaten, he gave himself to the great work of his life, and —— DID IT SO AS IT NEVER NEEDS TO BE DONE AGAIN.

In the light of his fame—his assured fame—as 'The Ornithologist,' it is profoundly interesting to mark how from the first, his eyes and ears were open to the birds. An American Biographer has described him as in the woods "all eyes and ears." They

were the same eyes and the same ears long before any dream of his life-task of love visited him. Thus note how inevitably he introduces the swallows into his landscape :—

" The western sun, bright to the eye,
Was smiling in the flood ;
Adorn'd with robes of richest die,
Gay crimson streaked with blood ;
The swallows twitter'd through the sky,
In jinking sportive mood.

Even the glowing blood-red West—God's own great Temple's oriel-window—does not shut out the ' twittering ' swallows ; and ' twitter'd ' is the nicely accurate word. His prose description of the Swallow may now be turned to. *

We have already had " The Disconsolate Wren," with the ' tow'ring ' Lark, " wi' dewy breast," and the Robin—all in the dainty frame-work of the " bushy glen." I recur to the poem that I may recall its sweet, soft compassion and fellow-feeling that so often thrills one in the ' Ornithology.' Similarly, however hastily you read his poems, you are compelled to hear the birds. Even in " Rabby's Mistake," what a fine incidental bringing in of the ' doos ' and ' craws ' have we in this :—

" Ae ca'm, blae, bitter, frosty day,
When deep the glisterin' snaw-wreathes lay
Aboon ilk moor an' fiel' ;
An' owre the Loch's clear frozen face,
On skytchers thrang, in airy chase,
Flew mony a cheery chiel.
Far aff the curlers' roaring rink,
Re-echoed loud, wi' noisy clink
O' stanes and besoms rappin' ;
Doos flighter't thro' amang the stacks,
An' craws upo' the toll-road tracts,
In hungry mood were *happin'*."

* Vol. I., pp. 302.

'Flighter't' and 'happin' are just *the* words demanded. His heart expands in his 'pedlar' wanderings as 'snell' Winter passes off, and thus he sung of the coming Spring :—

"When bonny Spring adorns the year,
An' ilka herb is springing,
An' birds on blossom'd branches, clear,
Wi' lighten'd hearts are singing;
How sweet to rove at early morn,
Whare dewy flow'rs are ranket;
While they wha sic enjoyments scorn,
Lie rowin' in a blanket,
Till height o' day."

He is at Crail, and sits down to write James Kennedy; and what then! He looks across the Frith and the "swarms o' deuk" meet his eye :—

"Nae doubt ye'll glowre whene'er ye leuk,
An' see I'm maist at Scotland's neuk,
Whare owre the waves black swarms o' deuk
Soom far an' near."

Even in his English Poems—excluding the larger ones, and those specifically ornithological already noted—his love of the birds and flowers, and all rural sights and sounds is very touching. His "Lochwinnoch," while occasionally strong and nervous in its rhythm and rhyme, is not by any means very remarkable. But even in it his observation of the birds appears as he celebrates

"The lark's shrill song, the blackbird's wilder airs."

So, too, the "fleet-wing'd hawk" above and this scene below :—

"'Midst bord'ring reeds and fens,
The lengthen'd Lake its glossy flood extends;
Slow stealing on with lazy silent pace,
The Peel, lone rising from his wat'ry face.
Here stalks the heron, gazing in the lake,
The snowy swan, and party-coloured drake;

The bittern lone, THAT SHAKES THE SOLID GROUND ;
While thro' still midnight groans the hollow sound;
The noisy goose, the teal, in black'ning trains,
And long-bill'd snipe, THAT KNOWS APPROACHING RAINS;
Wild fowl unnumber'd, here continual rove,
Explore the deep, or sail the waves above."

So is it throughout ; and if ever "boy" was "father of the man," as '*The* Ornithologist,' it was in Wilson's case. It is accordingly no surprise to those who have studied his works that the first thing he did apparently on landing in the New World was to go in pursuit of a red-headed Wood-pecker. I am not ashamed to confess that I went a good deal out of my way to visit Newcastle on the Delaware, for the simple sake of Alexander Wilson and this incident.

The supreme and all-overbearing merit (if the word be not too poor) of Wilson as an Ornithologist is his invariable seeing everything with his own keen eyes and testing every alleged trait by his own observation and experience. It is difficult to realize the courage that was needed in this erewhile poor Weaver to stand up right in front of such greatnesses and oracular authorities as the learned Naturalists of Europe, *e.g.*,—one should have liked to have seen the face of the Count de Buffon and the 'members' of the grand Societies of England and France as they read (though Buffon of course was dead) his very articulate and pronounced judgments on their pseudo-scientific theories. There is poking i' the ribs with a quiet laughter, but beneath the laughter there is seriousness and a Ruskinian denunciation of falsehood and sham, and a demand that the Birds themselves shall be studied as their Creator has fashioned them. Couched at the roots of trees, threading primeval woods, climbing trackless and precipitous mountain-sides, penetrating treacherous morasses, paddling, all alone save his parrot, *The Ornithologist*, along hitherto unexplored rivers, camping among the Indians, smitten down by fevers and colds, turning aside to a cave or exposed fossils, interrogating every one whose button he could catch hold of on habitats and habits and 'specimens,' vigilant, cheery, energetic, grateful for

slightest kindness, always ready to find good in heart of evil, and awed with the Supreme Presence, yet confiding as a little child, and o' nights writing down unpretentiously the day's observations, I venture to pronounce this man by head and shoulders taller than most. The wonder and the praise are deepened in the knowledge that naturally he was of weak bodily frame and constantly liable to coughs and dysentries. We must come down to David Livingstone of our own generation to find this breed of gallant men. Sure I am Raleigh and Drake of old, and Livingstone and young Stanley of to-day would have clasped hands with him as a brother.

I would further name the *humanness* of Wilson as an Ornithologist. I don't mean humaneness,—though, were it only for that story of the captive mouse that he was about to kill for an owl's claw, but was stayed by its 'wee' red tongue lapping up, in its sore strait of thirst, a chance drop of water on the table beside it as it lay there in its bondage, we might be satisfied that he was humane and not wanton in the destruction of 'Bird life,'—I mean rather that magnetical sympathy with the Birds whereby his descriptions of their looks and ways and faculties take the colouring of so many little biographies of personal friends. You have painstaking technical accuracy; but besides, a tender, delicate, lingering over their habits which is most taking. The specimen-descriptions from the 'Ornithology' will verify this criticism. Very rarely do you meet with intellect so fused with the tenderness of emotion as in Wilson. Jules Michelet in nowise exaggerates his lovingness.

Turning to the marvellous nine folios of the Ornithology,—now the rarest of books,—I found a dimness in my eyes as I brooded over the first two plates of the 'Blue Jay,' 'Yellow Bird or Goldfinch,' and 'Baltimore Bird,' and the 'Wood Thrush,' 'Red-breasted Thrush or Robin,' and 'White-breasted black-capped Nuthatch,' and 'Red-bellied black-capped Nuthatch,' for, though for uniformity's sake Wilson modestly put Lawson's name to these as to the rest, both of these plates were of his own etching. As such, everything considered, they are priceless. *As a whole*, the man is rich after no common sort who has the original edition of the 'Ornithology' wherewith to glorify his library. Beautiful as is

Sir William Jardine and Prince Bonaparte's, three goodly octavos, and erudite as is Jamieson's and other editions of the great work, Wilson's own folios are incomparable, and will grow in value every year. It were a joy to pass from bird to bird, and from plate to text, to follow the Enthusiast in his delightful labour.

I wish to preserve on this hither side of America that List of Subscribers drawn up by Wilson, and given at the end of Vol. IX. by GEORGE ORD. It actualizes to us his many journeyings, his failures and successes, his kind welcome and his disappointments as told in his Letters and diary-Letters. The List never has been reproduced anywhere, and I, for one, think that these names are entitled to remembrance. All things taken into account, the number of subscribers the indefatigable Wanderer secured is striking. I hesitate to say that a greater success would be possible now. Here, then, is the list, *verbatim et literatim* :—

Pennsylvania.

American Philosophical Society
Amies, Thomas, 2 copies
Armstrong, George
Astley, Thomas, 2 copies
Athenæum of Philadephia
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Baldwin, Henry
Bancker, Charles N.
Barton, Benjamin Smith, *M. D.*
Bartram, William, *Botanist*
Bedford, Doctor N.
Biddle, Nicholas
Binny & Ronaldson
Birch, William Young
Blockley Agricultural Society
Bloomfield, General
Boas, Jacob
Boileau, N.
Bronson, Enos
Brown, Joseph
Bryant, John Y.
Bryant, Mordecai Y.
Butler, Pierce
Caldwell, Charles, *M. D.*
Caldwell, James
Carey, Matthew
Carr, William
Carstairs, Thomas
Chapman, Nathan, *M. D.*
Coleman, Robert
Collins, Thomas
Craig, William
Cramer, Zadock
Cromwell, Thomas
Desilver, Robert
Desilver, Thomas
Dickinson College
Eddows, Ralph
Enocks, Thomas
Enslen, A., *Botanist*
Fisher, Miers

Fisher, Redwood
Fisher, William W.
Fœring, Frederick
Gapper, Mrs.
Gibson, James
Gilpin, Joshua
Gilpin, Thomas
Griffin, Ward
Hamilton, William
Harrison, George
Haydock, Samuel
Henry, William
Howard, John E.
Howell, Colonel
Ingersoll, C. J.
Jones, Joseph
Jones, William
Johnston, Alexander
Kimber & Conrad
Lang, John
Lardner, John
Lawson, Alexander
Lewis, Joseph S.
Lewis, Reeve
Lewis, Samuel N.
Louden, Archibald
Maris, Richard
Martin, James
McAlpin, James
McInsey, Joseph
Miller, Daniel H.
Miller, John M.
Morton & Wallace
Mountain, James
Murray, George
Neill, Lewis
Nevill, Presley
O'Hara, General
Ord, George
Patterson, Rev. Robert
Peale, Rubens
Pennsylvania Hospital, 2 copies
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Pentland, E.
Philadelphia Library, 3 copies
Phillips, Zeligman
Pollock, George
Reed, Joseph
Reigart, Adam
Richardson, Nathaniel
Shaw, William A.
Sheaff, George
Short, William
Simpson, George, jun.
Sitgreaves, Samuel
Smith, Charles
Snyder, Smith
Spencer, Eliza
Spencer, Robert
Stott, Watson
Sullivan, Joshua
Sutton, George
Tanner, Benjamin
Thomas, Moses
Turnbull, Alexander
Vallance, John
Warder, John
Wheelan, Israel
Whitehead, William
Wilkins, General William
Wilkins, William
Woodruff, George
Yeates, Jasper

New York.

Albany Library
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Boyd, Samuel
Bullus, John
Carrick & Dodge
Clinton, De Witt
Columbia College Library
Cooper, Thomas A.
De Chaumont, Le Roy
De Witt, Simeon
Doughty, Gen. John
Duer, William A.
Eddy, Thomas
Empie, Reverend A.
Ferrand, Benjamin
Fulton, Robert
Gardiner, John L.
Gibbs, Col. G., 3 copies
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Hammond, Abijah
Hobartgrinel, Sloss
Hosack, David, *M. D.*
Hounsfield, Ezra
Ironside, George
Jarvis, Rev. Samuel F.
King, Charles, jun.
King, Rufus
Lansing, John
Lawrence, William
Livingston, Brockholst
Livingston, Robert B.
Mason, John M., *D. D.*
McKesson, John
M'Intyre, Archibald
Moore, The Right Rev. Bishop
Morris, Gouverneur
Murray, John K.
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Ogden, David B.
Pell, Alfred S.
Phillips, Frederick
Rea, Alexander
Robertson, William
Rodgers, John K. B.
Rogers, John
Russel, Abraham
Schenck, Peter A.
Scneider, John
Smedes, Abraham K.
Swan, B. L.
Taylor, John
Van Renselaer, Stephen
Verplanck, D. C.
Waddington, Joshua
Weeks, Ezra
Wells, Lemuel
Wilson, Peter
Wyman, John W.

Connecticut.

Beers & Howe
Hartford Library
Wadsworth, Daniel

Massachusetts.

Boston Athenæum
Bowdoin, James
Davis, J. P.
Derby, General E.
Higgenson, George
Kimball, Leon

Lee, J. Lemen
Lloyd, James
Morse, Jedidiah, *D. D.*
Prince, Rev. Doctor
Quincy, Josiah
Thorndike, Israel
Warren, J. C.
Warren, John, *M. D.*

Newhampshire.

Carrigam, Philip
Dartmouth College Library
Dearborne, Henry A. S.
Hartwell, Cyrus
Lincoln, Daniel W.
Newhampshire Medical Society
Smith, Nathan, *M. D.*

Maryland.

Baltimore Library
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Coale, E. J.
Ducatel, Edmund
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Lormon, William
Lucas, Fielding
Messonier, Henry
Raphel, Stephen
Shroeder, Henry
Smith, D. A.
Smith, Jacob G.
Sterett, James
St. Mary's College Library
Watkins, T.

District of Columbia.

Coffer, Joshua
Congress Library
Eppes, John
Fitzhughes, Giles
Gallatin, Albert
Georgetown Library
Goldsborough, C. W.
Granger, Gideon
Headly, James
Kennedy, James
Latrobe, B. H.
MacGruder, Patrick
Madison, James
Mason, George
Milligan, Jos.
Rittenhouse, John B.
Sheldon, Daniel
Smith, R. S.
Way, A. & J.
Wilkinson, Gen. James

Virginia.

Armstead, Theo.
Banard, E. & R.
Birchett, Robert
Blanchard, Thomas
Bolling, Robert
Brokenbrough, Gabriel
Davis, Samuel
Dunlap, John
Gibbons, J.
Giles, William B.
Gilliam, James S.
Greenhowe, James, *M. D.*
Griffin, Thomas
Hansferd, Lewis, *M. D.*

Jefferson, Thomas
Loyal, George
Macnair, Ebenezer
Munroe, James
Newton, George
Pike, John C.
Potts, William
Prentise, Joseph
Purdie, Thomas
Ralston, G.
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Singleton, William, *M. D.*
Taylor, Robert H.
Tyler, Gov.
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Wilder, J. & J.
Williamsburgh College Library
Williamson, Thomas

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Burgwin, George H. B.
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Devereux, John
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Eagles, Richard
Gaston, William
Hassel, William
Herrit, John W.
Macneil, A. F.

South Carolina.

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Baillie, David
Barron, Alexander, *M. D.*
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Vander Hoorst, General
Washington, William
Wilson, John L.

Georgia.

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Bullock, W. B.
Cummings, John
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Grimes, John
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Labuzan, Charles
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Mitchell, D.
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Wayne, James M.
White, Doctor
Williamson, John P.
Woodruff, G.
Young, Thomas

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Buttler, James
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January, Thomas
Legrand, H.
Lexington Library
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Von Phul, Henry
West, John B.
Wilkins, Charles
Worseley, W. W.

Mississippi Territory.

Baker, Looe
Brown, Samuel, *M.D.*
Calvit, Monfort
Conner, William
Cook, James
Cox, John C.
Dinsmore, Silas
Dunbar, William
Ellis, Sarah
Evans, Lewis
Farrar, Benjamin
Forman, J.
Freeman, Thomas
Green, Charles B.
Harding, Lyman
Overacker, George
Postlethwaite, Samuel
Sargeant, Winthrop
Seip, Doctor F.
Steele, John
Vick, Burwell
Wilkins, James
Winn, John W.

Louisiana.

Alexander, James
Alexander, Robert
Bartlet, J. C.
Blanques, J.
Boswell, William
Bourjeoy, M.
Brand, William
Brown, James
Burnside, Robert
Cenas, B.
Chabaudd, J.

Cheiw, Beverly
Claborne, W. C. C.
Clark, Daniel
Deblois, Gilbert
Derbigny, P.
Dow, Robert, *M. D.*
Duncan, A. L.
Duplessis, F.
Duplessis, P. L. B.
Ellery, Abraham R.
Ferrell, John B.
Flood, William, *M. D.*
Fortier, M. jun.
Grymes, P.
Guérin, F. M.
Hall, Judge
Hambleton, S.
Harman, Thomas
Heap, Samuel D.
Henderson, S.
Hermen, Alfred
Kinner, William
Lewis, Joshua
Listet, L. Moreau
Mather, James
Mather, James, jun.
Miller, William
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Morgan, George W.
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Russell, Hamilton
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Simpson, William
Smith, J. K.
Tricou, J.
Trimble, Jacob
Urquhart, David
Urquhart, Thomas
Watkins, John, *M. D.*
William, Thomas

Europe.

Barclay, William S. B., *England*
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Nevilt, W. H., *London*
Pahlen, Count J., *Russia*
Ralph, John R., *England*
Roscoe, William, *Liverpool*
Rose, Wm. Steuart, *London*
Selkeld, George, *London*
Vaughn, William, *London*
West, Benjamin, *P. R. A. London.*

It is satisfactory to find in this roll the simple name of

Thomas Jefferson.

I set that over-against neglects that Wilson felt keenly at the moment, but which have been too much made of by Biographers. I can well understand that in the pre-occupation and harassments of official life the President inadvertently overlooked even such a letter as the Ornithologist addressed to him. Otherwise, his intercourse with Jefferson was of the most agreeable kind, as the Letters show. I like, too, to meet with 'the Hunterian Museum,' and 'the University of Glasgow,' and William Roscoe of Liverpool and Benjamin West. Almost every name suggests a homily, especially the "Brither Scots." One name is absent; and it seems needful to get at the reason. I refer to AUDUBON. His own narrative is as follows:—

"One fair morning I was surprised by the sudden entrance into our counting-room of Mr. Alexander Wilson, the celebrated author of the 'American Ornithology,' of whose existence I had never, until that moment, been apprized. This happened in March, 1810. How well do I remember him as he walked up to me! His long, rather hooked nose, the keenness of his eyes, and his prominent cheek-bones, stamped his countenance with a peculiar character. The dress, too, was of a kind not usually seen in that part of the country; a short coat, trousers, and a waistcoat of grey cloth. His stature was not above the middle size; he had two volumes under his arm, and as he approached the table at which I was working, I discerned something like astonishment in his countenance. He, however, proceeded immediately to disclose the object of his visit, which was to procure subscriptions for his work. He opened his books, explained the nature of his occupations, and requested my patronage.

"I felt surprised and gratified at the sight of his volumes, turned over a few of the plates, and had already taken a pen to write my name in his favour, when my partner rather abruptly said to me in French: 'My dear Audubon, what induces you to subscribe to the work? Your drawings are certainly far better; and again, you must know as much of the habits of American birds as this gentlemen!' Whether Mr. Wilson understood French or not, or if the suddenness with which I paused dis-

appointed him, I cannot tell ; but I clearly perceived that he was not pleased. Vanity and the encomium of my friend prevented me from subscribing. Mr. Wilson asked me if I had any drawings of birds. I arose, took down a large folio, laid it on the table, and showed him the whole of the contents. His surprise appeared great, as he told me he never had the most distant idea that any other individual than himself had been engaged in the forming of such a collection. He asked me if it was my intention to publish, and when I answered in the negative, his surprise seemed to increase. And, truly, such was not my intention ; for until long after, when I met the Prince of Musignano, in Philadelphia, I had not the least idea of presenting the fruits of my labours to the world. Mr. Wilson next examined my drawings with care, asked if I should have any objections to lend him a few during his stay ; to which I replied that I had none. He then bade me good morning, not, however, until I had made an arrangement to explore the woods in the vicinity along with him, and had promised to procure him some birds of which I had drawings in my collection, but which he had never seen."

"It happened that he lodged at the same house with us [at Louisville], but his retired habits, I thought, exhibited either a strong feeling of discontent, or a decided melancholy. The Scotch airs, which he played sweetly on his flute, made me melancholy too, and I felt for him. Seeing that he was all enthusiasm, I exerted myself as much as was in my power to procure for him the specimens which he wanted. We hunted together and obtained birds which he had never before seen ; but Reader, I did not subscribe to his work, for even at that time my collection was larger than his. . . . Before many days elapsed, he left Louisville on his way to New Orleans, little knowing how much his talents were appreciated in our small town, at least by myself and my friends." *

On this, Mrs. Brightwell trenchantly observes :—"The Reader must form his own conclusion with reference to the course Mr.

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* Mrs. Brightwell, as before, pp. 106-9.

Audubon saw fit to adopt in refusing to subscribe to the work of a brother naturalist, whose volumes, he acknowledged, surprised and gratified him, and while he had not at the time the most remote idea of publishing to the world the result of his own researches. What Wilson thought may be readily inferred from the significant silence he preserved as to the interview." (P. 109, as before.)

Further: Audubon proceeds:—"Some time elapsed, during which I never heard of him, or of his work. At length, having had occasion to go to Philadelphia, I, immediately after my arrival there, inquired for him, and paid him a visit. He was then drawing a white-headed eagle. He received me with civility, and took me to the exhibition-room of Rembrandt Peale, the artist, who who had then pourtrayed Napoleon crossing the Alps. Mr. Wilson spoke not of birds or drawings. Feeling, as I was forced to do, that my company was not agreeable, I parted from him; and after that I never saw him again. But judge of my astonishment, some time after, when, on receiving the 39th page of the 9th volume of *American Ornithology*, I found in it the following passage:—'*March 23rd.* I bade adieu to Louisville, to which place I had four letters of recommendation, and was taught to expect much of every thing there; but neither received one act of civility from those to whom I was recommended, one subscriber, nor one new bird; though I delivered my letters, ransacked the woods repeatedly, and visited all the characters likely to subscribe. Science or Literature has not one friend in this place.'"

On this, ROBERT BUCHANAN remarks:—"We must take Audubon's account *cum grano salis*. If Audubon had one marked fault, it was vanity; he was a queer compound of Actaeon and Narcissus—having a gun in one hand and flourishing a looking-glass in the other. It was little not to subscribe to Wilson's book, and it naturally awakened suspicion. Like all vain men, the Frenchman was not unselfish, as the reader will, doubtless, discover for himself in the sequel."*

* Life and Adventures of J. J. Audubon, the Naturalist. Edited, from materials supplied by his Widow, by Robert Buchanan. 1868 *(London)*. Cf. Audubon, the Naturalist, in the New World, his Adventures and Discoveries. By Horace St. John. 1856 *(Longman)*.

My own verdict on the transaction is unhesitatingly that Audubon's withdrawal of his subscription-signature on the under-bred French-spoken "encomium" of himself, by his "partner," is truthfully accounted for by himself. It was his paltry "vanity" that did it. For the rest, it bears on the face of it to be made-up subsequently. No one who knows aught of the two men will for a second disbelieve the simple entry in Wilson's private Diary; so that the 'great' Audubon's account is a tissue of lies. I use 'great' advisedly. He *was* great—a great dilettante-impostor,—a mere easy-chair Naturalist compared with Alexander Wilson.

Related to the preceding List of Subscribers are the advertisements of the great work and contemporary notices of it—both hitherto overlooked. The former I am enabled to give from the *Albany Gazette*, Nov. 3, 1808, and the *Charleston Courier* Feby., 16, 1809, as follows :—

(1.)—Advertisement in "The Albany Gazette," Nov. 3, 1808.

Now Publishing by Subscription,

BY BRADFORD & INSKEEP,

Philadelphia,

in imperial quarto,

Price 12 Dollars, handsomely half-bound in Morocco,

VOLUME I.

OF

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY;

OR THE

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIRDS

OF THE

UNITED STATES;

Comprehending those resident within our territory, and others that migrate hither from other regions, among which will be found a great number of land and water birds, hitherto undescribed. Specifying the class, order, and genus, to which each particular species belongs :

FOLLOWING, WITH FEW EXCEPTIONS, THE ARRANGEMENT OF LATHAM.
DESCRIBING THEIR SIZE, PLUMAGE, PLACES OF RESORT, GENERAL HABITS, PECULIARITIES, FOOD, MODE OF CONSTRUCTING THEIR NESTS, TERM OF INCUBATION, MIGRATION, &C., &C.
ILLUSTRATED WITH PLATES, ENGRAVED AND COLOURED FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS TAKEN FROM NATURE
BY ALEXANDER WILSON.

(2.)—ADVERTISEMENT IN "THE CHARLESTON COURIER," FEBY. 16, 1809.

TO THE LOVERS OF NATURAL HISTORY.
A NEW AND SUPERB WORK;
Being the first of the kind ever attempted in America.
NOW PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,
BY BRADFORD & INSKEEP,
PHILADELPHIA,
IN IMPERIAL QUARTO,
Price 12 Dollars, handsomely half-bound in Morocco,
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DESCRIBING THEIR SIZE, PLUMAGE, PLACES OF RESORT, GENERAL HABITS, PECULIARITIES, FOOD, MODE OF CONSTRUCTING THEIR NESTS, TERM OF INCUBATION, MIGRATION, &C.
ILLUSTRATED WITH PLATES, ENGRAVED AND COLOURED FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS TAKEN FROM NATURE
BY ALEXANDER WILSON.

It is now upwards of a year since the Prospectus of this Work was first issued; but owing to a train of unforeseen events, its publication has been retarded to the present time. During this temporary suspension, the Author has had leisure to review and reconsider his plan, and to new-model it in such a manner as will render the Work in point of elegance not inferior to any of the kind that has appeared in Europe; and as the whole materials of its mechanical parts are the produce and manufacture of our own country, the Publishers trust it will stand not only among ourselves, but with foreigners, as an honourable testimony of the state of the Arts in the young and growing Empire.

(Then follows a description of the Plates, &c., &c.)

As a specimen of contemporary notices, take one transferred from the *Boston Centinel* to the *Albany Gazette* of the same date with the Advertisement:—

Notice in the "Albany Gazette" of Nov. 3, 1808, of Wilson's "Ornithology."

Our readers will observe, among the advertisements of this day, the annunciation of a new work, now publishing by subscription, in ten volumes, imperial quarto, by Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, of Philadelphia, entitled "American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States," illustrated with engravings drawn and coloured from Nature, by Alexander Wilson. We have been favored with a sight of this very superb

work, by the author himself, who is now in this town [now in the city of Albany] receiving subscriptions; and we consider its merits such as to lay claim to no common share of our esteem. This volume is printed on a superb vellum paper, and contains nine plates, engraved by Lawson and Murray, on which are represented thirty-eight of our native birds richly coloured after nature. The letterpress, which contains 160 odd pages, is executed in a style equal to any specimen of typography we have seen from Europe. The first volume of this expensive work, we understand, has been issued previous to applications being made for a single subscription,—the author trusting alone for support to the taste and public spirit of his countrymen; in which trust we sincerely wish and believe he will not be disappointed. Every gentleman of easy fortune, who has any taste for Natural History, and every Public Library throughout the U. States, ought to be possessed of a copy of this splendid national work.—*Boston Centinel.*

Our portrait of Wilson, is a genuine reproduction of the original, by Craw—not 'improved,' as for Sir William Jardine and elsewhere. There is the light or fire of genius in the dark eyes, and the thin high cheek, and narrow but steep forehead, and the large mouth in combination with the sweet chin; altogether a very noticeable personality. He will outlive a score of Audubons and theatrical pretenders. And so I end my Essay, and commend the manly, unselfish, clean, toiling Life and great life-work of Alexander Wilson to the love and homage of all who have breadth of sympathy for courage, perseverance, and imperishable achievement.

" All hail, true man! and full of more strong fire
Than hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit;
I love what Nature gave thee, but thy merit
Of witt and art, I love not but admire:
Who have before or shall write after thee,
Their works, tho' toughly labourèd, will be
Like infancy or age to man's firm stay,
Or early and late twilights to mid-day."

Alexander B. Grosart.

Part I.—Scottish Poems.

NOTE.

For the sources and authority of the TEXT adopted, and the arrangement of the Poems,—Scottish (vernacular) and English,—see our Preface and the Contents. Readers throughout will come upon references, names, and the like, requiring elucidation or illustration. Such will be found in the Notes and Illustrations at close of the present Volume. It is deemed expedient to place them there rather than call attention off from the TEXT by Notes, even the Author's own. On preceding Editions, see our Preface and Memorial-Introduction (in Vol. I.), and Essay (in the present Volume).—*G.*

Poems.

WATTY AND MEG, OR THE WIFE REFORMED.

A TALE.

"We dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake."—POPE.

KEEN the frosty winds were blawing,
Deep the snaw had wreath'd the ploughs;
Watty, weary'd a' day sawing,
Daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

Dryster Jock was sitting cracky,
Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill;
"Come awa'," quo' Johnny, "Watty!
Haith we'se hae anither gill."

Watty glad to see Jock Jabos,
And sae mony neibours roun',
Kicket frae his shoon the snawbas,
Syne ayont the fire sat down.

Owre a broad wi' bannocks heapet,
Cheese, and stoups, and glasses stood;
Some were roaring, ithers sleepit,
Ithers quietly chewt their cude.

Jock was selling Pate some tallow,
A' the rest a racket hel',
A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow!
Sat and smoket by himsel'.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
Drank his health and Meg's in ane;
Watty, puffing out a mouthfu',
Pledged him wi' a dreary grane.

"What's the matter, Watty, wi' you?
"Trouth your chafts are fa'ing in!
"Something's wrang—I'm vex'd to see you—
"Gudesake! but ye're desp'rate thin!"

"Ay," quo' Watty, "things are alter'd,
"But it's past redemption now;
"Lord! I wish I had been halter'd
"When I marry'd Maggy Howe!"

"I've been poor, and vex'd, and raggy,
"Try'd wi' troubles no that sma';
"Them I bore—but marrying Maggy
"Laid the cap-stane o' them a'."

"Night and day she's ever yelping,
"With the weans she ne'er can gree;
"When she's tired with perfect skelping,
"Then she flees like fire on me."

"See ye, Mungo! when she'll clash on
"With her everlasting clack,
"Whiles I've had my neive, in passion,
"Liftet up to break her back!"

" O, for gudesake, keep frae cuffets ! "
Mungo shook his head and said :
" Weel I ken what sort of life it's ;
" Ken ye, Watty, how I did ?—"

" After Bess and I were kippled,
" Soon she grew like ony bear ;
" Brak' my shins, and, when I tippled,
" Harl't out my very hair ! "

" For a wee I quietly knuckled,
" But whan naething would prevail,
" Up my claes and cash I buckled,
" Bess, for ever fare-ye-weel—"

" Then her din grew less and less aye,
" Haith I gart her change her tune ;
" Now a better wife than Bessy
" Never stept in leather shoon."

" Try this, Watty—When ye see her
" Raging like a roaring flood,
" Swear that moment that ye'll lea' her ;
" That's the way to keep her good."

Laughing, sangs, and lasses' skirls,
Echo'd now out-thro' the roof ;
" Done ? " quo Pate, and syne his erls
Nail'd the Dryster's waukèd loof.

In the thrang of stories telling,
Shaking hauns, and ither cheer ;
Swith ! a chap comes on the hallan,
" Mungo, is our Watty here ? "

Maggy's well-kent tongue and hurry,
Darted thro' him like a knife ;
Up the door flew—like a Fury
In came Watty's scawling wife.

" Nasty, gude-for-naething being !
" O ye snuffy, drucken sow !
" Bringing wife and weans to ruin,
" Drinking here wi' sic a crew !"

" Devil, nor your legs were broken !
" Sic a life nae flesh endures ;
" Toiling like a slave to sloken
" You, ye dyvor, and your 'hores ! "

" Rise, ye drucken beast o' Bethel !
" Drink's your night and day's desire ;
" Rise, this precious hour ! or faith, I'll
" Fling your whiskey i' the fire !"

Watty, heard her tongue unhallow'd,
Pay'd his groat wi' little din ;
Left the house, while Maggy fallow'd,
Flytin' a' the road behin'.

Fowk frae every door came lamping ;
Maggy curst them ane and a' ;
Clappet wi' her hands, and stamping,
Lost her bauchles i' the sna'.

Hame, at length she turn'd the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout ;
Raging like a very devil,
Kicking stools and chairs about.

" Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round you !
" Hang you, sir ? I'll be your death !
" Little hauds my hands, confound you,
" But I cleave you to the teeth."

Watty, wha 'midst this oration,
Ey'd her whiles, but durstna speak,
Sat like patient Resignation,
Trem'ling by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet,
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell ;
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighing aften to himsel' ;

" Nane are free frae some vexation,
" Ilk ane has his ills to dree ;
" But thro' a' the hale creation
" Is a mortal vexed like me ! "

A' night lang he rowt and gaunted,
Sleep or rest he cou'dna' tak ;
Maggy, aft wi' horror haunted,
Mum'ling, started at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepit,
Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel ;
Kist his weanies, while they sleepet,
Wauken'd Meg, and sought fareweel.

" Farewell, Meg !—and, O, may Heaven
" Keep you aye within His care ;
" Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',
" Now he'll never fash you mair."

"Happy cou'd I been beside you,
"Happy, baith at morn and e'en;
"A' the ills that e'er betide you,
"Watty aye turn'd out your frien';

"But ye ever like to see me
"Vext and sighing, late and air;
"Farewell, Meg! I've sworn to lea' thee,
"So thou'll never see me mair."

Meg, a' sabbing sae to lose him,
Sic a change had never wist;
Held his hand close to her bosom,
While her heart was like to burst.

"O, my Watty, will ye lea' me,
"Frien'less, helpless, to despair?
"O! for this ae time forgi'e me:
"Never will I vex you mair."

"Ay! ye've aft said that, and broken
"A' your vows ten times a week;
"No, no, Meg! See, there's a token
"Glittering on my bonnet cheek."

"Owre the seas I march this morning,
"Listed, tested, sworn and a';
"Forced by you confounded girning—
"Farewell, Meg! for I'm awa:"

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
Gush afresh, and louder grew;
While the weans, wi' mournfu' yaumour,
Round their sabbing mother flew.

" Thro' the yirth I'll waunner wi' you—
" Stay, O Watty ! stay at hame ;
" Here upo' my knees I'll gi'e you
" Ony vow ye like to name ; "

" See your poor young lamies pleadin',
" Will ye gang and break our heart ?
" No a house to put our head in !
" No a friend to take our part ! "

Ilka word came like a bullet,
Watty's heart begoud to shake ;
On a kist he laid his wallet,
Dighted baith his een and spake,—

" If ance mair I cou'd, by writing,
" Lea' the sogers, and stay still ;
" Wad you swear to drop your flyting ? "
" Yes, O Watty ! yes, I will."

" Then," quo Watty, " mind, be honest ;
" Aye to keep your temper strive ;
" Gin you break this dreadfu' promise,
" Never mair expect to thrive ; "

" Marget Howe ! this hour ye solemn
" Swear by everything that's gude,
" Ne'er again your spouse to scal' him,
" While life warms your heart and blood ; "

" That you'll ne'er in Mungo's seek me ;
" Ne'er put drucken to my name :
" Never out at e'ening steek me ;
" Never gloom when I come hame ; "

" That ye'll ne'er like Bessy Miller,
" Kick my shins, or rug my hair ;
" Lastly, I'm to keep the siller ;
" This upo' your saul you swear ?"

" O—h !" quo' Meg ; " aweel," quo' Watty,
" Farewell ! faith, I'll try the seas :"
" O stand still," quo Meg, and grat aye ;
" Ony, ony way ye please."

Maggy syne, because he prest her,
Swore to a' thing owre again ;
Watty lap, and danc'd, and kist her ;
Wow ! but he was won'rous fain.

Down he threw his staff, victorious ;
Aff gaed bonnet, claes, and shoon ;
Syne below the blankets, glorious,
Held anither Hinnymoon !

HOGMENAE.

A SONG.

AIR,—"Patie's Wedding."

ON Hogmenae night, as ye'll hear,
Our noble good masters being willing
To help us to haud the New Year,
Sent up twenty hogs and a shilling ;
The table in Mitchell's was laid,
That reached frae ae end to the tither ;
A claith white as snaw o'er't was spread,
And knives, plates, and forks, a' thegither.

There waur Dempster, and Brodie, and Dott,
The Landlord, and wee Danie Murray;
Geordie Kemp, wi' a spark in his throat,
And Andrew, wha's ne'er in a hurry.
Saunders Wright, Murray, Sandy, and Knox,
And Mitchell, and Wilson, and Miller;
A core o' as good hearty cocks
As e'er spent a saxpence o' siller.

At seven, the hour that was set,
By ane and ane inward they drappèd,
Till ance maist a dizen had met;
And syne for some porter we rappèd.
At length by a chiel 'twas propos'd,
Wha lang'd to devour like a glutton,
That gin we were a' sae dispos'd,
We might send for the roast beef and mutton.

So Dempster and Brodie, in Co.,
Like lamplighters ran to the baker's;
We drank in the meantime as slow
And dowse, as a meeting of Quakers.
At length the twa carriers appear'd,
The ne'er a ane then had the spavy;
And Brodie soon slairy'd his beard
Wi' bra' creeshie platefu's of gravy.

Sic clashing of knives, plates, and forks,
Was hardly e'er heard at a weddin';
The bottles were cleared o' their corks,
And plate after platefu' was laid in.
Slow Andrew drank brue like a fish,
For beef he had no meikle share in't;
And Brodie's chin glittered with creesh,
Till some swore they saw themsel's fair in't.

Now ilka ane, swell'd like a drum,
With roast beef, potatoes, and mutton,
Right steeve grew the stomachs of some,
While button was lows'd after button.
The banes a' thegither were got,
And plates and a' clear'd frae the table;
And the landlord desired, by a vote,
For a stoupfu' as quick's he was able.

The board was now lifted awa',
And round gaed a mutchkin o' brandy;
The chairs were set round in a raw,
For ilka ane thought it mair handy.
A chairman was also judg'd right,
To clear up a' difficult cases;
So by vote 'twas declared, "That this night
John Brodie is chairman and preses."

This bus'ness was hardly got o'er,
When up started President Brodie:
"I order" (quo' he, with a glow'r)
"That they bring in a bowlfu' o' toddy."
The liquor was brought in a blink;
Six glasses soon glanc'd on the table:
"Here's—May all our enemies sink,
"Or swing through the air in a cable."

"Success to Montgomerie & Co."
"May our trade flourish brighter and brighter;
"May our purses aye weightier grow,
"Our cares and our troubles aye lighter.
"May we ever be grateful for gude;
"May ne'er ony waur be among us;
"May courage aye warm up our blude
"To cudgel the scoundrels that wrang us."

Mr Alexander Montgomerie

Now some fall to singing of sangs,
And others to roaring and bleth'ring;
They rappèd like fire with the tangs,
"Our bowl's toom, come bring us anither in."
"Silence," (quo' Brodie) "nae clash,
"I say." But to ilka ane's wonder,
Down hurl'd the form with a crash,
And levell'd the preses like thunder.

It's past a' description to tell
How toddy inspir'd ev'ry bosom;
How often our president fell,
How aft it was mov'd to depose him;
How Andrew sang "Blythe was the night,"
And, "Hummle, dum tweedle, dum tweedle;"
How ev'ry ane's wit grew as bright
And as sharp as the point of a needle.

With laughing, and roaring, and drink,
At last we grew doited and weary;
Auld Saunders begoud for to wink,
Syne coupèd as sound as a peerie.
Ae shilling was now to the fore,
We bury'd it soon in our stomachs;
Syne, grouping to find out the door,
Gaed swaggering a' hame to our hammocks.

THE DISCONSOLATE WREN.

"Be not the Muse asham'd here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove."—THOMSON.

The morn was keekin' frae the East,
The lav'rocks shrill, wi' dewy breast,
Were tow'ring past my ken;
Alang a burnie's flow'ry side,
That gurgl'd on wi' glancin' glide,
I gain'd a bushy glen;

The circling nets ilk spider weaves
  Bent, wi' clear dew-drops hung ;
A' roun' amang the spreading leaves,
  The cheary natives sung ;
    On'ts journey, the burnie
      Fell dashing down some linns ;
    White foaming, and roaming,
      In rage amang the stanes.

While on the gowan turf I sat,
And view'd this blissfu' sylvan spat,
  Amid the joyous soun' ;
Some mournfu' chirps, methought, of wae
Stole on my ear frae neath a brae ;
  Whare, as I glinted down,
I spy'd a bonnie wee bit Wren,
  Lone, on a fuggy stane ;
An' aye she tore her breast, an' than,
  Poor thing, pour'd out her mane ;
    Sae faintive, sae plaintive,
      To hear her vent her strain ;
    Distrest me, an' prest me
      To ken her cause o' pain.

Down frae a hingan' hazel root,
Wi' easy wing, an' sadly mute,
  A social Robin came ;
Upon a trem'lin twig he perch'd,
While owre his head the craig was arch'd,
  Near han' the hapless dame ;
Awee he view'd her sad despair :
  Her bitter chirps of wae
Brought frae his e'e the pearly tear,
  Whilk owre his breast did gae ;
    Still eyeing, and spying
      Nane near to gi'e relief ;
    And drooping, and stooping,
      He thus enquir'd her grief.

" What dolefu' ill, alas ! what woe
" Gars thee sit mourning here below,
" And rive thy mirley breast ?
" Has ony Whitret's direfu' jaws,
" Or greedy Gled's fell squeezing claws,
" Made thy wee lord a feast ?
" Or has some callans frae the town,
" While roaring through the shaw ;
" Thy wee things, nest an' a', torn down,
" An' borne them far awa ?
" My Wrannie, I canna
" Rest till thy waes thou tell ;
" For I yet may cry yet
" Wi' siccan griefs mysel'."

" Och, Rab ! my heart will brust in twa ;
" Alas ! I'm dizzy—O I'll fa !
" My legs, my heart will fail ;
" But since ye speer sae kind, my frien',
" An' love like yours is seldom seen,
" I'se tell the dreadfu' tale :
" Aneath yon hingin' brae, as best,
" Soon as the leaves came out ;
" Ye ken we joyfu' bug our nest,
" And clos't it a' about,
" Fu' cleanly an' beinly,
" We lin'd it a' wi' down ;
" An' neatly an' quietly
" We form'd it snug an' soun'."

" The brae hung owre in bushy height,
" And hade it close frae ony's sight
" That dauner't thro' the glen ;
" Nane e'er observ'd us jink within,
" Or ever there for nests did fin,
" 'Twas sic a lanely den ;

"An' mony a day an' night I sat,
"While my wee Tam did sing;
"Till saxteen bonny things I gat,
"A' hotching 'neath each wing.
"What pleasure, this treasure
"Gied us, I needna' tell;
"Sic pleasures, sic treasures,
"Ye've aft enjoy'd yoursel'."

"Soon as the gladsome morning rose,
"I left them row't in warm repose,
"An' thro' the warbling wood,
"'Mang aul' tree-roots an' prickly brier,
"My Tam an' me, withouten fear,
"Rov'd for their wanted food;
"An', oh! what transports swell'd my breast,
"At night, when I survey'd
"A' safe an' weel about our nest,
"An' them quiet feath'rin' laid!"
"Och! Robin—this sobbin'
"Forgie, for to the scenes
"I draw now, that gnaw now,
"My heart wi' wringing pains.

"This morn, as soon as it grew light,
"Baith thro' the glen we took our flight,
"An' soon my neb I fill'd;
"Some dreadfu' hurling noise I heard,
"An' pale forebodings made me fear'd,
"That a' my hopes were kill'd.
"I fighter't hame; but, och! dread scene!
"Whose horror crush'd my breath;
"The brae had fa'n huge to the plain,
"An dash'd them a' to death:
"Ye heavens, my grievings
"You might have ceas'd to flow;
"Me crashing, and dashing
"With them to shades below."

"Nae mair I'll thro' the valley flee,
"And gather worms wi' blissfu' glee,
"To feed my chirping young;
"Nae mair wi' Tam himsel' I'll rove,
"Nor shall e'er joy throughout the grove,
"Flow frae my wretched tongue;
"But lanely, lanely, aye I'll hap,
"'Mang auld stane-dykes an' braes;
"Till some ane roar down on my tap,
"An' end my joyless days."
So, lowly and slowly,
Araise the hapless Wren;
While crying and sighing,
Remurmur'd through the Glen.

THE LAUREL DISPUTED;

OR, THE MERITS OF ALLAN RAMSAY AND ROBERT FERGUSSON CONTRASTED.

Delivered in the Pantheon, at Edinburgh, on Thursday, 14th April, 1791, on the Question—"Whether have the exertions of Allan Ramsay or Robert Fergusson done more honour to Scotch poetry?"

To Merit's brow this garland gives the Muse,
For who to Merit would a wreath deny?
Tho' base Neglect the due deserts refuse,
Fair Fame forbids the poet's name to die.

BEFORE ye a' hae done, I'd humbly crave,
To speak twa words or three amang the lave;
No for mysel', but for an honest carl,
Wha's seen right mony changes i' the warl',
But is sae blate, down here he durstna come,
Lest, as he said, his fears might ding him dumb;
And then he's frail—sae begg'd me to repeat
His simple thoughts about this fell debate;
He gied me this lang scroll; 'tis e'en right brown;
I'se let you hear't as he has't set down.

Last owk, our Elpsa wi' some creels o' eggs,
And three fat eerocks fassent by the legs,
Gaed down to Embrugh ; caft a new bane-kame,
An' brought a warl' o' news and clashes hame :
For she's scarce out a day, an' gets a text,
But I'm dung deaf wi' clatter a' the next ;
She'll tell a' what she heard frae en' to en',
Her cracks to wives, wives cracks to her again ;
Till wi' quo' I's, quo' she's, an' so's, her skirle
Sets my twa lugs a ringing like a gir'le.

'Mang ither ferlies whilk my kimmer saw,
Was your prent paper batter't on the wa' ;
She said she kentna rightly what it meant,
But saw some words o' goud an' poets in't !
This gart me glour ; sae aff sets I my lane
To Daniel Reid's, an auld frien' o' my ain ;
He gets the News, and tauld me that ye'd hecht
A dawd o' goud, on this same Fursday night,
To him wha'd show, in clinking verses drest,
Gin Ramsay's sangs or Fergusson's war best.

Trouth I was glad to hear ye war sae kind,
As keep our slee-tongu'd billies in your mind ;
An' tho' our Elpsa ca'd me mony a gouk,
To think to speak amang sae mony fouk ;
I gat my staff, pat on my bonnet braid,
An' best blue breeks, that war but fern-year made ;
A saxpence too, to let me in bedeen,
An' thir auld spentacles to help my een ;
Sae I'm come here, in houps ye'll a' agree,
To hear a frank auld kintra man like me.

In days whan Dryden sang ilk bonny morn,
An' Sandy Pope began to tune his horn ;
Whan chiels round Lon'on chanted a' fu' thrang,
But poor auld Scotlan' sat without a sang ;

Droll Will Dunbar, frae Flyting than was freed,
An' Douglas too, an' Kennedy were dead ;
And nane were left, in hamely cracks to praise
Our ain sweet lasses, or our ain green braes ;
Far aff our gentles for their poets flew,
An' scorn'd to own that Lallan sangs they knew ;
Till Ramsay raise : O blythsome hearty days !
Whan Allan tun'd his chaunter on the braes !
Auld Reekie than, frae blackest, darkest wa's
To richest rooms resounded his applause ;
An' whan the nights were dreary, lang an' dark,
The beasts a' fothert, an' the lads frae wark ;
The lasses' wheels thrang birring round the ingle,
The ploughman, borin' wi' his brogs an' lingel,
The herd's wires clicking owr the ha'f-wrought hose,
The auld gudeman's een ha'flins like to close ;
The "Gentle Shepherd" frae the bole was ta'en, —
Than sleep I trow was banished frae their een ; [then]
The crankiest than was kittled up to daffin',
An' sides and chafts maist riven war wi' laughin'.

Sic war the joys his cracks cou'd eith afford
To peer an' ploughman, barrowman, or lord ;
In ilka clachan, wife, man, wean, an' callan,
Cracket an' sang frae morn to e'en o' Allan.

Learn'd fouk, that lang in colleges an' schools,
Hae sooket learning to the vera hools,
An' think that naething charms the heart sae weel's
Lang cracks o' gods, Greeks, Paradise, and deils ;
Their pows are cram't sae fu' o' lear an' art,
Plain simple nature canna reach their heart ;
But whare's the rustic that can, readin', see
Sweet Peggy skiffin' ow'r the dewy lee ;
Or, wishfu' stealing up the sunny howe
To gaze on Pate, laid sleeping on the knowe ;

Or hear how Bauldy ventur'd to the deil,
How thrawn auld carlines skelpit him afiel',
How Jude wi's hawk met Satan i' the moss,
How Skin-flint grain't his pocks o' goud to loss ;
How bloody snouts an' bloody beards war gi'en
To smith's and clowns at "Christ's kirk on the Green ;"
How twa daft herds, wi' little sense or havings,
Din'd by the road, on honest Hawkie's leavings ;
How Hab maist brak the priest's back wi' a rung,
How deathless Addie died, an' how he sung ;
Whae'er can thae (o' mae I needna speak)
Read tenty ow'r, at his ain ingle-cheek ;
An' no fin' something glowan thro' his blood,
That gars his een glowr thro' a siller flood ;
May close the beuk, poor coof ! and lift his spoon ;
His heart's as hard's the tackets in his shoon.

Lang saxty years ha'e whiten't ow'r this powe,
An' mony a height I've seen, an' mony a howe ;
But aye whan Elspa flate, or things gaed wrang,
Next to my pipe was Allie's sleekit sang ;
I thought him blyther ilka time I read,
An' mony a time, wi' unco glee I've said,
That ne'er in Scotland, wad a chiel appear,
Sae droll, sae hearty, sae confoundet queer,
Sae glibly-gabbet, or sae bauld again,—
I said, I swor't—but deed I was mistaen :
Up frae Auld Reekie Fergusson begoud,
In fell auld phrase that pleases aye the crowd,
To chear their hearts whiles wi' an antrin sang,
Whilk far an' near round a' the kintry rang.

At first I thought the swankie didna ill,
Again, I glowrt to hear him better still ;
Bauld, slee and sweet, his lines mair glorious grew,
Glow'd round the heart, and glanc'd the soul out-thro ;

But whan I saw the freaks o' Hallow Fair,
Brought a' to view as plain as I'd been there;
An' heard, wi' teeth 'maist chatterin i' my head,
Twa kirk-yard ghaists rais'd goustly frae the dead;
Dais'd Sandy greetan for his thriftless wife;
How camscheuch Samy sud been fed in Fife;
Poor Will an' Geordy mourning for their frien';
The Farmer's Ingle, an' the cracks at e'en;
My heart cry'd out, while tears war drappan fast,
O Ramsay, Ramsay, art thou beat at last?

Ae night,—the lift was skinklan a' wi' starns,—
I cross'd the burn an' dauner't thro' the cairns,
Down to auld Andrew Ralston's o' Craig-neuk,
To hear his thoughts, as he had seen the beuk:
(Andrew's a gay droll haun—ye'll aiblins ken him?—
It maksna, I had hecht some sangs to len' him,)
"Aweel," quo' I, as soon's I reek't the hallan,
"What think ye now o' our bit Embrugh callan?"
"Saf's man," quo' Andrew, "yon's an unco chiel!
He surely has some dealings wi' the deil!
There's no a turn that ony o' us can work at,
At hame, or yet a-fiel', at kirk or market;
But he describ'st as paukily an' fell,
As gin he'd been a kintra man himsel'.
Yestreen I'm sure, beside our auld gudewife,
I never leugh as meikle a' my life,
To read the King's Birth-day's fell hurry-burry,
How draigl't pussey flies about like fury;
Faith, I ken that's a fact.—The last birth-day,
As I stood glouring up an' down the way,
A dead cat's guts, before I cou'd suspect,
Harl't thro the dirt, cam clash about my neck;
An' while wi' baith my hauns, frae 'bout I tok it,
Wi' perfect stink, I thought I wad a bocket.

His stories, too, are tell't sae sleek an' baul',
Ilk oily word rins jinking thro' the saul ;
What he describes, before your een ye see't,
As plain an' lively as ye see that peat.
It's my opinion, John, that this young fallow,
Excels them a', an' beats auld Allan hallow ;
An' shows at twenty-twa, as great a giftie
For painting just, as Allan did at fifty.

You, Mr. President, ken weel yersel',
Better by far than kintra-fouks can tell,
That they wha reach the gleg, auld-farrant art,
In verse to melt, an' soothe, an' mend the heart ;
To raise up joy, or rage, or courage keen,
And gar ilk passion sparkle in our een ;
Sic chiels (whare'er they hae their ha' or hame),
Are true blue-bards, and wordy o' the name.
Sud ane o' thae, by lang experience, man
To spin out tales frae mony a pawky plan,
An' sets a' laughing at his blauds o' rhyme,
Wi' sangs aft polish'd by the haun o' Time ;
And should some stripling, still mair light o' heart,
A livelier humour to his cracks impart ;
Wi' careless pencil draw, yet gar us stare
To see our ain fire-sides and meadows there ;
To see our thoughts, our hearts, our follies drawn,
And nature's sel' fresh starting frae his haun ;
Wad mony words, or speeches lang, be needed
To tell whase rhymes war best, wha clearest-headed ?

Sits there within the four wa's o' this house,
Ae chield o' taste, droll, reprobate, or douse ;
Whase blessed lugs hae heard young Rob himsel',
(Light as the lamb that dances on the dell,)
Lay aff his auld Scots crack wi' pawky glee,
And seen the fire that darted frae his ee ?

O let him speak ! O let him try t' impart
The joys that than gush'd headlang on his heart,
Whan ilka line, and ilka lang-syne glowr,
Set faes an' friends and Pantheons in a roar !
Did e'er auld Scotland fin' a nobler pride
Through a' her veins, and glowan bosom glide,
Than when her Muses' dear young fav'rite bard,
Wi' her hale strength o' wit and fancy fir'd,
Raise frae the thrang, and kin'ling at the sound,
Spread mirth, conviction, truth and rapture round ?

To set Rob's youth and inexperience by,—
His lines are sweeter, and his flights mair high ;
Allan, I own, may show far mair o' art,
Rob pours at once his raptures on the heart ;
The first, by labour mans our breast to move,
The last exalts to ecstasy and love ;
In Allan's verse, sage sleeness we admire,
In Rob's, the glow of fancy and of fire,
And genius bauld, that nought but deep distress,
And base neglect, and want, could e'er suppress.

O hard, hard fate !—but cease, thou friendly tear,
I darna mourn my dear lo'ed Bardie here,
Else I might tell how his great soul had soar'd,
And nameless ages wonder'd and ador'd ;
Had friends been kind, and had not his young breath
And rising glory, been eclipsed by Death.

But lest owre lang I lengthen out my crack,
An' Epps be wearying for my coming-back ;
Let ane an' a' here, vote as they incline,
Frae heart and saul Rob Fergusson has mine.

RAB AND RINGAN.

A TALE.

The following tale was recited by the Author at the Pantheon, Edinburgh, in a debate on the question—"Whether is Diffidence or the Allurements of Pleasure the greatest bar to Progress in Knowledge!"

INTRODUCTION.

Hech! but 'tis awfu'-like to rise up here,
Where sic a sight o' learn'd folks' pows appear!
Sae mony piercing een a' fix'd on ane,
Is maist enough to freeze me to a stane!
But 'tis a mercy—mony thanks to Fate,
Pedlars are poor, but unco seldom blate.

(Speaking to the President.)

This question, Sir, has been right weel disputet,
And meikle, weel-a-wat's been said about it;
Chiels, that precisely to the point can speak,
And gallop o'er lang blauds of kittle Greek;
Ha'e sent frae ilka side their sharp opinion,
And peeled it up as ane wad peel an ingon.

I winna plague you lang wi' my poor spale,
But only crave your patience to a Tale;
By which ye'll ken on whatna side I'm stinnin',
As I perceive your hindmost minute's rinnin'.

THE TALE.

There liv'd in Fife, an auld, stout, warldly chiel,
Wha's stomach kend nae fare but milk and meal;
A wife he had, I think they ca'd her Bell,
And twa big sons, amaist as heigh's himsel':
Rab was a gleg, smart cock, with powder'd pash:
Ringan, a slow, fear'd, bashfu', simple hash.

Baith to the College gaed. At first spruce Rab,
At Greek and Latin, grew a very dab ;
He beat a' round about him, fair and clean,
And ilk ane courted him to be their frien' ;
Frae house to house they harl'd him to dinner,
But curs'd poor Ringan for a hum-drum sinner.

Rab talkèd now in sic a lofty strain,
As tho' braid Scotland had been a' his ain ;
He ca'd the Kirk the Church, the Yirth the Globe,
And chang'd his name, forsooth, frae Rab to Bob ;
Whare'er ye met him, flourishing his rung,
The haill discourse was murder'd wi' his tongue ;
On friends and faes wi' impudence he set,
And ramm'd his nose in ev'ry thing he met.

The College now, to Rab, grew douf and dull,
He scorn'd wi' books to stupify his skull ;
But whirl'd to Plays and Balls, and sic like places,
And roar'd awa' at Fairs and Kintra Races ;
Sent hame for siller frae his mother Bell,
And caft a horse, and rade a race himsel' ;
Drank night and day, and syne, when mortal fu',
Row'd on the floor, and snor'd like ony sow ;
Lost a' his siller wi' some gambling sparks,
And pawn'd, for punch, his Bible and his sarks ;
Till, driven at last to own he had eneugh,
Gaed hame a' rags to haud his father's pleugh.

Poor hum-drum Ringan play'd anither part,
For Ringan wanted neither wit nor art ;
Of mony a far-aff place he kent the gate ;
Was deep, deep learn'd, but unco unco blate ;
He kend how mony mile 'twas to the moon,
How mony rake wad lave the ocean toom ;

Where a' the swallows gaed in time of snaw,
What gars the thunders roar, and tempests blaw ;
Where lumps o' siller grow aneath the grun',
How a' this yirth rows round about the sun ;
In short, on books sae meikle time he spent,
Ye cou'dna speak o' aught, but Ringan kent.

Sae meikle learning wi' sae little pride,
Soon gain'd the love o' a' the kintra side ;
And Death, at that time, happ'ning to nip aff
The Parish Minister—a poor dull ca'f,—
Ringan was sought; he cou'dna' say them Nay,
And there he's preaching at this very day.

MORAL.

Now, Mr. President, I think 'tis plain,
That youthfu' diffidence is certain gain ;
Instead of blocking up the road to Knowledge,
It guides alike, in Commerce or at College ;
Struggles the bursts of passion to controul ;
Feeds all the finer feelings of the soul ;
Defies the deep-laid stratagems of guile,
And gives even Innocence a sweeter smile ;
Ennobles all the little worth we have,
And shields our virtue even to the grave.

How vast the diff'rence, then, between the twain !
Since Pleasure ever is pursu'd by Pain.
Pleasure's a syren, with inviting arms,
Sweet is her voice, and powerful are her charms ;
Lur'd by her call we tread her flow'ry ground,
Joy wings our steps and music warbles round ;
Lull'd in her arms we lose the flying hours,
And lie embosom'd 'midst her blooming bow'rs,
Till—arm'd with death, she watches our undoing,
Stabs while she sings, and triumphs in our ruin.

THE LOSS OF THE PACK.

A TRUE TALE.

(Recited in the character of a poor Pedlar.)

The following Tale was recited by the Author at the Pantheon, Edinburgh, in a debate on the Question,—"Whether is Disappointment in Love, or the Loss of Fortune, hardest to bear"?

'BOUT-GATES I hate, quo' girning Maggy Pringle;
Syne, harl'd Watty, greeting, thro the ingle.
Since this fell question seems sae lang to hing on,
In twa-three words I'll gie ye my opinion.

I wha stand here, in this bare scoury coat,
Was ance a packman, wordy mony a groat;
I've carried packs as big's your meikle table,
I've scarted pats, and sleepet in a stable;
Sax pounds I wadna' for my pack ance ta'en,
And I could bauldly brag 'twas a' mine ain.

Ay! thae were days indeed, that gart me hope,
Aeblins, thro' time, to warsle up a shop;
And as a wife aye in my noddle ran,
I kend my Kate wad grapple at me than.
O Kate was past compare! sic cheeks! sic een!
Sic smiling looks were never, never seen.
Dear, dear I lo'ed her, and whane'er we met,
Pleaded to have the bridal-day but set;
Stappèd her pouches fu' o' prins and laces,
And thought mysel' weel paid wi' twa three kisses;
Yet still she put it aff frae day to day,
And aften kindly in my lug wad say,
"Ae half year langer is nae unco stop,
We'll marry, then, and syne set up a shop."

O, Sir, but lasses' words are saft and fair,
They soothe our griefs, and banish ilka care;
Wha wadna toil to please the lass he lo'es?
A lover true minds this in a' he does.

Finding her mind was thus sae firmly bent,
And that I cou'dna get her to relent,
There was nought left, but quietly to resign,
To heeze my pack for ae lang hard campaign ;
And as the Highlands was the place for meat,
I ventur'd there in spite of wind and weet.

Cauld now the Winter blew, and deep the sna'
For three haill days incessantly did fa' ;
Far in a muir, amang the whirling drift,
Whar nought was seen but mountains and the lift ;
I lost my road, and wander'd mony a mile,
Maist dead wi' hunger, cauld, and fright, and toil :
Thus wand'ring, east or west, I kend na' where,
My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black despair ;
Wi' a fell ringe, I plung'd at ance, forsooth,
Down thro' a wreath o' snaw, up to my mouth.
Clean o'er my head my precious wallet flew,
But whar it gaed, Lord kens ! I never knew.

What great misfortunes are pour'd down on some !
I thought my fearfu' hinderen' was come ;
Wi' grief and sorrow was my soul o'ercast,
Ilk breath I drew was like to be my last ;
For aye the mair I warsl'd roun' and roun',
I fand mysel' aye stick the deeper down ;
Till ance, at length, wi' a prodigious pull,
I drew my poor auld carcase frae the hole.

Lang, lang I sought, and grapèd for my pack,
Till night and hunger forc'd me to come back ;
For three lang hours I wander'd up and down,
Till chance, at last convey'd me tó a town ;
There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate
A sad account of a' my luckless fate ;

But bade her aye be kind, and no despair;—
Since life was left, I soon wad gather mair;
Wi' whilk, I hop'd, within a towmond's date,
To be at hame, and share it a' wi' Kate.

Fool that I was, how little did I think
That love would soon be lost for fa't o' clink.
The loss of fair won wealth, though hard to bear,
Afore this, ne'er had power to force a tear.
I trusted time wad bring things round again,
And Kate, dear Kate, wad then be a' mine ain;
Consol'd my mind, in hopes o' better luck,—
But, O! what sad reverse!—how thunderstruck!
When ae black day brought word frae Rab my brither,
That Kate was cried, and married on anither!

Tho' a' my friends, and ilka comrade sweet,
At ance, had drappèd cauld dead at my feet;
Or, tho' I'd heard the Last Day's dreadfu' ca',
Nae deeper horror on my heart could fa';
I curs'd mysel', I curs'd my luckless fate,
I grat—and, sobbing, cried—O Kate! O Kate!

Frae that day forth, I never mair did weel,
But drank, and ran headforemost to the deel;
My siller vanish'd, far frae hame I pin'd,
But Kate for ever ran across my mind;
In her were a' my hopes—these hopes were vain,
And now—I'll never see her like again.

'Twas this, Sir President, that gart me start,
Wi' meikle grief and sorrow at my heart,
To gi'e my vote, frae sad experience, here,
That disappointed love is waur to bear
Ten thousand times, than loss o' warld's gear.

THE PACK.

Hard Fate has this ordain't, that I
Maun dauner thro the warl',
The wants o' thousan's to supply,
An' heavy lades to harl ;
Sae aft, whan E'ening brings the Night,
In lanely desolation,
I seek a corner, out o' sight,
To mourn my condemnation.

The western sun, bright to the eye,
Was sinking in the flood ;
Adorn'd with robes of richest dye,
Gay crimson streak'd wi' blood ;
The swallows twittert through the sky,
In jinking, sportive mood ;
While, prest wi' care, poor hapless I,
Near yonder riv'let stood,
Thoughtful that day.

My pond'rous Pack upo' the ground,
I carelessly had flung ;
A wallet green, wi' straps fast bound,
And near't a hazel rung ;
The vera sight my heart did wound,
My breast wi' grief was stung ;
Fir'd wi' indignance I turn'd round,
An' basht wi' mony a fung
The Pack, that day.

" Thou cursed, base, inglorious load !
(Enrag'd wi' grief I cry'd)
" Shall thou along the weary road
" Borne on my shouthers ride ;

" While crusht beneath I groaning nod,
" An' travel far an' wide?
" Hence! frae my sight, or wi' this clod,
" I'll dash thy hated hide,
" This vera day.

" Nay, no excuse—I winna hear,
" I winna tak' a word in;
" What! was these shouthers form'd to bear
" Thee, vile, disgracefu' burden?
" My lugs to thole ilk taunt an' jeer,
" That pierce me like a sword in?
" Crouchin' to ev'ry wretch, to speer,
" '*Mem! will ye buy a bargain*
" *Right cheap, the day?*'"

It fires, it boils my vera blude,
An' sweats me at ilk pore,
To think how aft I'm putten wud,
Whan drawin' near a door;
Out springs the mastiff, through the mud,
Wi' fell Cerberian roar,
An' growlin', as he really wou'd
Me instantly devore
Alive, that day.

" Ye're come frae Glasco', lad, I true;
(The pert guidwife presumes;)
Ye'll be a malefactor too,
Ye'll hae yer horse and grooms;
What de'il brings siccan chaps like you,
To lea' your wabs an' looms?
Wi' beggars, packmen, an' sic crew,
Our door it never tooms,
The live-lang day.

" Nae doubt ye'll e'en right hungry be,
I see your belly's clung ;
I hae some parritch here to gi'e,
As soon's a sang ye've sung.
Come, lilt it up wi' blithsome glee ;
Ye're supple, smart an' young ;
An' gin ye please our John an' me,
Ye'se get the kirnan rung
To lick, this day."

What flesh an' blude could thole this jaw,
An' no start in a rage ;
An' kick their heels up ane an' a',
E'en though he war a sage ?
Aft hae I dar't them, grit an' sma',
Gin they durst but engage,
Their noses in their a—— to thraw,
And screw't as firm's a wedge,
Right smart, that day.

" O thou, who 'midst the Muses all,
Plays while they rapt'ring sing,
Attentive hear thy vot'ry's call,
An' view his drooping wing !
How mournfu', how forlorn I crawl,
Far frae Parnassian spring ;
Oh ! deign to stoop, an' from this thrall
Thy once-lov'd Bardie bring,
In haste, this day."

I ceas'd—and to my huge amaze,
That bordert maist on fear ;
Upon ae end the Wallet raise,
Tho' cram't wi' silken gear ;

While I, wild glowrt, to see its ways,
An' stood a' een an' ear;
It solemn shook its verdant claes,
Syne in tones hoarse and queer,
Thus spoke, that day.

"Ye proud, provokin', hair-braint ass!
Owre lang I've borne your bleth'ring;
I've lain a' frythin' on the grass,
To hear yer nonsense gath'ring.
Ye've brought me to a bonny pass,
Since your rhime-wings war feathering;
An' now, set up yer saucy jaws!
Earth! ye deserve a leath'ring,
Right snell, this day."

"Ha'e ye sae soon forgot the gude
Whilk I ha'e aften doon you?
Had ye no ance aneath me stood,
John swore that he wad poon you;
Whan ye fell in the snawy flood,
I truntl't frae aboon you,
Or trouth ye'd soon been flesh an' blood,
For craws to pick, and spoon you
Wi' their nebs, that day."

"Weel may ye mind, yon night sae black,
Whan fearfu' winds loud gurl'd,
An' mony a lum dang down an' stack,
Heigh i' the air up swirl'd,
Alangst yon brae, ye clam, an' stack,
Down whiles like to be whirl'd;
Had I no slippet aff yer back,
An' ere I stoppet, hurl'd
To the fit, that night."

"No to relate how aft, in barns,
When night without did bluster,
On me ye've laid yer crazy harns,
An' fixt me for a bouster ;
There wad ye lie, an' sit by turns,
An' rhyme e'en in that posture ;
Or through the thack survey the starns,
Till glimm'rin' Night did foster
The new-born day."

"For me, indeed (I scorn to wheese)
Ye've tholt some bits o' losses ;
For me ye've waded to the knees,
Thro' gutters, bogs, an' mosses ;
For me, adventur'd foamin' seas,
An' met wi' mony crosses ;
For me, ye've tell't ten thousan' lies,
An' measurt stairs an' closses,
For mony a day."

"But than, reflect what blissfu' gluts
O' parritch ye ha'e bury'd
Within the caverns o' yer guts,
While wi' me ye ha'e tarry'd ;
What dawds o' cheese, frae out yer clauts,
Wi' fury ye ha'e worry'd ;
How aft lain dozin out yer wits,
Disdaining to be hurry'd
By ought, that day."

"Guid guides !" (quo I), "thou's get the gree
O' Wallets, de'ils or witches ;
A speakin' Pack's owre learnt for me
Or ane that steers an' fitches.

Wha kens, but thou may Master be,
An' haul me thro' the ditches ;
Or may-be learn (preserves !) to flee,
An' lea' me in the clutches
O' rags, some day."

" Ungratefu' sinner ! think how aft
I ve fillt yer pouch wi' catter—
For gudesake whist ! we're baith gane daft,
It's nonsense a' this splutter.
Come to my shouthers, warp an' waft,
Nae mair we'll flyte an' chatter ;"
Sae aff I trudg'd alang the craft,
An' ended a' the clatter,
In peace, that day.

THE INSULTED PEDLAR.

A POETICAL TALE RELATED BY HIMSELF.

Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense.

O Ye, my poor sca't brethren a',
Wha mony a time wi' hungry maw,
Implore the beild o' some barn wa',
Wi' hurdies sair ;
Now to the deil your boxes blaw,
And beg nae mair.

I've seen the day, but faith it's gane,
When roun' farm-towns, frae ane to ane,
The shortest route we might have ta'en,
Nor been molested ;
But now wi' stabs, an' lime, an' stane,
We're vext an' pested.

The dèil a fit ye owre dare set,
But trudge lang twa mile to the yett,
Or by the Lord ye'll aiblins get
Your legs in chains ;
Or skelpit back wi' haffits het,
And broken banes.

Ae nicht short syne as hame I trampit,
Beneath my pack, wi' banes sair crampit,
But owre a wee bit dyke I lampit,
And trottin burn ;
There to do for my ain bethankit,
A needfu' turn.

Aweel, I scarcely had begun
To ope the evacuating gun,
I'll swear they hadna reached the grun,
When frae the wud
A bellied gent, steps owre the run,
Wi' "Dem your blood !

"By whose authority or order
Came ye upon this corn-rig border,
To rowe your filth and reeking ordour
On me a Bailie ?
Hence wi' your dirt, else by the Lord, or
Lang, I'll jail ye."

I glowered a wee, syne fetched a grane,
"Deed sir, through mony a lane I've gane,
An' gin ye raise me frae this stane,
Ne'er laird or lady
Attempted such a job their lane,
Till I was ready.

" Gin ye can prove, by pen or tongue,
That lan' ne'er profited by dung,
That by its influence corn ne'er sprung,
Though I should lumple,
I'se thole a thump o' that hard rung,
Out owre my rumple.

" My order, sir, was Nature's laws,
That was the reason, and because
Necessity's demands and ca's
War very gleg,
I hunkered down 'mang thir hard wa's
To lay my egg.

" And sir, I'm seeking naething frae ye;
My offering here I freely lea you,
Sic presents ilka ane wont gie you,
Tak' ye my word,
Ye're richer since I first did see you,
That reeking turd."

Scarce had I spoke, when owre he sprung,
And rais't a yellow knotted rung,
And aim't at me a dreadfu' fung,
Wi' foaming spite;
But owre my head it suchin swung,
Dash on the dyke.

I started up and lap the dyke,
" Now, curse ye, sir, come when you like,
I'll send this stick, armed wi' a pike,
Amang your painches;
Ye ugly, greasy, girnin' tyke,
Now guard your hainches."

He roared a most tremendous oath,
That Satan's sell wi' shame wad loath,
While frae his devilish mouth the froth
Flew aff wi' squatter;
Then raised a stane, as dead's a moth
My brains to batter.

When at this instant o' the faught,
A gentleman came belly-flaught,
And in his arms the tiger caught,
Wi' frighted tone;
Exclaiming, "Lord's sake, Mr. L——
What has he done?"

Here I stood forth to bring't to a bearing,
"Please, sir, to grant a patient hearing,
An' I'll unravel what your speering,
To your contentment;
Let go the bitch, don't think I'm fearing
The fool's resentment."

Sae I related a' the matter,
That raised between us sic a clatter;
At which he laughed till fairly water
Reliev'd his e'en;
While the grim wretches baith did clatter
Wi' malice keen.

"Now, sir, compose yoursel' a wee;
Tak' aff your hat an' join wi' me,
While for this sinner black I gie
My earnest prayer;
Whilk frae my very saul on hie
I here uprear.

" Great Jove ! before Thee here is seen,
A human bear, a speaking swine,
Wha wi' dread oaths, and fiery e'en,
And devilish feature,
Has dared to curse a work o' Thine
For easing nature.

" On him pour plagues without restraint,
Wi' restless buneuchs him torment,
Till through fierce purgin' he be spent
As tume's a blether ;
And that big wame that's now sae bent,
Be a' lowse leather.

" And when he limps wi' gout and spavie,
Through jaunering crowds, held as a knave aye,
There may't attack him, while a privie
In vain he seeks,
Till he be forc'd to blow't the gravie
Just in his breeks !

" Whene'er he drinks to raise the flame,
Syne hurries hame to Venus' game,
May cauld yill clankin' in his wame
Wi' hurlin' rum'le,
Aft force him to forsake the dame
Wi' spoulin' whum'le.

" Then may he rue (although owre late
To stop the yellin' roarin' spate)
That e'er he curst, or vicious flate
On pedlar Sawney ;
And e'en envy his blessed fate
Wha sat sae canny.

"And Lord! an answer soon sen' back,
And let him see Thy han's na slack.
Amen, amen,—put on your hat,
And haud the bear in."
So up I swung my verdant pack,
And left him swearin'.

RABBY'S MISTAKE,

A TRUE STORY.

SHORT is the far'est fouk can see,
Yet unco wary we shou'd be,
To leuk before we loup;
Nor e'er, in huth'ron haste, advance,
Or we'll rin mony a narrow chance,
In black mistaks to coup.

Ae ca'm, blae, bitter frosty day,
When deep the glisterin' snaw-wreathes lay
Aboon ilk moor an' fiel',
An' owre the Loch's clear frozen face,
On skytchers thrang, in airy chase,
Flew mony a cheery chiel.

Far aff the curlers' roaring rink,
Re-echo'd loud, wi' noisy clink
O' stanes and besoms rappin';
Doos flighter't thro' amang the stacks,
An' craws upo' the toll-road tracts,
In hungry mood were happin'.

Sic was the day, whan san'-blin' Rab,
Arm'd wi' a gun like ony stab,
An' pocks o' lead an' pouther,
Set out in eager search for game,
Resolv'd to bring a maukin hame
In triumph, owre his shouther.

Nae snifterin' dog had he, I wat,
To air't him to the lanely spat
Whare ony creature lay;
Tho' scarce twa tether-length his e'en
Cou'd ken a midding by a green,
Yet on he push'd his way.

Alangst the drifted crumpin' knowes,
A' roun' his glimmerin' een he rowes,
For hares, or bits o' burdies;
Aft taking ilka stane he saw,
Bare rais'd aboon the glistering snaw,
For pussey's crouchin' hurdies.

Down thro' the Glen between twa trees,
At length sly glowrin' Rabby sees
A hare amang the bushes;
He chaps the flint—leans on a stump,
Aff gaed the shot wi' thunerin' thump,
An' after't Rabby rushes.

But when he saw (guide's! how he stood!)
His ain sow weltering in her blude,
An' sticks in anguish tearing!
Her deean squeels maist rung him deaf,
He hung his head in silent grief,
And wander'd hamewards swearing.

CALLAMPHITRE'S ELEGY.

Attend ye squads o' wabsters a',
Whare'er may be your byding;
Whether ye hing owre muslins braw,
Or sonsier sacks, or plaiding;
Ye've lost a patriarch an' mair,
Whase crown Death's lang been cloorin';
And I'se relate the haill affair,
Though baith my een be pourin',
Wi' grief this day.

There liv'd a carle near a glen,
Fouk Callamphitre ca'd him;
Wha saw lang sinty year an' ten,
Ere ever trouble ga'd him;
He at the sowing-brod was bred,
An' wrought gude serge an' tyken;
An' mony an aul' wife's nest he clad
Fu' bra'ly to their liking,
An' snug that day.

Whare Highlan' hills, out thro' the cluds,
Lift up their snawy rigging;
Beside a glen, atween twa wuds,
Stood his bit lanely bigging:
Nae pridefu' plaister't beild, wi' staps
Plann'd out wi' square or tether;
But stanes rowt up in ithers' taps,
Co'ert owre wi' hardy heather,
And turfs, that day.

His loom, made o' stout aiken rungs,
Had sair't him saxty simmer;
Though his lang Lay, wi' fearfu' fungs,
Shook a' the roofing tim'er.

As soon's braw day-light cleart the lift,
He raise, an' waukent Jennock ;
Laid owre his leg, an' till't like drift,
Till moon-light thro' his winnock,
Shone late at night.

His banes were like a horse's strang,
His tusks like bear's or shark ;
An' foul a brither o' the gang,
Wad dung him at his wark.
He wad ha'e roar'd like ony nowt,
When he o' pirns grew scanty ;
Till ance the hirpling pining gout
Swall't baith his legs unhaunty,
Like beams, that day.

But waes my heart ! anither ill
On him spue't out its venom,
An' a' the doctors' drogs or skill,
Nae ease, alake ! cou'd len' him ;
It wrung his vera soul, poor chiel !
Wi' grips beneath his navel ;
Whilk made him roar, an' girn, an' squeel,
As he had seen a devil,
Or ghaist, that day.

Alangst a sack, ha'f fu' o' strae,
Beneath an aul' gray co'ering ;
Wi' face grim pale, an' lips right blae,
He lay, maist at the smo'ering.
He fan Death's fearfu' grapple-airns,
An' that he cou'dna free them ;
Sae gaspèd out, "O bring my bairns,
That I for ance may see them,
This waefu' day."

Wi' yowlin' clinch aul' Jennock ran,
Wi' sa'r like ony brock ;
To bring that remnant o' a man,
Her foistest brither Jock.
As soon's she reekt the sooty bield,
Whare labrod he sat cockin ;
"Come down," she cryd, "you lump o' eild,
His vera guts he's bockan
In blude, this day."

Down gaed the wark-looms—out he struts,
Wi' dreadfu' fright, a' sweating ;
While Mirran, wi' her shoelin' cloots,
Ran, yellochan an' greeting.
As soon's they to the house came in,
An' saw that he was deean ;
They stood a whyle baith deaf an' blin',
While down the tears came fleean
In show'rs that day !

At length aul' Callam gied a glowre,
An' said, "May God be wi' ye !
Death's maunt at last to ding me owre,
An' I'll soon ha'e to lea' ye.
Some sinfu' clues, the laft aboon,
Ye'll fin' row't in a blanket"—
Syne gied a fearfu' dreary croon,
An' aff for aye he shanket
Wi' Death that day.

O dool ! whane'er they saw him gane,
They rais'd a lamentation ;
An' yells, an' sabs, and mony a grane,
Declar'd their deep vexation.

"Lord help us a'! he'll e'en be mist,"
Quo' Jock, as up they bore him.
Sae a' three streek't him on a kist,
An' waefully did co'er him
Wi' a claith that day.

O Mirran! dinna rive yer hair,
And wi' sic vengeance yelp sae;
My heart is for you a' right sair,
But deed I canna help ye.
Hech, see! they've borne him to yon brae,
And aff the mortclaith furl'd,
And in a hole they've let him gae,
Syne yird and stanes down hurl'd
Wi' spades this day.

Some said he was a camsheugh bool,
Nae yarn nor rapes could haud him,
When he got on his fleesome cowl,
But maybe they misca'd him.
While Jennock tum't the winles' blade
An' waft in lapfu's left her,
Frae's nieves the spool like light'ning fled,
And raps cam thunerin' after,
Like death that day.

But now nae mair he'll bless their bield,
Wi' gabby cracks an' stories;
He fell a prey to runkly Eild,
And's trampit aff afore us.
Let ilka shop his praises roar,
In melancholious metre,
An' at the hin'-er-en' o' ilk bore,
Mourn out, O Callamphitre!
Thou'rt dead this day!

VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY SEEING TWO MEN SAWING TIMBER IN THE OPEN FIELD, IN DEFIANCE OF A FURIOUS STORM.

My friends, for God sake! quat yer wark,
Nor think to war a wind sae stark;
Your saw-pit stoops, like wans are shaking,
The vera planks and deals are quaking;
Ye're tempin' Providence, I swear,
To raise your graith sae madly here.
Now, now ye're gone!—Anither blast
Like that, an' a' yer sawing's past!
Come down, ye sinner!—grip the saw
Like death, or trouth, ye'll be awa'.
Na, na, ye'll saw tho' hail an' sleet
Wreathe owre your breast, an' freeze yer feet.
Hear how it roars, an' rings the bells;
The carts are tum'lin' round themsels;
The tile an' thack, an' turf up whirls;
See yon brick lum!—down, down it hurls:—
But wha's yon staggering owre the brae,
Beneath a lade o' buttl't strae;
Be wha he will, poor luckless bitch,
His strae an' him's baith in the ditch.
The sclates are hurling down in hun'res,
The dading door an' winnock thun'ers.—
But, ho! my hat, my hat's awa'!
Lord help's! the saw-pit's down an' a'!
Rax me your hand—hech! how he granes,—
I fear your legs are broken banes.
I tauld you this; but deil-mak-matter,
Ye thought it a' but idle clatter;
Now see, ye misbelieving sinners,
Your bloody shins—your saw in flinners;

An' roun' about your lugs the ruin,
That your demented folly drew on.

Experience ne'er sae sicker tells us,
As when she lifts her rung an' fells us.

EPPIE AND THE DEIL.

A TALE.

Auld Eppie was a thrifty wife,
An' she had spun maist a' her life,
For threescore yeer row't in her cloak,
She sat, an' rugged at the rock.

As Eppie's life had lang been single,
She whyles span by a neibor's ingle,
An' when the sin slade out o' sight, [sun.
She dauner't hamewards owre the height,
Lamenting aft that poortith caul',
For her to spin wha scarce could crawl.

As Eppie wi' her wheel gaed hame,
Toom hunger crackin' in her wame,
Made her regret wi' mony a grane,
That she sae far a-fiel' had gaen;
The wind whyles whirlin' roun' the rock,
Aft lent her on the lug a stroke;
Right cankry to hersel' she crackit,
"That wheel o' mine—the devil take it—"
Nae sooner had she said the word
Than Clootie, shapet like a burd,
Flew down, as big's a twomont ca', [calf.
An' clinket Eppie's wheel awa',
Ha'f dead wi' fright, up to the lift
She glowr't, an' saw him spur like drift,
As fast as ony bleeze o' pouther,
Out through the cluds wi't owre his shouther.

"Aye, aye," quo Epps, "an' so it's you,
Ye aul', confounded, thief-like sow!
Nae doubt ye're keen to try yer han'
Amang yer hairy, blackguard ban'?
Ye maybe think that spinning's naething,
An' that it wastes na sap nor breathing?
Ye're new-fangl't now, but wait a wee
Till ance ye've spun as lang as me,
I'll wad a dollar, Mr. Deil,
Ye'll gladly gie me back my wheel."

Cloots heard, and though he was the devil,
For ance he acted vera civil,
For laughin' at poor Eppie's crack,
He threw the wheel down on her back.

MORAL.

Whan ill luck comes, be't mair or less,
It's aye best then to acquiesce,
And rather laugh, though gear sud lea' us,
Than whinge whene'er its harl't frae us.
This taks the stang frae ilka cross,
And gars us rise aboon the loss;
Gars Fortune whiles gie owre to hiss us,
And smiling, turn about and bless us.

DAY-BREAK.

SCENE—THE TOWN.

Now darkness blackens a' the streets;
The rowan e'e nae object meets,
Save yon caul' cawsey lamp,
That has surviv'd the dreary night,
An' lanely beams wi' blinkin' light,
Right desolate and damp.

Fore-doors an' winnocks still are steeket,
An' cats, wi' silent step, and sleeket,
Watch whare the rattons tirl ;
Or met in yards, like squads o' witches,
Rive ither's hair out wi' their clutches,
An' screech wi' eldritch skirl.

Now mony a ane, secure frae harm,
Lies row't in blankets snug an' warm,
Amus'd wi' gowden dreams ;
While ithers scart their sides an' lugs,
Tormentet wi' infernal bugs,
Thick swarmin' frae the seams.

Some sunk amid their kimmers' arms,
Are huggin' matrimonial charms,
In bliss an' rapture deep ;
Some turnin', curse the greetin' wight
For skirling a' the live-lang night,
An' keepin' them frae sleep.

Some weary wight, perhaps like me,
Doom'd Poverty's distress to dree,
Misfortune's meagre brither ;
Now dauners out beneath the starns,
Wi' plans perplexing still his harns,
To keep his banes thegither.

Now lasses start their fires to kin'le,
An' load the chimly wi' a tanle
O' bleezin' coals an' cin'ers ;
Syne scowr their stoups an' tankar's clear,
An' glasses dight wi' canny care,
To grace the gentry's dinners.

Wi' clippet feathers, kame an' chirle,
The gamester's cock, frae some aul' burrel,
Proclaims the morning near ;

Ilk chiel now frae his hammock jumps,
The floor receives their lang bare stumps,
An' wives an' a's asteer.

Now reek rows briskly out the lums ;
Loud thro' the street the piper bums,
In Hielan' vigour gay.
Doors, hatches, winnock-brods are steerin' ;
An' ev'ry ane in short's preparin',
To meet the toils o' day.

ELEGY ON AN UNFORTUNATE TAILOR.

Wha like true brethren o' the thumle,
Sav'd aye a remnant as his due ;
And ne'er was heard to grudge or grum'le,
As lang's he fan' his belly fu'.

O SIRS, he's e'en awa' indeed,
Nae mair to shape or draw a thread,
Or spin a crack, or crump his bread,
An' hotch an' gigle ;
Or wave the elwan owre his head
To fight the beagle.

In mornings soon, ere sax o'clock,
Whan blankets hap a' sober fouk,
Whan fires are out, an' shoon, an' troke
Confuse the floor,
Nae mair we'll start to hear his knock,
An' roaring stoor.

Whan days war caul', near, bit by bit,
Close at the glowan ribs he'd sit,
An' ilka wee the eldin hit,
An' gab fu' trimly ;
An' aye the tither mouthfu' spit
Alangst the chimly.

Ye creepin' beasts that hotch an' wheel
Through neuks o' breeks, an' ye that speel,
Swallt, gray and fat, now lift ilk heel
Wi' gleefu' speed ;
An' up the seams in hun'ers reel,
Since Rabby's dead.

Assemble a' yer swarmin' legions,
Baith jumpin' black an' creeshy sage anes,
An' rank an' file parade your cage ance,
Nor needles dread ;
But loud proclaim through a' yer regions,
That Rabby's dead.

Nae mair his thums to death shall post ye ;
Nae mair his needle-points shall toast ye,
Nor shall his horrid goose e'er roast ye,
For hear't, oh lice !
Death's made yer foe as caul' an' frosty,
As ony ice.

Wi' won'er aft I've seen him worry
Up cogs o' kail, in hungry hurry ;
Grip up the cheese in gapin' fury,
An' hew down slices,
Syne punds o't in his entrails bury,
In lumps an' pieces.

Twa pints o' well-boilt solid sowins,
Wi' whauks o' gude ait-far'le cowins,
Synt down wi' whey, or whiskey lowins,
Before he'd want,
Wad sarce ha'e ser't the wretch to chew ance,
Or choke a gant.

Yet Rabby aye was dousely dautet;
For soon as ilka dish was clautet,
He'd lift his looves an' een, an' fa' to't,
Owre plates an' banes,
An' lengthen out a grace weel sautet
Wi' haly granes.

Aft ha'e I heard him tell o' frights,
Sad waefu' souns, and dreary sights,
He's aften got frae warlock wights,
An' Spunkie's bleeze;
Gaun hame thro' muirs and eerie heights
O' black fir-trees.

Ae night auld Bessie Baird him keepet,
Thrang cloutin' claes till twall was chappet;
But soon's he got his kyte weel stappet
Wi' something stout;
An' goose in's nieve, right snugly happet,
He daunert out.

Maist hame, he met a lang black chiel,
Wi' huggers, stilts, an' pocks o' meal;
Wha drew a durk o' glancin' steel
To rob an' maul him;
Rab rais't his brod wi' desp'rate wheel
An' left him sprawlin'.

Tho' aft by fiends and witches chas't,
An' mony a dead man's glowrin' ghaist;
Yet on his knees he ae time fac't
The Deil himsel':
An' sent him aff in dreadfu' haste,
Roarin' to hell.

But oh, ae night prov'd his mishap !
Curst on the wide-moutht whiskey-cap ;
Beware, beware o' sic fell sap,
Ye taylor chiels !
For Rabby drank owre deep a drap
O' Janet Steel's.

Mirk was the night—out Rabby doitet,
Whiles owre big stanes, his shins he knoitet,
Alangst the dam the bodie stoitet,
Wi' staucherin' flounge ;
Till, hale-sale, in the lade he cloitet,
Wi' dreadfu' plunge.

Loud tho' he roart, nane was asteer,
His yells an' fearfu' granes to hear ;
The current suckt him near an' near,
Till, wi' a whirl,
The big wheel crusht his guts an' gear,
Like ony burrel.

Next morning, gin the peep o' day,
Alang the stanes caul' dead he lay !
Crouds ran to hear the fatal fray ;
Wives, weans, an' men
Lamentin' while they saw his clay,
Poor Rabby's en'.

ELEGY

ON THE LONG EXPECTED DEATH OF A WRETCHED MISER.

Wealth he has none, who mourns his scanty store,
And midst of plenty, starves, and thinks he's poor.—POPE.

Wi' branchin' birk yer winnocks hing,
Whang down the cheese owre heaps o' bread ;
Roun' wi' the blue, an' roar an' sing,
For camsheugh auld F——s is dead.

Hech ! is he dead ? then ilka chiel
May now be fear't for Death's fell nips,
Since he wha fac'd the vera de'il,
Has fa'n beneath the spectre's grips.

Whare will the god o' gowden ore,
Light on a box wi' sic a dog,
To guard by night an' day his store,
Since John's laid caul' below the fug ?

His fearsome blue Kilmarnock cowl,
His cloutet hose, an' sarks, and bedding,
Wi' weel-swall't social vermin foul—
I saw them a' flung to the midding.

Now, Clootie, loup an' shake yer rump,
Nae mair ye'll need at night to watch him,
Grim glowrin' by some aul' tree-stump,
An' rattlin' airns in vain to catch him.

Nae mair need ye in corp-like shape,
Aneath the midnight moon lie streeket ;
Nor wi' lang clauts, like ony graip,
Wauk thro' his bield, an' doors a' steeket.

Whiles like a cat, ye'd tread his skelf,
An' range amang his plates an' bannocks ;
Whiles rumlin' owre his box't-up pelf,
Or chappin' awsome at his winnocks.

But a' your schemes, an' a' your plots,
An' a' the midnight frights ye lent him ;
And a' the fear o' tyning notes,
Was naething, till a wife ye sent him.

"A Wife ! a curse !" (quo' John, in rage,
Soon as his tickling heat abated,)
"A black, bare whore, to vex my age !"
He said, he girn't, swore, an' regretted.

His dearie, glad o' siccan routh,
To mill a note was aye right ready :
Aft she wad kiss his toothless mouth,
While John keen ca'd her his ain lady.

When in the bed, (whare a' fouks gree)
An' John laid soun' wi' Venus' capers ;
She raise—lowst frae his breeks the key,
Slade up the lid, an' poucht the papers.

This pass't a wee, till rous'd he ran,
He visited his cash,—his heav'n ;
He coudna see, but trem'lin' fan'
A yearly income frae him riv'n.

O then what tortures tare his soul !
He groan'd, he spat, he glowrt, he shor'd out :
Then rais't a most tremendous growl,
Sunk by the box, and desperate roar'd out :

"My soul—my all—my siller's fled !
Fled wi' a base confounded limmer !
O grief o' griefs ! alake, my head !
My head rins roun', my een grow dimmer.

Wi' meikle, meikle faught an' care,
An' mony a lang night's fell vexation,
I toil'd, and watch'd to keep it there,
An' now I'm left in black starvation.

My meal, like snaw afore the sin, [sun
Its aye ga'n doon an' aye beginnin',
Lade after lade she orders in,
An' than for trash she's ever rinnin'. [then

A' day she'll drink an' flyte an' roar
A' night she tears me wi' her talons,
An' gin I crawl butt frae the door,
I'm hunted hame wi' dogs an' callans.

My sons, wi' chan'ler chafts gape roun',
To rive my gear, my siller frae me ;
While lice an' fleas, an' vermin brown,
Thrangt in my sarks, eternal flae me.

Ye precious remnants ! curst to me,
Ye dearest gifts to John e'er given ;
Wi' you I've liv'd, wi' you I'll die,
Wi' you I'll gang to Hell or Heaven."

He spak' ; an' on the vera spot,
Ramt goud and notes, wi' trem'lin' hurry,
In han'fu's down his gorged-up throat,
While blude lap frae his een in fury.

I saw wi' dread, an' ran my lane,
To clear his throat and ease his breathing ;
But ere I reach't he gied a grane,
An' lifeless lay alang the leathing.

EPITAPH ON AULD JANET.

A whore's a pitfal, and a scold's a rod ;
An honest wife's a noble work of God !

Clean dead an' gane—beneath this stane
Auld Janet lies, o' Torry ;
Life warm'd her blude, an' hale she stood,
Till Time saw her right hoary.

Weel lo'ed by a', she gaed fu' braw,
Clean, snod, an' wondrous gawsey ;
A sonsier dame, or sappier wame,
Ne'er hotcht alangst the cawsey.

Her blythsome bield, to ilka chield
Wha bare a pack, was fenny ;
Whare safe an' soun', they might lie down,
Syne rise an' pay their penny ;

Till spitefu' Death clos'd up her breath,
An' a' our daffin hum'elt ;
For, thro' the head he shot her dead,
An' down poor Janet tum'elt.

Ye pedlars now, O mournfu' view
This stane rear'd by a brither ;
And as ye pass, greet owre the grass
That co'ers your auld kind mither ;

For me—Oh deer ! the waefu' tear
Starts at the dismal story ;—
I'll gar ilk vale sad echoing wail,
That Janet's dead o' Torry.

THE SHARK ;

OR LANG MILLS DETECTED.

"Yes, while I live, no rude or sordid knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave."—POPE.

Ye weaver blades ! ye noble chiels !
Wha fill our land wi' plenty,
And mak our vera barest fiels
To waive wi' ilka dainty ;
Defend yoursels, tak sicker heed,
I warn you as a brither ;
Or Shark's resolved, wi' hellish greed,
To gorge us a' thegither,
At ance this day.

In Gude's-name will we ne'er get free
O' thieves and persecution !
Will Satan never let abee
To plot our dissolution !
Ae scoun'rel sinks us to the pit,
Wi' his eternal curses,
Anither granes,—and prays,—and yet
Contrives to toom our purses,
Maist every day.

A higher aim gars Willy think,
And deeper schemes he's brewin' ;
Ten thousan' fouk at ance to sink
To poverty and ruin !
Hail mighty patriot ! Noble soul !
Sae generous, and sae civil,
Sic vast designs deserve the whole
Applauses of the devil
On ony day.

In vain we've toiled wi' head and heart,
And constant deep inspection,
For years on years, to bring this art
So nearly to perfection ;
The mair that art and skill deserve,
The greedier Will advances ;
And saws and barrels only serve
To heighten our expenses
And wrath this day.

But know, to thy immortal shame,
While stands a paper-spot,
So long, great Squeeze-the-poor ! thy fame,
Thy blasted fame shall rot ;

And as a brick or limestane kiln
Wi' sooty reek advances ;
So grateful shall thy mem'ry still
Be to our bitter senses,
By night or day.

Lang Willy Shark wi' greedy snout
Had sneaked about the C—n—l,
To eat his beef and booze about,
Nor proved at drinking punch ill ;
Till, Judas-like, he got the bag,
And squeezed it to a jelly ;
Thae war the days for Will to brag,
And blest times for the belly
Ilk ither day.

The mair we get by heuk and cruk
We aften grow the greedier ;
Shark raiket now through every neuk
To harl till him speedier ;
His ghastly conscience, pale and spent,
Was summoned up, right clever ;
Syne, wi' an execration sent
Aff, henceforth and for ever,
Frae him that day.

This done, trade snoovt awa wi' skill
And wonderfu' extention ;
And widen't soon was every mill,
(A dexterous invention !)
Groat after groat, was clippet aff,
Frae ae thing and anither ;
Till fouk began to think on draff,
To help to haud thegither
Their banes that day.

Now round frae cork to cork he trots
Wi' eagerness and rigour,
And "Rump the petticoats and spots!"
His Sharkship roared wi' vigour;
But, whan his harnishes cam in
In dizens in a morning;
And a' grew desolate and grim,
His rapture changed to mourning,
And rage that day.

Thus Haman, in the days of yore,
Pufft up wi' spitefu' evil,
Amang his blackguard, wicked core,
Contrived to play the devil;
High stood the gibbet's dismal cape,
But little thought the sinner
That he had caft the vera rape
Wad rax his neck, e'er dinner
Was owre that day.

Wha cou'd believe a chiel sae trig
Wad cheat us o' a bodle?
Or that sae fair a gowden wig
Contained sae black a noddle?
But Shark beneath a sleekit smile
Conceals his fiercest girning;
And, like his neighbours of the Nile,
Devours wi' little warning
By night or day.

O happy is that man and blest
Wha in the C—n—l gets him!
Soon may he cram his greedy kist
And dare a soul to touch him.

But should some poor auld wife, by force
O' poortith scrimp her measure,
Her cursed reels at P——y Corse,
Wad bleeze wi' meikle pleasure
To them that day.

Whiles, in my sleep, methinks I see
Thee marching through the city,
And Hangman Jock, wi' girnan glee,
Proceeding to his duty.
I see thy dismal phiz and back,
While Jock, his stroke to strengthen,
Brings down his brows at every swack,
"I'll learn your frien' to lengthen,
Your mills the day."

Poor wretch! in sic a dreadfu' hour
O' blude and dirt and hurry,
What wad thy saftest luke or sour
Avail to stap their fury?
Lang Mills, wad rise around thy lugs
In mony a horrid volley;
And thou be kicket to the dugs,
To think upo' thy folly
Ilk after day.

Ye Senators! whase wisdom deep
Keeps a' our matters even,
If sic a wretch ye dare to keep,
How can ye hope for heaven?
Kick out the scoun'rel to his shift,
We'll pay him for his sporting,
And sen' his mills and him adrift
At ance to try their fortune
Down Cart this day.

Think, thou unconscionable Shark !
For heaven's sake bethink thee !
To what a depth of horrors dark
Sic wark will surely sink thee—
Repent of sic enormous sins,
And drap thy curst intention ;
Or faith I fear, wi' brislt shins,
Thou'lt mind this reprehension
Some future day.

HOLLANDER, OR LIGHT WEIGHT.

" ——— Unheard of tortures
Must be reserved for such, these herd together ;
The common damned shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul."—BLAIR.

ATTEND a' ye, wha on the loom,
Survey the shuttle jinking,
Whase purse has aft been sucket toom,
While Willie's scales war clinkin' ;
A' ye that for some luckless hole
Ha'e paid (though right unwillin')
To satisfy his hungry soul,
A saxpence or a shillin'
For fine some day.

Shall black Injustice lift its head,
And cheat us like the devil,
Without a man to stop its speed,
Or crush the growin' evil ?

No ;—here am I, wi' vengeance big,
Resolved to calm his clashin' ;
Nor shall his cheeps nor powdered wig,
Protect him frae a lashin'
Right keen this day.

See ! cross his nose he lays the specks,
And o'er the claith he glimmers;
Ilk wee bit triflin' fau't detects,
And cheeps, and to him yaummers,
"Dear man !—that wark 'ill never do ;
See that : ye'll no tak' tellin' ;"
Syne knavish chirts his fingers through,
And libels down a shilling
For holes that day.

Perhaps the fellow's needin' clink,
To calm some threatnin' beagle,
Whilk mak's him at sic baseness wink,
And for some siller wheedle.
In greetin', herse, ungracious croon,
Aul' Willy granes, "I hear ye,
But weel a wat ! our siller's done,
We really canna spare ye
Ae doyt this day."

Health to the brave Hibernian boy,
Who when by Willie cheated,
Cocked up his hat, without annoy,
And spoke with passion heated ;
"Upon my sowl I have a mind,
Ye old deceiving devil,
To toss your wig up to the wind,
And teach you to be civil,
To me this day."

But see ! anither curtain's drawn,
Some chiel his web has finish't,
And Willy on the tither han',
The price o't has diminish't.
But brought before the awfu' Judge,
To pay the regulation ;
Will lifts his arm without a grudge,
And swears by his salvation—
He's right that day.

Anither's been upo' the push,
To get his keel in claith,
In certain hopes to be sure flush,
O' notes and siller baith.
Returnin' for his count at night,
The poor imposed-on mortal,
Maun pay for punds o' clean light weight,
Though he's maist at the portal,
O' want that day.

In vain he pleads—appeals to God,
That scarce he lost an ounce ;
The holy watcher o' the broad,
Cheeps out that he's a dunce.
Out frae the door he e'en maun come,
Right thankfu' gin he get
Some counterfeits, a scanty sum
Brought frae the aul' kirk yate,
Yon preachin' day.

O sirs ! what conscience he contains,
What curse maun he be dreein' ;
Whase every day is marked wi' stains
O' cheatin' and o' leein' !

M'K———l, H—b, or trowther O—r,
May swear and seem to fash us,
But justice dignifies their door,
And gen'rously, they clash us
The clink each day.

Our Hollander, (gude help his soul)
Kens better ways o' workin',
For Jock and him has aft a spraul,
Wha'll bring the biggest dark in.
"Weel, Jock, what hast thou skrewt the day?"
"Deed father I'se no crack o't;
Nine holes, sax ounce, or there away,
Is a' that I cou'd mak o't
This live lang day."

Sic conversation aft takes place,
When darkness hides their logic;
Like Milton's Deil and Sin, they trace
For some new winning project:
Daft though they be, and unco gloits,
Yet they can count like scholars,
How farthings, multiplied by doits,
Grow up to pounds and dollars,
Some after day.

Forbye, to gie the deil his due,
I own, wi' biggest won'er,
That nane can sell their goods like you,
Or swear them up a hun'er.
Lang hacknied in the paths of vice,
Thy conscience nought can fear her;
And tens and twals can, in a trice,
Jump up twa hun'er far'er,
On ony day.

What town can thrive wi' sic a crew
Within its entrails crawlin',
Muck-worms, that must provoke a spew
To see or hear them squallin'!
Down on your knees, man, wife, and wean—
For ance implore the deevil,
To haurl to himself his ain;
And free us frae sic evil,
This vera day.

HAB'S DOOR,

OR THE TEMPLE OF TERROR.

Oh a' ye Nine wha wing the lift,
Or trip Parnassus' green;
Or through droll bardies' noddles skift,
And mak' them bauld and bien;
Attend me while a scene I lift,
An awfu' waefu' screen;
That aft maist sent my saul adrift,
Out at my vera een.
On mony a day.

Now draw the string—hail weel kent part,
Ye doors and firms—black gear;
But cease, thou flichterin' thuddin' heart,
Thou naething hast to fear;
The Muses deign thus low to dart,
To guard thy footsteps here;
Then cock thy bonnet brisk and smart,
The ferlies see and hear,
This waefu' day.

See how they're scuddin' up the stair,
A' breathless, and a' pechin'—
"Wha cam' last?" "Me," cries some ane there—
Still up their comin' stechin';
Some oxtering pocks o' silken ware,
Some lapfus hov't like kechan;
An' aft the sigh, and hum, and stare,
E'en frichtet like they're hechin',
Sad, sad, this day.

"Is this the dolefu' jougs, gudewife,
Or black stool o' repentance?
Or are ye try't 'tween death and life,
And waiting for your sentence?
Ye leuk to be a dismal corps
O' desolate acquaintance!"
"Whisht," quo' the wife, "ye maunna roar,
Or lad ye'll soon be sent hence,
By Hab this day."

Now twiggle twiggle goes the door,
In steps the foremost comer;
Tak's aff his cowl, pu's out his store,
A' shakin', tells the num'er.
The ready scales, a clinkin' corps
O' weights, amaist a hun'er;
Lets Andrew ken what down to score,
Syne heaves it out like lum'er,
In's neive this day.

Now, now, you wretch, prepare, prepare,
And tak' a snuff to cheer ye;
See how he spreads your lizures bare—
Hech, but they're black and dreary.

"Lord, sirrah," Hab roars like a bear,
"What stops me but I tear ye?
Such lizures!—damn your blood, ye stare—
By God, ye dog, I'll swear ye
To hell this day."

The poor soul granes aneath the rod,
As burning in a fever,
His knees to ane anither nod,
And hand, and lip pale, quiver.
The tiger stamps, with fury shod,
"Confound your blasted liver,
Bring hame the beating, and by God
Ye may be damned for ever,
For ought I care."

Now swelled to madness, round the room
Hab like a fury prances;
While each successive comer's doom
Is fixt to hell as chance is.
His agents a', wi' sullen gloom
Mute, measure, as he dances
With horrid rage, damning the loom,
And weavers; soon he scances
Their claith this day.

His fate met out, awa' wi' speed
The plackless sinner trudges;
Glad to escape the killing dread
O' sic unfeeling judges.
His greetin' weans mourn out for bread,
The hopeless wife now grudges;
And ruin gathers round his head,
In many a shape that huge is,
And grim this day.

And now, ye pridefu' wabster chiels,
How dare ye stand afore him,
And say he aften gi'es to deils,
Men that's by far before him ;
Ye mock his skill o' claith and keels,
And frae douce christians score him,
But haith gin he kens this as weel,
To coin oaths I'se encore him
Aloud this day.

Go on—great, glorious Hab, go on—
Rave owre the trembling wretches ;
Mind neither music, sex, nor one,
But curse them a' for bitches ;
While echo answers every groan,
That their deep murmur fetches ;
Damn every poor man's worth, and moan,
For that exalts like riches,
Bright souls as thine.

But when that serious day or night
That sure to come draws near ;
When thy ain wab, a dismal sight,
Maun to be judged appear.
Ha, Hab ! I doubt thy weight owre light,
Will gar thee girn and swear ;
An' thou'lt gang down the brimstane height,
Weel guarded flank and rear,
To hell that day.

ADDRESS TO THE SYNOD OF GLASGOW AND AYR,

BY LAWRIE NETTLE,

To James Wardrop of Spring Bank, Esq.

Dear and much-esteemed Sir,—It is evident to every one, who is a little conversant in the world, that liberty and absurdity are the two leading characteristics of the present age. Against the former, a ponderous antidote has of late been exhibited by the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, a set of mortals for whom you have a very great veneration. But as the public are pretty well satisfied of the absurdity of such addresses, especially from the clergy, who are, or should be, instructors of the ignorant and reclaimers of the profligate, their late address to His Majesty seems to be an encroachment on the liberties of mankind, and an insult upon common sense. For these reasons, the author of the following verses has thought proper to trouble the world with it in print, and think himself extremely happy in having it put under your patronage; believing that, from the unbounded goodness and unparalleled modesty of my worthy patron, it will derive more efficacy than it either has, or possibly could, from its author. But as it is common to those who write dedications to give the world a catalogue of the shining virtues and amiable qualifications of their patron (and sometimes more than they possess), the author of the following address is at no loss, considering the many incomparable qualifications which you possess. As the work is small of itself, it would be very improper to have a long dedication. I must therefore be excused for giving only the outlines of my worthy patron's amiable character. And therefore, my dear sir, for brevity's sake, I shall sum up the whole in two particulars, in which all the rest is comprehended; and first, your orthodox mind and elevated taste forms a principal part of your virtuous character, and is perhaps at the bottom of all, as you no doubt have heard from the clergy among whom you have been much conversant, that soundness in the faith lies at the foundation of all right exercise; but this is so well known that no more need be said upon it. But the second, and most conspicuous

lineament that has beamed forth in your life and conversation, is your laudable endeavours and unceasing assiduity to promote the righteous cause, or, in other words, your not being weary in well-doing. To give instances of this, it would swell into a huge volume. A few things only shall be condescended upon, which, as they will perpetuate your savoury name in Glasgow, must long afford you much pleasure in your retired moments, and when pain or sickness affects your mortal frame, [as] your late laudable endeavours in order to effectuate the conversion of the Irish giant, S——l S——r, and other of your contemporaries on the Exchange, some of whom are now gone to their Father's house. I must not however, forget your praiseworthy endeavours in the church of Camlachie, * with the fervent prayers you have uttered there to the great satisfaction of your auditors. Many other things might be produced as evidences of your faithfulness in your day and generation; but the author does not wish to insist. He hopes you will use your influence in recommending the following address to the attention of the public, and particularly to the reverend and holy fraternity of whom you have long been a fervent lover and an eminent flatterer. With all due humility and respect, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

Glasgow, Nov. 5th, 1792. LAWRIE NETTLE.

ADDRESS TO THE SYNOD OF GLASGOW AND AYR.

Ye very reverend haly dads,
Wha fill the black gown dously,
And deal divinity in blauds,
Amang the vulgar crously;

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* A Sunday School was erected and conducted for some time under the patronage of my worthy patron, at the above village, which he termed the church of Camlachie.

And when in Synod ye do sit,
  There to fill up your station ;
Ye fleech the king and Willy Pitt,
  And roose the Proclamation
    Wi' pith this day.

I hae a word or twa to gie,
  Ye'll maybe think it's flyting ;
Gin ye wad lend your lugs a wee,
  Ye'll get it het and piping ;
An overture, that ne'er cam' through
  Presbyt'ry or Session ;
And to your reverences now
  It comes without digression
    In lumps this day.

Ye wad do weel to feed your flocks,
  And read your buiks mair tenty ;
Then ye wad better raise your stocks,
  And fill your ha's wi' plenty.
Morality and common sense,
  And reason ye should doat on ;
For then ye're sure of recompense
  Frae ladies and your patron
    On sic a day.

Ye think to get your wages up
  For sic a lang oration ;
But aiblins ye may get the slip—
  Ye've cankered half the nation.
Though P——s be a funny soul,
  And fu' o' craft and learning ;
He'll hardly get a siller bowl
  Worth forty shillings sterling,
    For thanks yon day.

Sic things are but ill taen thir days,
When Liberty's sae raging ;
And in her leel and noble cause
Ten thousands are engaging :
The Kirk should a' your time mortgage,
For weel she pays the cost ;
And royalty and patronage
Eternally's your toast,
Baith night and day.

O Patronage ! ye cunning baud,
Ye should be sairly thumpit ;
Deil blaw ye south, ye cruel jade,
Ye ne'er-do-weel like strumpet.
For under your infamous wing,
The clergy sits sae paughty ;
And slyly hums the foolish king,
Wi' cracks that are fell daughty,
For clink this day.

The 'Rights of Man' is now weel kenned,
And read by mony a hunder ;
For Tammy Paine the buik has penned,
And lent the Courts a lounder ;
It's like a keeking-glass to see
The craft of Kirk and statesmen ;
And wi' a bauld and easy glee,
Guid faith the birky beats them
Aff hand this day.

Though Geordy be deluded now,
And kens na what's a-doing ;
Yet aiblins he may find it true
There is a blast a-brewing.

For British boys are in a fiz,
  Their heads like bees are humming ;
And for their rights and liberties
  They're mad upon reforming
    The Court this day.

But gin the proclamation should
  Be put in execution,
Then brethren ye may chew your cud,
  And fear a revolution.
For fegs ye've led the Kirk a dance,
  Her tail is now in danger ;
For of the liberties in France
  Nae Scotsman is a stranger
    At hame this day.

But deil may care for a' your thanks,
  And prayers that did confirm it ;
Like Lewis in his royal branks,
  The king and you may girn yet.
There's mony a chiel of noble stuff,
  'Tween Johnny Groats and Dover,
That starkly may gie him a cuff,
  And send him to Hanover,
    Wi' speed some day.

Ye think yoursels sae safe and snug,
  That ne'er a ane dare strike ye ;
But for your thanks, I'll lay my lug,
  Few patriots will like ye :
The Kirk is now on her last legs,
  And to the pot she's tumbling ;
And troth my lads ye're aff your eggs,
  For a' your gratefu' mumbling,
    On sic a day.

It's true indeed she's lang stood out
Against Dissenting nostrums ;
Although she's gotten many a clout
Frae their despis'd rostrums.
The State has long kept at her side,
And firmly did support her ;
But Liberty wi' furious tide,
Is like to come athwart her
Pell mell this day.

The power of clergy, wylie tykes,
Is unco fast declining ;
And courtiers' craft, like snaw aff dykes,
Melts when the sun is shining ;
Auld Monarchy, wi' cruel paw,
Her dying pains is gnawing ;
While Democracy, trig and braw,
Is through a' Europe crawing
Fu' crouse this day.

But lest the Muse exaggerate,
Come, here's for a conclusion,
On every true blue Democrate
I ken ye'll pray confusion.
But frae your dark and deep designs
Fair Liberty will hide us ;
Frae Glasgow and frae Ayr divines
We pray good Lord to guide us
On ilka day.

AN EXPOSTULATORY ADDRESS TO THE RAGGED SPECTRE, POVERTY.

Haggard harlot! why thus dare
To wage with me eternal war?
Shall I bear it? no, thou strumpet!
Here I swear in voice like trumpet,
Soon's thou shows thy visage, elf,
Meet thy fate and blame thyself.
Did I e'er invite or wrong thee?
Did I vow e'er to belong t' thee?
Do I welcome? do I nurse thee?
No, thou ly'st—I hate, I curse thee;
Why then, black, presumpt'ous ghost,
Why thus stern invade my coast?
Some, thou throws but shadows o'er them,
Fly'st thyself, and all adore them.
Why thus partial? If the Muse
Deign at times to bliss my brows,
I lift the pen—prepare for study,
There thou stares, grim, ghastly, duddy;
Shakes thy rags, begins thy grieving,
Terrifies the Muse to heaven;
Then displays my pockets empty,
Belly worse, and all to tempt me.
Humour, rhyming, headlong scampers;
Rotten stockings, soleless trampers,
Nameless torments, crowds of evils
Grin around like real devils.
So disfigur'd with thy scoffing,
Need I wonder why so often
Friends go past, nae answer gi'e me,
Look their watch, and never see me.

ODE,

FOR THE BIRTHDAY OF OUR IMMORTAL SCOTTISH POET; SET TO MUSIC BY A BACCHANALIAN CLUB.

Ye sons of bright Phœbus, ye bards of the plough,
Shout aloud! and let gladness sublime every brow;
See the young rosy morning rejoicing returns,
That blest our fair isle with the rare Robin Burns!

Let the pure aquavitæ now inspire ev'ry soul,
Since whisky can waft us at once to the pole;
Let us laugh down the priest and the devil by turns,
And roar out the praise of the rare Robin Burns.

Hail blest "Ordination"! all hail "Holy Fair"!
Ye glorious effusions! ye thrice-sacred pair!
Your pages the rake on his death-bed o'erturns,
And mixes a damn with "O rare Robin Burns!"

By Babel no more let us languish forlorn,
Come twitch up the strings to great "John Barleycorn";
Be our friendship eternal, and laid in our urns,
If we roar let us roar with the rare Robin Burns.

Ye nymphs of old Colia, who exult in his art,
And have felt the warm raptures glide home to your heart,
Leave your raw, lifeless clodpoles, your cows and your churns,
And encore the great sportsman, "O rare Robin Burns!"

Clear the road, ye dull churchmen! make way for our bard,
To whose tow'ring genius no task is too hard;
Your glories, your precepts, your nonsense he spurns,
And Europe loud echoes, "O rare Robin Burns!"

Rejoice ye Excisemen! resound the huzza!
Nor tremble, by piecemeal in brimstone to gnaw;
Though horrors surround, he's a coward that mourns,
All hell will befriend you for rare Robin Burns.

Hark, hark ! what an uproar ! every ghost is afoot,
How they brandish their fire-brands 'mid darkness and soot !
See legion on legion tumultuous adjourns,
To swell the loud strain of "O rare Robin Burns !"

Ye "heav'n-taught" rhymers, ye bards of the plough,
Shout aloud ! and let gladness sublime every brow ;
While the young rosy morning rejoicing returns,
That blest our fair isle with the rare Robin Burns.

ACHTERTOOL.

Tune,—"One bottle more."

From the village of Lessly, with a heart full of glee,
And my pack on my shoulders, I rambled out free ;
Resolv'd that same ev'ning, as Luna was full,
To lodge ten miles distant, in old Achtertool.

Thro' many a lone cottage and farmhouse I steer'd,
Took their money, and off with my budget I sheer'd ;
The road I explor'd out, without form or rule,
Still asking the nearest to old Achtertool.

A clown I accosted, enquiring the road ;
He stared like an ideot, then roar'd out "Gude God,
Gin ye're ga'n there for quarters, ye're surely a fool,
For there's nought but starvation in auld Achtertool."

Unminding his nonsense, my march I pursu'd,
Till I came to a hill-top, where joyful I view'd,
Surrounded with mountains, and many a white pool,
The small smoky village of old Achtertool.

At length I arriv'd at the edge of the town,
As Phœbus behind a high mountain went down ;
The clouds gather'd dreary, and weather blew foul,
And I hugg'd myself safe now in old Achtertool.

An inn I enquir'd out, a lodging desir'd,
But the landlady's pertness seem'd instantly fir'd ;
For she saucy reply'd, as she sat carding wool,
"I ne'er kept sic lodgers in auld Achtertool."

With scorn I soon left her to live on her pride,
But asking, was told there was none else beside,
Except an old weaver, who now kept a school,
And these were the whole that were in Achtertool.

To his mansion I scamper'd, and rapt at the door ;
He op'd, but as soon as I dar'd to implore,
He shut it like thunder, and utter'd a howl,
That rung through each corner of old Achertool.

Provok'd now to fury, the domini I curst,
And offer'd to cudgel the wretch, if he durst ;
But the door he fast bolted, though Boreas blew cool,
And left me all friendless in old Achtertool.

Depriv'd of all shelter, thro' darkness I trod,
Till I came to a ruin'd old house by the road ;
Here the night I will spend, and inspir'd by the owl,
I'll send up some prayers for old Achtertool !

FIRST EPISTLE TO MR. JAMES DOBIE.

Clos'd in a garret spread wi' beuks,
Whare spider-wabs, in dozens
Hing mirk athort the winnock neuks,
Maist dark'ning up the lozens ;

Thro' whilk the sin, wi' beams sae braw, [sun
Ne'er shows his face discreetly,
Save whan out owre the Misty-Law,
He's flitherin' downward sweetly,
To close the day.

Here sits the bardie, sir, his lane,
Right glad to rest retir'd;
His griefs an' girnin' cares a' gane,
An' a' his fancy fir'd;
The Muses round him dancin' thrang,
Their skill fu' proud to show it;
In lively measure, thun'erin' lang,
To sing an' please the poet
O' Beith, this day.

O! how my heart exulting loups,
To meet a chiel like you;
Life's bitter horn aside it coups,
An' fill'st wi' chearing blue:
While chaunrin' critics grin an' growl,
An' curse whate'er they light on,
The honest, friendly, gen'rous soul,
Can check, inspire, and brighten,
Wi' ease each day.

Yet some there are whase flinty hearts,
An' hollow heads (poor wretches!)
Despise the poet's glorious parts,
An' ca' them daudron bitches.
Tell them a plan o' cent per cent,
They'll glut yer words like hinee;
But mention poetry, they'll gaunt
An' gloom, as gin't were sinee,
Or salts, that day.

Anither set comes in my view,
A' trampin' Heaven's way in ;
See ! how they shake their heads an' groo
At ought but grace an' prayin' :
These godly fouks will tak' the qualms,
To hear a rhyme-repeater,
An' solemnly declare the 'Salms
To be the far best metre
On earth this day.

Poor brainless wights ! they little ken
Its charms, its soaring fire ;
In ev'ry age, the best of men
Have, raptur'd, tun'd the lyre :
'Tis this that breathes Job's mournful plaints,
Or aids him to adore ;
And this the seraph's mouth, and saints,
Will fill when Time's no more,
But endless day.

Whan bonny Spring adorns the year,
An' ilka herb is springing,
An' birds on blossom'd branches, clear
Wi' lightsome hearts are singing ;
How sweet to rove at early morn,
Whare dewy flow'rs are ranket,
While they wha sic enjoyments scorn,
Lie snorin' in a blanket,
Till height o' day.

I ne'er was rich, nor ever will,
But ony time ye come
To our bit town, we'se hae a gill,
An' owr't we'se no sit dumb.

A gill, man, spreads the Muse's wing,
Sets ilka quill in order ;
And gars her mount, an' soar, an' sing,
Till she maist gains the border
O' brightest day.

SECOND EPISTLE TO MR. JAMES DOBIE.

Edinburgh ——

While rains are blattrin' frae the south,
An' down the lozens seepin' ;
An' hens in mony a caul' closs-mouth,
Wi' hingin' tails are dreepin' ;
The Muse an' me,
Wi' frien'ly glee,
Hae laid our heads thegither,
Some rhyme to pen,
Syne bauldly sen'
To you, the jinglin' blether.

Auld Reekie for this month an' mair,
Has held me in her bosom ;
Her streets a' streamin' like a Fair,
Wi' mony a beauteous blossom ;
Their bosoms, whilk
Seen through the silk,
Heav'd up sae blest uneven,
Maist gars me swear,
To tempt us here,
Jove drapt them down frae Heav'n.

Here strutting wi' their glitt'rin' boots,
An' flutterin' a' wi' ruffles,
The coxcomb keen, to rax his koots,
Alang the planestanes shuffles :
Wi' sweet perfumes,
Like apple blooms,
He fills the air aroun' ;
His hale employ,
How to enjoy
The pleasures of the town.

Fair as the gay enrapt'ring Nine,
That tread the fam'd Parnassus ;
And rang'd in mony a glorious line,
Appear the bouncin' lasses ;
Whase shape, adzooks
An' killing looks,
An' claes like e'ening cluds ;
Wad hermits fire
Wi' fond desire,
To leave their caves an' woods.

Here mony a wight, frae mony a place,
At mony an occupation,
Exhibits mony a groosome face,
In hurrying consternation ;
Some shakin' bells,
Some hammerin' stells,
Some coblin' shoon in cloysters ;
Here coaches whirlin',
There fish-wives skirlin'
"Wha'll buy my cauler oysters ?"

But, see ! yon dismal form that louts,
Black crawlin' owre a midding,

Thrang scartin' cin'ers up, an' clouts,
That i' the awse lie hidden ;
While round her lugs,
Poor starvin' dogs,
Glowre fierce wi' hungry gurle ;
She wi' a clash
O' dirt or awse,
Begins a horrid quarrel.

Sic creatures dauner auld an' clung,
Whan morning rises gawsey ;
An' mony a hutch o' human dung
Lies skinklin' owre the cawsey :
Out-through't wat shod,
I've aften trod,
Wi' heart maist like to scunner ;
Oblidg't to rin,
Least, like a lin,
Some tubfu' down might thun'er.

O shocking theme ! but, sir, to you
I leave the moralizing ;
Ye hae the pictures in your view
Mair orthodox than pleasing.
Farewell a wee ;
Lang may ye be
Wi' fortune blest in season,
Within your arms
To clasp the charms
That kings wad joy to gaze on.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. EBENEZER PICKEN.

O THOU wha 'midst lang yellow ranks
O' gowans, on sweet Cartha's banks,
  Row't in a skinklan plaid ;
Souns loud the Scottish Muse's horn,
Aneath some spreadan eldren thorn,
  An' maks the herdies glad ;
While lads an' laughin' lasses free
  Chirt in to hear thy sang ;
Will Eben let a chiel like me
  Join wi' the chearfu' thrang ?
    A wee while, in auld stile,
      On Pegassus I'll scrive ;
    Sae tent me, an' canty
      I soon sal tak my leave.

This ha'f a year yer funny tales,
Owre mosses, mountains, seas an' dales,
  I've carried i' my lingle ;
An' scores o' times, in kintra tafts,
They've gart the fouk maist rive their chafts,
  Whan owre a bra' peat ingle,
I loot them hear droll Symon's crack,
  Wi' Hodge, twa curious cronies ;
How the queer carles sae camsheugh spake,
  'Bout pouther't cockernonies.
    Young Jenny an' Nannie,
      An' Meg wad laught thegither ;
    Sly sneeran an' swearan,
    "Od, that's just like our father."

Whan "Aul' Joanna i' the Brae,"
Or "Bonny Bell," and mony mae,
  They hear me try to tout ;

Or when poor "Brownie" tells his tale,
How he was maist kidnappèd hale,
Blude drappan frae his snout:
When "Yon Spat's" fearfu' fa' ye mourn,
In simple hammart croon;
Nae mair to get a needfu' turn
Aneath its biggin' doon;
Lord help me! they yelp me,
Wi' laughin' near han' deaf;
While sweatin' an' greetin'
I turn the tither leaf.

"Preserves!" says Jean, an' stops her wheel,
"An' do you really ken the chiel!
An' whar-a'wa's his dwallin?"
"I'd gang," quo' Meg, "a simmer day
To get ae glint o'm in my way,
Tho' I soud spen a shilling."
Out granes auld grannie frae the neuk,
Whare at the rock she's rivan;
"Vow sirs! an' did he mak the beuk
Just out his ain contrivin!
Whare-e'er he's I'm sure he's
A minister, or mair;
Sic stories, sae curious,
Wad tak a man o' lear."

But, Eben, thinkna this but clatter,
An' that I tell't for fau't o' matter,
To lengthen out a crack;
It's what I've heard a hun'er times
The fouk exclaim, wha read your rhymes,
Or may I burn my pack.

Wi' chiels o' taste an' genius baith,
I aften hae forgather't ;
An' war I to relate their breath
O' you, ye'd say I blether't.
Wi' leisure an' pleasure,
I've seen them aft read owre,
While strokes o' wit, wi' ready hit,
Gart aft the reader glowre.

For me, when I begin to read
About aul' honest Harry dead ;
Beneath the yird laid stieve in ;
Or at the bauld brooze o' wasps an' bees,
Whilk had set Allan in a bleeze,
Had the auld bard been livin' ;
Or that which scorns the bounds o' rhyme,
Fate, sung in lofty strains,
Owre whulk I've grutten mony a time,
An' blest ye for yer pains.
Whan these an' a thousan'
Mae beauties strike my e'e,
Inspirèd, I'm firèd
Wi' won'rous thoughts o' thee.

Let senseless critics roun' ye squeel,
An' curl like ony empron eel,
Wi' want o' taste or spite ;
Nane e'er gat fame in's native spat,—
The vera Haly Beuk says that,—
But let them girn an' flyte.
While I can douk in ink a quill,
An' blether rhyme or prose ;
While spoons an' ladles help to fill
My kyte, wi' kail or brose ;

Believe it, while I'm fit
The right frae left to know it ;
I'll reverence, while blest wi' sense,
The poems and the poet.

If ever fortune, thrawart bitch !
Should kick me in Misfortune's ditch,
Awhile to lie an' warsle ;
Gif I yer sangs hae in my fab,
An' whiles a glass to heat my gab,
An' snuff to smart my girsle ;
Tho' beagles, hornings, an' sic graith,
Glowre roun', they ne'er sal dread me :
I'll canty chaunt aul' Harry's death,
While up the stair they lead me ;
I'll roar than, I'll soar than,
Out thro' the vera cluds ;
Tho' hung roun', an' clung roun',
Wi' stenchers an' wi' duds.

Owre Highlan' hills I've rov'd this whyle,
Far to the north, whare mony a mile
Ye'll naething see but heather ;
An' now-an'-than a wee bit cot,
Bare, hunkerin' on some lanely spot,
Whare ither words they blether.
Last owk there on a winnock-sole,
I fan some aul' newspaper ;
And tho' 'twas riv'n in mony a hole,
Yet, fegs, it made me caper ;
When scanin't, I fan in't
Some rhyme I ne'er had seen,
How nature ilk creature
Maks canty, blythe, an' bien.

Ha, Eben ! hae I catcht ye here,
Quoth I, in unco glee an' chear,
While their nainsels a' gapet,
And speer't right droll, gin she was mine,
An' whareabouts me did her tine ?
(While aff the sang I clippet,)
Some bawbies bury't a' the plea,
Though they afore war sweer o't ;
Sae aff I came in clever key,
Resolv'd to let you hear o't ;
Now fareweel, my braw chiel,
Lang tune the reed wi' spirit ;
Let asses spit clashes,
Fools canker aye at merit.

EPISTLE TO A BROTHER PEDLAR.

Thou curious, droll, auld-farran chiel,
Some rhyme I'se now ha'e wi' thee ;
May I gang hurlin' to the de'il,
But I'd be blythe to see thee.
'Mang a' the chiels wha bear a pack,
Thro' kintra, town, or claughan ;
The fient a ane can tell a crack,
Whilk sets us aye a laughin',
Like thee, this day.

A snawy winter's now maist owre,
Since we frae other parted ;
Like ony ghaist I than did glowre,
Wi' sickness broken-hearted.

But, by my sang ! now gin we meet,
We'll hae a tramp right clever ;
Since I'm now stively on my feet,
An' hale an' weel as ever,
This blessed day.

Whiles whan I think upo' our tramp,
It sets me aft a sneering ;
Though 'deed our conscience it shou'd damp,
When we ca' to a clearing ;
How whiles, amang the lasses' smocks,
We rais'd an unco splutter ;
On Sundays, speelt owre awfu' rocks,
Or ramt auld Grannie's butter,
I' the plate, yon day.

I'll ne'er forget yon dreadfu' morn,
That maist had prov'd our ruin ;
When ye sat on a sack forlorn,
Ha'f dead wi' fright and spewin.
Waves dashing down wi' blatt'rin' skyle,
Wins roarin'—sailors flyting ;
Poor wretches bockin, rank an' file,
An' some (God knows !) maist shiteing
Their breeks, that day.

Though conscience' gab we try to steek,
It gies ane whiles a tassle :
I'm cheated gin it didna speak,
Right smartly at Fa's Castle.
Poor Jute ! she'd curse our ilka step,
When she tauld owre her siller ;
But faith, she got an honest kepp,
Might ser't a decent miller,
Sax years an' mair.

Lang may thou, aye right snug an' dry,
Frae barns be kept aback ;
Whare tinkler wives an' beggars ly,
An' rain seeps thro' the thack.
Aft may some canty kintra wife,
Whan hunger wrings thy painches,
Draw through her cheese the muckle knife,
An' stap thy pouch wi' lunches
O' scons, that day.

FIRST EPISTLE TO MR. WILLIAM MITCHELL.

Leadhills, April——

Hail ! kind, free, honest-hearted swain,
My ne'er forgotten frien' ;
Wha aft has made me, since wi' pain
We parted, dight my e'en ;
Ance mair frae aff a lanely plain,
Whare warlocks wauk at e'en,
An' witches dance ; I'll raise my strain
Till to your bield bedeen
It sound this day.

Wide muirs that spread wi' purple sweep,
Beneath the sunny glowe ;
Hills swell'd vast, here—there dark glens deep,
Whare brooks embosom'd rowe ;

Cots hingin' owre the woody steep,
  Bields reekin' frae the howe ;
Wild scenes like these, a blissfu' heap,
  Has driven't in my powe
    To write this day.

Be this thy last, my Muse, and swear
  By a' that e'er thou sung,
'Till Mitchell's cheerfu' song thou hear,
  To chain thy tuneless tongue—
It's sworn ! I saw her frowning, rear
  Her arm, an' while it hung
Aloft in air, glens that lay near,
  An' rocks re-echoing rung
    Consent this day.

Yet wha can, daunerin' up thir braes,
  No fin' his heart a' dancin' ;
While herdies sing wi' huggert taes,
  An' wanton lam's are prancin' ;
Or down the spreadin' vale to gaze,
  Whare glitt'rin' burns are glancin' ;
An' sleepin' lochs, owre whase smooth face
  Wild fowl sport the expanse in,
    Ilk bonny day.

Here mountains raise their heath'ry backs,
  Rang'd huge aboon the lift ;
In whase dark bowels, for lead tracts,
  Swarm'd miners howk an' sift ;
High owre my head the sheep in packs,
  I see them mice-like skift ;
The herd maist like ane's finger, wauks
  Aboon yon fearfu' clift
    Scarce seen this day.

Here mills rin thrang, wi' whilk in speed
They melt to bars the ore in ;
Nine score o' fathoms shanks down lead,
To let the hammerin' corè in ;
Whare hun'ers for a bit o' bread
Continually are borin' ;
Glowre down a pit, you'd think, wi' dread,
That gangs o' deils war roarin'
Frae hell that way.

Alangst the mountain's barren side,
Wi' holes an' caverns digget ;
In lanely raws, withouten pride,
Their bits o' huts are bigget ;
Nae kecklin' hens about the door,
E'er glad their chearless Lucky ;
They pick the pyles o' leaden ore,
Whilk to poor heedless chucky
Is death that day.

A wimplan burn atween the hills,
Thro' mony a glen rins trottin' ;
Amang the stanes an' sunny rills
Aft bits o' gowd are gotten ;
Thought I " Three yeer thro' closs an' trance,
An' doors I've been decoy't ;
Now Fortune's kussen me up a chance,
An' fegs I sal employ't
Right thrang this day."

Sae up the burn wi' glee I gade,
An' down aboon some heather,
Saft on the brae my pack I laid,
Till twa-three lumps I'd gather ;

But wae-be-till't, had I forseen
Things war to turn sae doolfu';
I ne'er had waded there sae keen,
Tho' sure to fin a shoolfu'
An' mair that day.

As thro' the stream, wi' loutin' back,
Thrang, stanes an' sand I threw out;
A toop, who won'ert at my pack,
Cam down to take a view o't;
A tether-length he back did gae,
An' cam wi' sic a dash,
That hale-sale hurlan' down the brae,
It blatter't wi' a blash
I' the burn that day!

Tho' earthquakes, hail, an' thuner's blaze
Had a' at ance surroundet,
I wudna' glowr't wi' sic amaze,
Nor been ha'f sae confoundet!
Wi' waefu' heart, before it sank,
I haul't it out a' clashing;
And now they're bleaching on the bank,
A melancholy washing
To me this day.

SECOND EPISTLE TO MR. WILLIAM MITCHELL.

While ye nod on the weaver's thronie,
Porin' wi' sharp inspection,
Or in a freak wi' lasses bonny,
Skip round in supple action;

Or maybe wi' a bosom crony,
Kick up a funny faction ;
Accept this as a testimony
Of my sincere affection
For you this day.

In fact, my frien', I wad hae writ,
Lang ere this time wi' pleasure ;
But something touch'd aye on my fit,
An' bade me tak' my leisure.
Yon callan's sic a pawky wit,
Gif he but mak' a seizure
O' ae daft word, ye'll get a skit
Will wring your head, as bees war
In't thick this day.

Sae aft the pen I laid aside,
Wi' this bugbear reflection ;
As aft my heart wad fairly chide
Me for the harsh objection ;
Till just the day, within I staid,
And band wi' baul affection,
Tho' ye sud cut an' ga' my hide
Wi' critical dissection,
I'd write this day.

Sae paper, pen, an' ink I got,
An' down to wark I set me ;
And soon a lengthen'd sang I wrote,
For mirth the lines did mete me.
I sey'd ance to cast off my coat,
The thoughts o't hae sae het me ;
But, as my brain was on the trot,
The hurry wadna let me
Tak time this day.

Aweel, whane'er I got it doon,
I took a canny view o't;
Where notes raise tow'rin' to the moon,
That, troth, I scarcely knew it.
'Twas set to sic a skirlin' tune,
I heartily did rue it;
And least ye sud e'en laugh owre soon,
Dash i' the fire I threw it,
Wi' rage that day.

Yet still resolv'd something to sen',
I didna stan' to swither,
But duket i' the ink my pen,
An' so began anither;
Nae poetry, but just the ken
O' Scotland, my auld mither;
In hopes I wadna you offen',
By jinglin' it thegither
In rhyme this day.

Ye ken ye sung auld Harry's fate,
An' deed it was e'en curious,
Whan at the fire he hunker't late,
An' croon'd a prayer spurious;
As "Lord sen' us aye garse an' meat,
Till ance Thou skin an' bury us;"
Syne turn'd his fish, or sent a sklate
Out thro' the winnock, furious,
At chiels that night.

I ne'er cou'd gab prodigious pert,
An' flatterin' phrazing gi'e you;
An' laugh, an' sing, an' crack sae smart,
Syne wi' dame Fortune lea' you.

But cou'd you peep into this heart,
That jumps aye when I see you ;
Ye'd fin' a saul could gladly part
It's hinmaist bannock wi' ye
On ony day.

Blyth wad I be to shake your han',
Gif matters wad allow me ;
But Fortune's ta'en a slippery stan',
An' leuks right sullen to me.
Yet aftentimes the morning's dawn,
Hangs cloudy, dull and gloomy ;
Till Sol dispels the misty ban',
An' shines bright, warm an' roomy,
A bonny day.

My compliments I'll hope ye'll gie
To garrulous Rab G——y ;
Tell him, I trust he bears the gree,
Aye dadlin' poor an' hearty ;
Altho' I fear the barley bree,
An' roving blades sae quirty ;
May gar him speed his wings an' flee,
An' lea' his nest right dirty,
Like mae yon day.

Now gi'es yer hand, and fare-ye-weel,
Kind, honest-hearted Willy !
Aye whan I meet a canty chiel,
It minds me o' the billy,
Wha aften us'd, wi' heart fu' leel,
To show his wondrous skillie ;
An' made our vera hearts to reel,
Whan owre a pint or gillie,
For joy that day.

Lang may thou weather't out-an'-in
Without a drog or plaister ;
An' may thou tune the violin,
Aye sweeter an' aye faster ;
An' swell an' sink the notes sae keen
Wi' gracefu' air an' gesture,
Till An'rew lift his hands an' een,
An' own that Will's his master
By night or day.

THIRD EPISTLE TO WILLIAM MITCHELL.

Dear Willy, now I've ta'en the pen,
Wi' lightsome heart, to let you ken,
I'm livin' yet and weel ;
Tho' cuft and dauded gayan sair,
Since last I left that luckless Ayr,
Thro' mony a moor an' fiel'.
Misfortunes, on ilk ithers' backs,
Come roaring whyles aroun' me ;
For comfort to the blue I rax,
Or ablins they might drown me.
What sights man, what frights man,
Are pedlars doom'd to thole ;
Aye chaunerin' an' daunerin'
In eager search for cole.

But let us cease this heartless sang,
An', gin ye binna unco thrang,
I'll here lay down my pack ;

Tho' miles in scores atween us lie,
An' hills, an' seas, yet, haith we'll try
Out owre them a' to crack.
Dame Fortune, thou may hing thy brow,
An' girn wi' threat'nin' een;
I carena a' thy spite, since now,
At last, I've fun' a frien';
Let misers owre treasures,
O' goud an' siller croon;
A blessing like this ane,
Gangs never, never doon.

While youth and health inspires our blood,
In innocent and sprightly mood,
We'll cheat the cares of life;
By friendship sowthert into ane,
We'll be as firm, as stark again,
To stan' the warly strife;
An' when slee Love's endearing dart
Inflames our glowan veins;
We'll thowe the bonny lasses' heart
In saft complaining strains;
Nae sorrows, before us,
Sal drive us to despair;
Tho' carefu', yet chearfu',
We'll hug the smiling Fair.

But, if alas! it hap that e'er
A flaw in friendship shou'd appear,
Thro' passion or mistake;
Oh! never, never let us part,
Wi' hate or envy in our heart,
Curst, base revenge to take;

But strive, wi' kind relenting speech,
Upo' the very spot,
To men' the mournfu' luckless breach,
An' firm the slacken'd knot:
Then langer an' stranger,
Our friendship will remain;
Aye dowin' an' glowin'
Without a crack or stain.

An' when frail eild—if e'er we see't—
Sal gie us stilts instead o' feet,
An' shake our hingan pows;
We'll hotch awa' wi' friendly grane,
And soss down on yon sinny stane
Amang the broomy knows;
An' soon's our hechs an' heys are by,
An' baith our rungs laid down;
An' we twa streekit, beekin lie,
Auld, runkly-fac'd, an' brown;
The sporting, the courting,
We had, when we war young;
An' wonders, in hunders,
Sal gallop frae our tongue.

Perhaps Rab G——y's auld gray pate,—
Of dark unfathom'd sense the seat,—
May join the social gab;
Nae common stilt maun fill his nieve,
But, by his honour's size an' leave,
I'd here propose a stab,
His vera height, an' on the hilt,
A gawsy mason's mell;
To puzzle fouk, whilk is the stilt,
Or whilk is Rab himsel':

The carle, I'm sure he'll
No hae his tale to seek ;
Aye puffin', or stuffin',
Wi' ugsome chews, his cheek.

An epitaph I ance had made,
To put on Rab, whan he was dead ;
But war't to do again,
His pardon begging, for sic fun,
This motto I'd hae neatly done,
Upon the waefu' stane :—
"Here lies a corpse : that ance could say,
What seldom carcase can,—
Tho' here I rot, pale stinking clay,
I ance contain'd a man ;
Sae stern-ey'd, sae learnèd,
That Death's arm switherin' hung ;
Till chance by, he lanc'd my
Hale saul frae out my tongue."

My frien', tho' Fortune, partial slut !
Still holds you in a toilsome hut ;
Yet, if I don't mistake,
Your modest merit will you raise,
An' Fortune smile yet in your face,
Your tuneful pow'rs to wake.
How often hae I at yer feet,
In deepest silence lain ;
While from the strings, harmonious, sweet,
You sent the warbling strain ;
Ev'n now man, I vow man,
I think I hear you singing ;
The ferly, sae rarely,
Sets baith my ears a-ringing.

Adieu, my kind, my wordy chield ;
Lang may ye hae a cozie bield,
To screen frae Winter's cauld ;
May time yet see ye wi' a wame
As fat as J——'s sonsy dame,
Till thretty year thrice tauld ;
An' gin we live to see that date,
As, fegs, I hope we will ;
Tho' ye to gang, hae tint the gate,
Yet we sal hae a gill.
Fu' cheary, I'll rear ye,
And 'neath my burden bend ;
And show fouk, without joke,
What it's to hae a friend.

SECOND EPISTLE TO MR. JAMES KENNEDY.

CRAIL, JANUARY.

Nae doubt ye'll glowre whane'er ye leuk,
An' see I'm maist at Scotland's neuk,
Whare owre the waves black swarms o' deuk
Soom far an' near ;
And laden't ships to try their luck,
For Holland steer.

And let them gang, for me—nae mair
My luck I'll try at selling ware ;
I've sworn by a' aboon the air
To quat the pack ;
Or deed I doubt baith me an' gear
Wad gang to wrack.

Three years thro' mairs an' bogs I've squattert,
Wi' duddy claes an' huggars tatter't ;
Sleepit in barns, an' lee't, an' clatter't,
Thrang sellin' claith ;
An' now wi' storms I've maist been batter't
An' smoor't to death.

Nor think this droll, when sic a clash
O' snaw an' sleet, and sic caul' trash,
Ilk day I hae out thro' to plash,
Owre muir an' brae,
An' ablins whyles but little cash :
Whilk mak's ane wae.

'Twas just yestreen, as tir'd an' slaw
I waded hame through drifted snaw,
Nae livin' creature, house or ha',
Perceiv'd I cheary ;
But muir an' mountain, glen an' shaw,
War sad an' dreary.

Mirk fell the night, an' frae the wast
Loud roar't the bitter-biting blast ;
The blatterin' hail, right fell an' fast,
O'erscourg'd my face ;
While owre the drifted heaps I past
Wi' weary pace.

As down a knowe my way I hel' ;
Nane wi' me but my lanely sel',
Whistlin' fu' blythe ; trouth, sir, to tell
The mournfu' truth,
Down thro' a wreathe o' snaw I fell,
Maist to the mouth.

As soon's I fan' I yet was livin',
I rais'd my e'en wi' doolfu' grieving,
Gude fegs ! I wish I'd yet been weavin' ;
For deed I doubt,
Sae deep I'm down, an' wedged sae stive in,
I'll ne'er win out.

But out at last I maunt to speel,
Far mair than e'er I thought atweel ;
Roun' for my pack I straight did feel,
But deil-be-licket
I fan' or saw,—quo' I, fareweel,
For death I'm pricket.

This is the last, the snellest lick,
That I'll e'er get frae Fortune's stick ;
Now she may lift a stane or brick
An' break my back ;
Since her an' Cloots has plann'd this trick
To steal my pack !

To keep you, sir, nae mair uneasy,
I'll tell ye what, mayhap, will please ye,
I gat my pack ; quo' I, I'se heeze ye,
Frae out the snaw ;
Nae deil in a' the pit sal seize ye,
Till I'm awa'.——

But I maun stop, for dull an' dozin',
The glimmerin' wintry evening flows in,
The short-liv'd day his reign is losin'
The scene to shift ;
An' Nature's winnock-brods are closin'
Across the lift.

SECOND EPISTLE TO MR. ANDREW CLARK.

Tir'd wi' tramping moors an' mosses,
Speeling stairs, an' lifting snecks;
Daunering down through lanes an' closses,
Buskin' braw the bonny sex.

Hame, at e'ening, late I scuded,
Whare Auld Reekie's turrets tow'r;
Mirk, the lift was, drousy cluded,
An' the starns begoud to glow'r;

In my nieve, my honest Lucky,
Soon's I reek't her ingle cheek,
Ram't yer lines; as daft's a bucky
Was I when I heard you speak.

Ben the room I ran wi' hurry,
Clos'd the door wi' unco glee;
Read, an' leugh, maist like to worry,
Till my pow grew haflins ree.

Sonsy fa' your Muse, my laddie!
She's a wench can mount fu' heigh;
Tho' her phraizing (far owre gaudie),
Gars me cock my tap fu' skeigh.

Cartha's banks wi' flow'rets hinging,
Warbling birds, wi' tow'ring wing;
Rocks and hills wi' music ringing,
Weel I like to hear you sing.

These are scenes of health an' quiet,
Innocence and rural bliss;
Solitude, tho' others fly it,
Towns to me are dull with this.

O

Distant far frae ony living,
Deep in lanely woodings lost;
Oft my Muse, wi' ardour heaving,
Sung her woes, by fortune crost.

Stretch'd beside the bubbling burnie
Aften musing wou'd I lie;
While glad Phœbus, on his journey,
Stream'd wi' gowd the eastern sky,

This, man, sets our brains a' bizzing,
This can soothe our sorrowing breasts;
Want and Care set afward whizzing,
'Till our jaded hobby reests.

While ye spoke of notes enchanting,
Dying o'er the distant plain,
All my soul, tumultuous panting,
Sprung to meet the friendly swain.

Oh! prolong the sweet description,
Bid the Muse new-prune her wing;
Sylvan gods shall at thy diction,
Dance around in airy ring.

Shall the youth whose pow'rs surpassing,
Melt our souls to sweet delight,
All the soul of song arising
Thro' the silent list'ning night:

Shall he, doom'd to dark oblivion,
Languish, lost to joy or fame;
Not a swain to soothe his grieving,
Not a Muse to sing his name?

Gods forbid! for yet he'll blossom,
In thy verses now he lives;
Gladly could I paint his bosom,
Gen'rous as the song he gives.

But the cluds are black'ning dreary,
Night is drawing owre her screen ;
Bodies hame are daunering weary,
Dews are dribbling owre the green.

Trust me, tho' closèd in a cellar,
Wantin' huggars, breeks, or sark ;
Prest wi' debt, or blest wi' siller.
I'm a frien' to An'rew Clark.

VERSES TO A STATIONER.

WITH AN EMPTY INK-GLASS.

A present, perhaps, you'll conclude this to be,
But open't, and keek down the brink,—
Surpris'd ye're nae doubt at a message sae wee,
A dorty bit bottlie for ink.

Yet sma' tho' it seem, 'tis a manifest truth,
That castles frae out o't hae risen ;
An' claughins, an' mountains, maun start frae its mouth,
An' critics in mony a stern dozen.

Then since sic a terrible squad's to be drawn,
Sican thrangs o' corruption an' evil ;
Let the liquor, gude sir, that ye sen' owre the lawn,
Be as smooth an' as black as the deevil.

EPITAPH ON JOHN ALLEN.

While Wilson wrought in Lochwinnoch, he was much importuned by one of his shopmates to write him an epitaph. This individual had excelled in little except 'daundering' upon the Sundays about the hedgerows and whin bushes in search of birds' nests. Wilson for a long time resisted the entreaties of his companion, for his best reason, that there was nothing in his character that could entitle him to a couplet; but being hard pressed, he burst forth with the following extemporaneous *hit*, which at once silenced the inquirer, and set his shopmates into a roar of laughter at his expence.—Sir William Jardine's *edition of the American Ornithology.*

Below this stane John Allen rests;
An honest soul, though plain;
He sought hale Sabbath days for nests,
But always sought in vain!

Part II.—English Poems.

NOTE.

For the sources and texts of the successive poems in this Part, see our Preface and Contents. As with the Scottish Poems, relative Notes and Illustrations are given at the end of the present Volume. In our Essay (Vol. II.), the characteristics, faulty and favourable, of the Poems are considered.—*G.*

English Poems.

THE FORESTERS.

DESCRIPTION OF A PEDESTRIAN JOURNEY TO THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

ARGUMENT.

Exordium—American scenery seldom the theme of poetry—the season—the Foresters, Duncan, Leech, and the author—Germantown—Springhouse tavern—its guests, &c.—Bucks, a Dutch settlement—employment of Hans and his *frau*—Easton—Blue Mountains—a school—the teacher—the dignity, utility, and miseries of the profession—prayer in behalf of teachers—Effects of a tornado—Shades of Death—woodman's hut—Address to the Susquehanna—Benevolent landlord—Duncan in love—Hospitality apostrophized—money the greatest curiosity in the township—Pat Dougherty's hotel—Wyalusing—French royalists in exile—Breakneck—Spanish Hill—Apostrophe to Industry—Chemung—Eulogium on Sullivan and others—Newtown—Catherine's Swamps—Exiled Indian's Lament—Fowling—howling of wolves—a panther seen—the forest on fire—appearance of the woodman—his hut—parting of friends—a nocturnal voyage—Address to Columbus—Trapper's hut—an Indian hunter—Fort Oswego—Lake Ontario—embarkation—Sickness—Landing at Queenstown—First view of the falls of Niagara—Description of the various falls—Address to the God of Nature—the Foresters set out on their return—lodge near the Falls—Dream of the scenery—awake in horror of perishing in the rapids, and are again rocked to rest by the tumult of the waters.

Sons of the city! ye whom crowds and noise
Bereave of peace and Nature's rural joys,
And ye who love through woods and wilds to range,
Who see new charms in each successive change;

Come roam with me Columbia's forests through,
Where scenes sublime shall meet your wandering view :
Deep shades magnificent, immensely spread,
Lakes, sky-encircled, vast as ocean's bed,
Lone hermit streams that wind through savage woods,
Enormous cataracts swoln with thundering floods ;
The settler's farm with blazing fires o'erspread,
The hunter's cabin and the Indian's shed,
The log-built hamlet, deep in wilds embraced,
The awful silence of th' unpeopled waste :
These are the scenes the Muse shall now explore,
Scenes new to song, and paths untrod before.
To Europe's shores, renowned in deathless song,
Must all the honours of the bard belong ?
And rural Poetry's enchanting strain
Be only heard beyond th' Atlantic main ?
What though profuse in many a patriot's praise,
We boast a Barlow's soul-exalting lays ;
An Humphreys, blessed with Homer's nervous glow,
And Freedom's friend and champion in Freneau ;
Yet Nature's charms that bloom so lovely here,
Unhailed arrive, unheeded disappear ;
While bare bleak heaths, and brooks of half a mile
Can rouse the thousand bards of Britain's Isle.
There scarce a stream creeps down its narrow bed,
There scarce a hillock lifts its little head,
Or humble hamlet peeps their glades among,
But lives and murmurs in immortal song;
Our western world, with all its matchless floods,
Our vast transparent lakes and boundless woods,
Stamped with the traits of majesty sublime,
Unhonoured weep the silent lapse of Time,
Spread their wild grandeur to the unconscious sky,
In sweetest seasons pass unheeded by ;
While scarce one Muse returns the songs they gave,
Or seeks to snatch their glories from the grave.

The sultry heats of Summer's sun were o'er,
And ruddy orchards poured their ripened store ;
Stripped of their leaves the cherry av'nues stood,
While sage October ting'd the yellow wood,
Bestrew'd with leaves and nuts the woodland path,
And roused the Katydid in chattering wrath ;
The corn stood topped, there punkins strewed the ground,
And driving clouds of blackbirds wheeled around.
Far to the south our warblers had withdrawn,
Slow sailed the thistle-down along the lawn,
High on the hedge-rows, pendant over head,
Th' embow'ring vines their purple clusters spread.
The buckwheat flails re-echoed from the hill,
The creaking cider-press was busier still ;
Red through the smoky air the wading sun
Sunk into fog ere half the day was done ;
The air was mild, the roads embrowned and dry,
Soft, meek-eyed Indian Summer ruled the sky.
Such was the season when equipt we stood
On the green banks of Schuylkill's winding flood,
Bound on a Tour wide northern forests through,
And bade our parting friends a short adieu.
Three cheerful partners : Duncan was the guide,
Young, gay, and active, to the Forest tried ;
A stick and knapsack, all his little store,
With these, whole regions Duncan could explore ;
Could trace the path to other eyes unseen,
Tell where the panther, deer, or bear had been ;
The long dull day through swamp and forest roam,
Strike up his fire and find himself at home ;
Untie his wallet, taste his frugal store,
And under shelbury bark profoundly snore ;
And, soon as morning cheered the forest scene,
Resume his knapsack and his path again.
Next Leech advanced, with youthful sails unfurled,
Fresh on his maiden cruise to see the world ;

Red o'er his cheek the glow of health was spread,
And oilskin covering glittering round his head ;
His light fuzee across his shoulder thrown,
His neat-slung knapsack full and glistening shone ;
Though unknown regions wide before him lay,
He scorned all fear while Wilson shared the way.
He next appeared, with glittering arms supplied,
A double gun, a deadly dirk beside ;
A knapsack, crammed by Friendship's generous care,
With cakes and cordials, drams, and dainty fare ;
Flasks filled with powder, leathern belts with shot,
Clothes, colours, paper, pencils—and what not.
With hope elate, and ardour in his eye,
He viewed the varying scenes approaching nigh,
Prepared and watchful (heedless of repose)
To catch the living manners as they rose ;
Th' exploits, fatigues, and wonders to rehearse,
In no inglorious or enfeebled verse ;
Nor scene nor character to bring to view
Save what fair Truth from living Nature drew.
Thus each equipt beneath his separate load,
We, fellow-pilgrims, gaily took the road ;
A road immense, yet promised joys so dear,
That toils, and doubts, and dangers, disappear.
Behind us soon the lessening city flies,
New vallies sink and other hills arise,
Till through old Germantown we lightly trod,
That skirts for three long miles the narrow road ;
And rising Chesnut-Hill around surveyed,
Wide woods below in vast extent displayed.
Studded with glitt'ring farms, the distant view
Died into mingling clouds and mountains blue ;
The road was good, the passing scenery gay,
Mile after mile passed unperceived away ;
Till in the west the day began to close,
And Spring-house tavern furnished us repose.

Here two long rows of market-folks were seen,
Ranged front to front, the table placed between,
Where bags of meat and bones, and crusts of bread,
And hunks of bacon all around were spread ;
One pint of beer from lip to lip went round,
And scarce a crumb the hungry house-dog found ;
Torrents of Dutch from every quarter came,
Pigs, calves, and *saur-craut* the important theme ;
While we, on future plans revolving deep,
Discharged our bill and straight retired to sleep.
The morning star shone early on our bed :
Again our march the vigorous Duncan led.
The vault of heaven with constellations hung,
Their myriads twinkling as he cheerly sung,
Beguiling the lone hours. Thus half the day,
O'er hill and dale our stretching journey lay,
Through fertile Bucks, where lofty barns abound :
For wheat, fair Quakers, eggs, and fruit renowned ;
Full fields, snug tenements, and fences neat,
Wide spreading walnuts drooping o'er each gate ;
The spring-house peeping from enclustering trees,
Gay gardens filled with herbs, and roots and bees,
Where quinces, pears, and clustering grapes were seen,
With pond'rous calabashes hung between ;
While orchards, loaded, bending o'er the grass,
Invite to taste and cheer us as we pass.
But these too soon give place to prospects drear,
As o'er Northampton's barren heights we steer ;
Bleak land of stones, deep swamps, and pigmy woods
Where the poor Swabian o'er his drudgery broods ;
Toils hard ; and when the heats of harvest burn,
Gleans from the rocks his pittance in return.
Yet though so cursed his soil, his sheaves so few,
All-conquering Industry still bears him through :
Averse to change, pleased patiently to plod
The same dull round his honest father trod.

Below his low-roofed hut on yonder green,
There no gay front or proud piazza's seen :
Let wealthy fools their precious hoards disburse,
No whim can tempt him to untie his purse.
A moss-grown penthouse shades his narrow door,
One window 'joins, with patches covered o'er ;
Around the garden numerous hives are ranged,
And pendent gourds to fading yellow changed.
Sheds, smoke-house, hog-pens, crowd the miry yard,
Where endless yells from growling pigs are heard.
Approach this humble hut ; look in, nor fear ;
Say, could Ambition find one comfort here ?
Yet sweet Content e'en here is sometimes found,
Turning the wheel, or slumb'ring by its sound.
No mirrors dazzle, no rich beds appear,
Wide wasting Fashion never entered here.
Those plates of pewter, ranged along the frame,
In ancient days from distant TEUCHLAND came.
That oaken table, so uncouth and low,
Stood where it stands some sixty years ago.
In this arm-chair where Hans delights to snore,
His great-grandfather nodded long before.
Thus glows his greasy stove throughout the year,
The torrid zone for ever rages here.
Here, when the shades of weary evening fall,
Sits Hans, the lord and sovereign of all ;
Das Neue Callender from the nail unhooks,
His dark brows solemn, and morose his looks ;
Beside his lamp, with spectacles on nose,
To-morrow's weather seeks, its rains or snows ;
The moon's eventful signs, th' auspicious hour
To plant the downward root or rising flower ;
Of witch-confounding doctors tells the tale,
Sips his metheglin, or his cider stale.
All other joys for which he ever sighs
His dear-loved *saur-craut* or his pipe supplies.

Abroad at toil ere yet the morning breaks,
Each rugged task his hardy *frau* partakes ;
With brawny arms the struggling ploughshare guides,
Whips up her nags and o'er the furrow strides ;
Awakes the echoes with her clamorous tongue,
And lends e'en Hans a clout when things go wrong ;
Sweeps round her head the loud-resounding flail,
And sweats the sturdiest mower in the vale.
Light beat our hearts with changing prospects gay,
As down through Durham Vale we bend our way,
And pause, its furnace curious to explore,
Where flames and bellows lately wont to roar,
Now waste and roofless ; as its walls we pass
The massive shells lie rusting in the grass !
There let them rust, fell messengers of death !
Till injured Liberty be roused to wrath,
In whose right hand may they, though hosts oppose,
Be blasting thunderbolts to all her foes.
The setting sun was sinking in the west,
And brightly burnishing the mountain's breast,
When from afar, as down the steep we hie,
The glittering roofs of Easton caught the eye :
Low in the shelter'd vale, while rude around
Hills piled on hills the dreary prospect bound.
Around the mountain's base, in winding pride,
The rapid Lehigh rolls his amber tide,
To meet old Delaware, who moves serene,
While Easton rises on the plains between.
Tired with the day's long toil we gladly greet
The snug stone buildings, and the pavements neat ;
The busy townsmen, jabbering Dutch aloud,
The court-house, ferry, hanging signs, and crowd ;
At length one waving sign enchained our view,
'Twas Pat's Split-crow,—a filthy raven too :
Thither for rest and shelter we repair,
And home's kind decencies, that ne'er were there.

Here might the Muse with justice due, record
The wretched fare its scurvy walls afford ;
The black wet bread, with rancid butter spread,
The beastly drunkards who beside us fed ;
The beds with fleas and bugs accursèd stored,
Where every seam its tens of thousands poured :
The host's grim sulkiness, his eager look,
When from our purse his glittering god we took.
But nobler themes invite ; be these suppressed,
The eagle preys not on the carrion's breast.

Long ere the morn had showed its opening sweets,
We clubbed our arms, and passed the silent streets ;
Slow o'er the pavement limpingly we tread,
But soon recovering, every ailment fled.
Forward we march, o'er mountains rude and bare,
No decent farm, and even a cabin rare ;
Thick wastes of ground-oak o'er the country spread,
While haggard pines sigh distant overhead.
Lo ! the Blue Mountain now in front appears,
And high o'er all its lengthened ridge uprears ;
Th' inspiring sight redoubled vigour lends,
And soon its steeps each traveller ascends ;
Panting we wind aloft, begloomed in shade,
'Mid rocks and mouldering logs tumultuous laid
In wild confusion ; till the startled eye
Through the cleft mountain meets the pale blue sky
And distant forests ; while sublimely wild,
Tow'rs each tall cliff to heaven's own portals piled,
Enormous gap, if Indian tales be true,
Here ancient Delaware once thunder'd through,
And rolled for ages ; till some earthquake dread,
Or huge convulsion, shook him from his bed.

Here, under rocks, at distance from the road,
Our pond'rous knapsacks cautiously we stowed ;
The mountain's top determined to explore,
And view the tracks already travelled o'er ;

As nimble tars the hanging shrouds ascend,
While hands and feet their joint assistance lend ;
So we, from rock to rock, from steep to steep,
Scaled those rude piles, suspended o'er the deep;
Through low dwarf underwood with chesnuts crowned,
Whose crooked limbs with trailing moss were bound.
Eager we brush th' impending bushes through,
Panting for breath, and wet with dashing dew :
Cliff after cliff triumphant we attain,
And high at last its loftiest summits gain :
But such a prospect—such a glorious show !
The world, in boundless landscape lay below :
Vast coloured forests, to our wandering eyes,
Seemed softened gardens of a thousand dyes ;
Long lakes appeared, but at the increase of day
Assumed new forms, and rolled in mist away.
Scooped from the woods unnumbered spots were seen,
Embrowned with culture, or with pasture green ;
Some cottage smoke moved slow, and dimly white,
But every hut had dwindled from the sight :
In long-trailed fogs that all its windings showed,
For many a league the distant Delaware flowed ;
And all beyond seemed to the ravished eye
One waste of woods, encircling earth and sky.
We gazed delighted—then, with short delay,
Descending fixed our loads and marched away.
  From this rough mountain, northward as we bend,
Below us, wide the woody hills extend ;
The same ground-oak o'er all the country lies,
The same burnt pines in lonely prospect rise,
Mute and untenanted ; save where the jay
Set up his shrill alarm, and bore away.
One solitary hawk that sailed serene,
Secure, and eyeing the expanded scene,
High from his zenith, 'midst the bursting roar,
Dropt at our feet, and fluttered in his gore.

'Thus falls,' said Duncan, 'many a son of pride,
While buoyed in thought o'er all the world beside.'
From these dull woods, emerging into day,
We pass where farms their opening fields display;
Barns, fences, cottages, and lawns appeared,
Where various sounds of human toil were heard;
There round a hut, upon a sloping green,
Gay laughing bands of playful boys were seen:
Soon 'Books,' aloud is thunder'd from the door,
And balls and hoops must charm the hours no more;
But frequent tears the blotted leaves assail,
And sighs for dear-loved liberty prevail.
Thither, by long yet fond remembrance led,
With awe we enter this sequestered shed;
All eyes are turned the strangers to survey:
One tap is heard! and all the hint obey;
Then grave and courteous, rising from his seat,
The decent Master bows with meekness meet,
Invites to sit—looks round with watchful eyes,
And bids, by signs, alternate classes rise;
Hears, reads, instructs, with solemn voice and slow,—
Deep, busy silence muffling all below;
Slates, pens, and copy-books in order pass,
And peace and industry pervade each class.
Dear to the Muse, to Truth, to Science dear,
Be he who humbly toils and teaches here!
His worth, his labours, shall not sleep forgot,
And thus the Muse records them as she ought.

Of all professions that this world has known,
From clowns and cobblers upwards to the throne;
From the grave architect of Greece and Rome,
Down to the framer of a farthing broom;
The worst for care and undeserved abuse,
The first in real dignity and use,
(If skilled to teach and diligent to rule)
Is the learned Master of a little school;

Not he who guides the legs, or skills the clown
To square his fist, and knock his fellow down ;
Not he who shows the still more barbarous art
To parry thrusts, and pierce the unguarded heart ;
But that good man, who, faithful to his charge,
Still toils, the opening reason to enlarge ;
And leads the growing mind, through every stage,
From humble A, B, C, to God's own page ;
From black, rough pothooks, horrid to the sight,
To fairest lines that float o'er purest white ;
From Numeration, through an opening way,
Till dark Annuities seem clear as day ;
Pours o'er the mind a flood of mental light,
Expands its wings, and gives it powers for flight,
Till Earth's remotest bound, and heaven's bright train
He trace, weigh, measure, picture, and explain.
If such his toils, sure honour and regard,
And wealth and fame shall be his dear reward ;
Sure every tongue shall utter forth his praise,
And blessings gild the evening of his days !
Yes—Blest indeed, by cold ungrateful scorn,
With study pale, by daily crosses worn ;
Despised by those who to his labour owe
All that they read, and almost all they know ;
Condemned, each tedious day, such cares to bear
As well might drive e'en Patience to despair ;
The partial parent's taunt—the idler dull—
The blockhead's dark, impenetrable scull—
The endless round of A, B, C's whole train,
Repeated o'er ten thousand times in vain.
Placed on a point, the object of each sneer,
His faults enlarge, his merits disappear ;
If mild—'Our lazy master loves his ease,
The boys at school do anything they please ;
If rigid—'He's a cross, hard-hearted wretch,
He drives the children stupid with his birch ;

My child, with gentle means, will mind a breath,
But frowns and flogging frighten him to death.'
Do as he will his conduct is arraigned,
And dear the little that he gets is gained ;
E'en that is given him, on the quarter day,
With looks that call it—money thrown away.'
Just Heaven ! who knows the unremitting care
And deep solicitude that teachers share ;
If such their fate, by Thy divine control,
O give them health and fortitude of soul !
Souls that disdain the murderous tongue of Fame,
And strength to make the sturdiest of them tame ;
Grant this, ye powers ! to Dominies distrest,—
Their sharp-tailed hickories will do the rest.
Again the shades of sober Eve appeared,
Up the dark windings of a Creek we steered,
Where, glad to rest, and each in hungry plight,
In Marewine's humble hut we spent the night.
Our social host piles up a jovial fire,
Brings his best cider, still as we desire,
Inspects our arms, with nice inquiring gaze,
And while we eat, his hunting spoils displays ;
The skins of wolves and bears, a panther's jaws,
His horrid tusks and life-destroying claws ;
Recounts the toils and terrors of the chase,
And gave us fiddling too, by way of grace ;
All which, when bed-time warned us to lie down,
We fully paid him for with half-a-crown.
Refreshed with sleep, before the peep of day,
O'er rising Pocano we scour away.
Beyond whose top the Dismal Swamp extends,
Where Tobihanna's savage stream descends.
Here prostrate woods, in one direction strewed,
Point out the path the loud tornado rode,
When from the black north-east it gathered strong,
Creating ruin as it roared along,

Crashing outrageous. Still with awe-struck mien,
The pilgrim stops, and gazes on the scene.
Huge pines that towered for centuries on high,
Crushed by each other's ruins prostrate lie ;
Black with devouring flames, of branches bare,
Their ragged roots high tilted frown in air ;
While shivered trunks, like monuments of wrath,
Add deeper horror to the wreck beneath.
Cut through this chaos rude, the narrow road,
Alone by solitary traveller trod,
Winds through the wilds of this forlorn domain
Where ruin drear and desolation reign.
Here as we loitered on, with restless gaze,
Absorbed in silence, musing and amaze,
The rustling bushes and the snorting sound,
Of startled Bruin fixed us to the ground !
With levelled guns we momentary stood—
He's gone ! loud crashing through the distant wood ;
Sad disappointment throbs in every breast,
And vengeance dire is threatened on the rest.
And now each passing stump, and bush, and nook,
Is eyed with eager and suspicious look ;
But one deep solitude around prevails,
And scarce a cricket, eye or ear assails.
Thus many a tedious mile we travelled o'er,
Each passing scene more rueful than before ;
Till night's dun glooms descending o'er our path,
We took up lodgings at the Shades of Death.
The blazing fire, where logs on logs were laid,
Through the red hut a cheerful radiance spread ;
Large horns of deer the owner's sports reveal,
The active housewife turns her buzzing wheel ;
Prone on the hearth, and basking in the blaze,
Three plump but ragged children loitering gaze ;
And all our landlord's odd inquiries o'er,
He dealt out tales and anecdotes in store ;

Of panthers trapt, of wounded bears enraged,
The wolves and wildcats he had oft engaged,
The noble bucks his rifle had brought down,
How living rattlesnakes he took to town.
His dog's exploits—the glory of his kind !
Now gashed by bears, and lame, and almost blind ;
Displayed his hat, with bullet-holes o'errun,
To prove the many matches he had won.
On powder, rifles, locks and balls enlarged,
And a whole broadside on his art discharged.
The mother spun, the children snored around,
And Sox, the landlord, still fresh stories found ;
Our nodding heads the power of sleep confess'd,
And the kind hunter led us to our rest.

Once more the dawn aroused us to the road :
Our fare discharged, we left this lone abode,
And down, through deepening swamps, pursued our way,
Where pines and hemlocks quite shut out the day.
Majestic solitudes ; all dead and deep !
The green moss matted o'er each mouldering heap ;
On every side with watchful looks we spy,
Each rustling leaf attracts our eager eye :
Sudden the whirring tribe before us rise !
The woods resound, the fluttering partridge dies ;
Light floating feathers hover on the gale,
And the blue smoke rolls slowly through the vale.
Again, slow-stealing o'er the shaded road,
Trailing their broad barr'd tails, two pheasants strode ;
The levelled tube its fiery thunders poured,
And deep around the hollow forest roared ;
Low in the dust the mangled victims lie,
And conscious triumph fills each traveller's eye.

Now thickening rains begin to cloud the air,
Our guns we muffle up—our only care ;
Darker and heavier now the tempest lowered,
And on the rattling leaves incessant poured ;

The groaning trees in hollow murmurs waved,
And wild around the rising tempest raved ;
Below dark-dropping pines we onward tread,
Where Bear Creek grumbles down his gloomy bed,
Through darksome gulfs ; where bats for ever skim,
The haunts of howling wolves and panthers grim.
At length two hovels through the pines appear,
And from the pelting storm we shelter here.
Two lank lean dogs pace o'er the loosened floor,
A pouch and rifle hung behind the door ;
Shrill through the logs the whistling tempest beats,
And the rough woodsman welcomes us to seats.
Before the blazing pile we smoking stand,
Our muskets glittering in the hunter's hand ;
Now poised, now levelled to his curious eye,
Then in the chimney-corner set to dry.
Our clear, green powder-flasks were next admired,
Our powder tasted, handled, rubbed, and fired ;
Touched by the spark, lo ! sudden blazes soar,
And leave the paper spotless as before.
From foaming Brandywine's rough shores it came,
To sportsmen dear its merit and its name ;
Dupont's best Eagle, matchless for its power,
Strong, swift and fatal as the bird it bore.
Like Jove's dread thunderbolts it with us went,
To pour destruction wheresoever sent.
These, as they glistened careless by our side,
With many a wishful look the woodsman eyed.
Thus bears on beech-nuts, hungry steeds on maize,
Or cats on mice, or hawks on squirrels gaze.
His proffered skins of all the forest train,
His looks, and empty horn, implored in vain !
Till to a family's wants we freely give
What cold, hard-hearted Prudence bade us save.
And, now this treasure on our host bestowed,
His sunburnt visage at the present glowed ;

New-moulded bullets quickly he prepared,
Surveyed the glistening grain with fixed regard,
Then charged his rifle with the precious store,
And threw the horn his brawny shoulders o'er ;
Secured his punk, his matches, purse and steel,
The dogs in transport barking at his heel ;
Then, in his blanket, bade his wife good-bye,
For three long nights in dreary woods to lie.
Our morsel ended, through the pouring rain,
O'er barren mountains we proceed again ;
And now Wiomi opened on our view,
And, far beyond, the Alleghenny blue,
Immensely stretched ; upon the plain below,
The painted roofs with gaudy colours glow,
And Susquehanna's glittering stream is seen
Winding in stately pomp through vallies green.
  Hail, charming river ! pure transparent flood !
Unstained by noxious swamps or choaking mud ;
Thundering through broken rocks in whirling foam,
Or pleased o'er beds of glittering sand to roam ;
Green be thy banks, sweet forest-wandering stream !
Still may thy waves with finny treasures teem :
The silvery shad and salmon crowd thy shores,
Thy tall woods echoing to the sounding oars ;
On thy swol'n bosom floating piles appear,
Filled with the harvest of our rich frontier :
The pine-browned cliffs, thy deep romantic vales,
Where wolves now wander, and the panther wails ;
Where, at long intervals, the hut forlorn
Peeps from the verdure of embowering corn ;
In future times (nor distant far the day)
Shall glow from crowded towns and villas gay ;
Unnumbered keels thy deepened course divide,
And airy arches pompously bestride ;
The domes of Science and Religion rise,
And millions swarm where now a forest lies.

Now up green banks, through level fields of grass
With heavy hearts the fatal spot we pass,
Where Indian rage prevailed, by murder fired,
And warriors brave by savage hands expired ;
Where bloody Butler's iron-hearted crew,
Doomed to the flames the weak submitting few ;
While screams of horror pierced the midnight wood,
And the dire axe drank deep of human blood.
Obscured with mud, and drenched with soaking rain,
Through pools of splashing mire we drove amain,
Night darkening around us ; when in lucky hour,
Led by its light we reached a cottage door;
There welcomed in, we blest our happy lot,
And all the drudgery of the day forgot.
A noble fire its blazing front displayed,
Clean shelves of dazzling pewter round arrayed,
Where rows of ruddy apples, ranged with care,
With grateful fragrance filled the balmy air ;
Our bard (chief orator in times like these,)
Though frank, yet diffident, and fond to please,
In broken German joked with all around,
Told who we were, from whence and whither bound ;
The cottage group a ready opening made,
And " welcome friends," the little Dutchman said.
Well pleased, our guns and knapsacks we resigned,
Th' adjoining pump or running stream to find ;
There washed our boots, and entering, took our seat,
Stript to the trousers in the glowing heat.
The mindful matron spread her table near,
Smoking with meat, and filled with plenteous cheer ;
And, supper o'er, brought forth and handed round
A massy bowl with mellow apples crowned ;
For all our wants a mother's care expressed,
And pressed us oft, and picked us out the best ;
But Duncan smiled, and often seemed to seek
More tempting fruit in Susan's glowing cheek ;

Where such sweet innocence and meekness lay
As fairly stole our pilot's heart away :
He tried each art the evening to prolong,
And cheered the passing moments with a song,
So sadly tender, with such feelings raised,
That all but Susan with profusion praised ;
She from his glance oft turned her glistening eye,
And paid in tears and many a stifled sigh.
Thus passed the evening charmingly away,
Each pleased and pleasing, innocent and gay ;
Till early bed-time summoned us to part,
And Susan's glances spoke her captive heart.
Swift flew the night, in soundest sleep enjoyed,
By dawn we start and find all hands employed ;
The wheel, the cards, by fire-light buzzing go ;
The careful mother kneads her massy dough ;
Even little Mary at her needle sits,
And while she nurses pussy, nicely knits.
Our generous friends, their courtesy bestowed,
Refused all price, and pointed out the road ;
With kindest wishes bade us all farewell ;
What Susan felt, the rising tear could tell.
Blest Hospitality ! the poor man's pride,
The stranger's guardian, comforter, and guide,
Whose cheering voice and sympathetic eye,
Even angels honour, as they hover nigh ;
Confined (in mercy to our wandering race)
To no one country, people, age, or place ;
But for the homeless and the exiled lives,
And smiles the sweeter still the more she gives ;
O, if on earth one spot I e'er can claim,
One humble dwelling, even without a name,
Do thou, blest spirit ! be my partner there,
With sons of wo our little all to share ;
Beside our fire the pilgrim's looks to see,
That swim in moisture as he looks on thee ;

To hear his tales of wild woods wandering through,
His ardent blessings as he bids adieu ;
Then let the selfish hug their gold divine,
Ten thousand dearer pleasures shall be mine.
The morning fogs that o'er the country lay,
Dispersing, promised a delightful day,
Clear, warm, serene ; the sun's resplendent beams,
Plays on the rocks and from the river gleams ;
The cheerful robins chattering round us fly,
And crested wood-cocks hammer from on high.
Poor Duncan's sober looks and glistening eye,
His broken sentences, and half-fetched sigh,
His frequent backward gaze, and anxious mien,
While Susan's sheltered cottage could be seen,
Betrayed the thoughts that hovered through his breast,
The fruitful source of many a rallying jest ;
At length his song the echoing forest hailed,
And laughing Comus over love prevailed.
By Susquehanna's shores we journey on,
Hemmed in by mountains over mountains thrown ;
Whose vast declivities rich scenes display
Of green pines mixed with yellow foliage gay ;
Each gradual winding, opening to the sight
New towering heaps of more majestic height,
Grey with projecting rocks ; along whose steeps
The sailing eagle many a circle sweeps.
Few huts appeared ; the wretched few we spied
Seemed caves where Sloth and Poverty reside ;
The ragged owners happier far to hear
Men, boys, and dogs arouse the bounding deer ;
In fluttering rags, with scarce a hat or shoe,
Down the rough steep the roaring chase pursue.
To tree the bear ; the midnight wolf to watch ;
Minx, otters, 'possums, or racoons to catch ;
The bloodly panther boldly to destroy,
Their highest glory, and their greatest joy.

While round each hut the richest soil is seen,
Bleak squalid wretchedness is found within ;
Filth, want, and ignorance from sire to son,
The sad attendants of the dog and gun ;
As sage experience long ago has said,—
A good amusement, but a wretched trade.
'Twas now deep noon, the winding pathway led
Beneath tall maples near the river's bed,
Where moss-grown logs in mouldering ruins lay,
And spice and dogwood fringed the narrow way ;
The scarlet berries clustering hung around,
And mixed with yellow leaves bestrewed the ground ;
There glistening lay, extended o'er the path,
With steadfast, piercing eye, and gathering wrath,
A large grim rattlesnake,—of monstrous size,
Three times three feet in length,—enormous lies ;
His pointed scales in regular rows engraved,
His yellow sides with wreaths of dusky waved ;
Fixed to the spot, with staring eyes we stood,
He slowly moving, sought the adjoining wood ;
Conscious of deadly power, he seemed to say,
"Pass on: in peace let each pursue his way."
But when th' uplifted musket met his view,
Sudden in sounding coils his form he threw !
Fierce from the centre rose his flattened head,
With quivering tongue and eyes of fiery red,
And jaws extended vast, where threatening lay
The fangs of death in horrible array :
While poised above, invisible to view,
His whizzing tail in swift vibration flew.
Back sprung our Bard ! and, aiming to let fly,
Glanced o'er the deadly tube his vengeful eye ;
And now destruction seemed at once decreed,
But Duncan's pleading checked the barbarous deed ;
'O spare the brave !' our generous pilot cried,
'Let Mercy, sir ! let Justice now decide ;

This noble foe, so terrible to sight,
Though armed with death, yet ne'er provokes the fight ;
Stern, yet magnanimous, he forms his den
Far from the noisy dangerous haunts of men.
Th' unconscious foot that presses him he spares,
And what was harmless meant, forgiving bears ;
But dare his life—Behold, he rises brave,
To guard that being bounteous Nature gave ;
We are th' aggressors here, the hero he ;
Honour the brave defence of one to three !'
He spoke. Three cheers the voice of Mercy hailed,
And heaven's most glorious attribute prevailed.
Here, in deep glens, we groves of shellbarks found,
And brought their thousands rattling to the ground.
Here clustering grapes on bending saplings grew,
And down the loaded vines we labouring drew ;
The luscious fruit our vigorous toil repaid,
And Bacchus' honours crowned us in the shade.
Now Keeler's Ferry heartily we hail,
And o'er the clear expanse serenely sail ;
High up th' adjacent banks again we go,
The lessened river winding deep below ;
Here rocky masses from the cliffs we tore,
And down the mountain made them bounding roar
Through tops of crashing pines, with whistling sound,
Dashing the thundering waves in foam around.
Now night drew on, dull owls began to scream ;
We crossed Tunkhannoc's slow and silent stream,
Lodged at a famished inn that near it stood,
Of all things destitute, save fire and wood ;
Old Squares, the owner, indolent and poor,
His house unshingled and without a door ;
No meat, or drink, or bread, or liquor there,—
As Afric's wilds, of every comfort bare.
But Duncan's load across his cudgel cast,
Fruits, birds, and beasts, bespeak a rich repast ;

While Leech's knapsack loaves of bread supplied,
And mine a cordial for the heart beside ;
So, sans delay, all hands at once begin,
Some pick the pheasants, some the squirrels skin,
Soon o'er the fire our crackling nostrums brawl,
And soon like hungry wolves to work we fall ;
Hew down the wheaten loaf o'er whose thick side
The ample sheets of yellow butter glide ;
While piles of bones like polished ivory rise,
And the starved boors look on with wild surprise.
Such blessèd comforts health and hunger bring,
The hunter feasts more nobly than the king,
Whose sated appetite, by luxury cloyed,
Even the richest sauces satiate unenjoyed.
The table cleared, our Journal we survey,
And minute down the wanderings of the day ;
For fresh materials at our host inquire,—
Who broiled his brawny limbs before the fire.
'What Township's this, old daddy ?' 'Why—hm—well ;
Township ? The dickens, Sir, if I can tell ;
It's Pennsylvania though.' 'Right, daddy Squares.
Who are your nearest neighbours ?' 'Why, the bears.'
'No mill or school-house near you ?' 'Yes, we've one
Beyond the church a piece, on Panther's Run.'
'Is church far distant, daddy ?' 'Why—hm—no ;
Down Susquehanna, twenty miles or so.'
'You go to preaching, then ?' 'Besure, that's clear ;
We go to mill and meeting twice a-year.'
'No curiosities about ?' 'Why—yes,
You've brought a few of them yourselves, I guess.'
'What, dollars ?' 'Aye, and fi'-pennybits, I swear
Are downright rarities among us here.'
Thus passed the evening, till the time of bed,
When to a kennel we at last were led ;
There, slumbering, shivered till the dawn of day,
Then cursed this scurvy cave, and marched away.

Before us now in huge extension rise
Dark wood-clad mountains of enormous size;
Surrounding fogs their towering summits hide,
And sailing clouds, in silent grandeur, glide
Around their airy cliffs. These we survey
As dull forebodings of a cheerless day.
Up steeps immense with labouring steps we bend,
Then down in hollow gulfs for miles descend,
Buried in depth of woods, obscure and dark,
Where pheasants drum and angry squirrels bark.
With these (though rain in streaming torrents poured)
Our pilot's pack abundantly we stored;
And when, at length the driving tempest cleared,
And through the woods a distant hut appeared,
There, though the sour inhospitable clown
Returned our smiles with many a surly frown,
Compelled by Hunger,—that imperious lord,—
We cooked our game and shared our little hoard;
And left the savage boor, whose looks conveyed
Dark hate and murder every move they made.
Still through rude wilds with silent steps we steer,
Intent on game, all eager eye and ear;
Each opening turn, each dark recess survey,
Each mouldering heap that round tumultuous lay,
As o'er those Alpine steeps we slowly past;
But all was silent, solitary, vast!
No sound of distant farm assailed the ear,
No rising smoke, no opening fields appear;
But each high summit gained, the eye was shown
Hills piled on hills in dreary prospect thrown.
So, from the mast, when boisterous tempests roar,
And the tost vessel labours far from shore,
The toil-worn sailor all around him spies
One sea of mountains mingling with the skies.
At length with vast descent we winding go,
And see the river gliding deep below;

And up the vale, suspended o'er the path,
A sign-board waving o'er the hut beneath ;
The straggling characters with soot portrayed,
Defied awhile all efforts that we made ;
At length we spelt this precious piece of lore ;
'Pat Dougherty's Hotel and Drygood Store.'
Blest tidings ! welcome to the wandering wight,
As sheltered harbours in a stormy night ;
And thou, sweet Muse ! in lofty numbers tell
The matchless comforts of this log hotel.
Here streams of smoke the entering stranger greet,
Here man and beast with equal honors meet ;
The cow, loud bawling, fills the spattered door,
The sow and pigs, grunt social round the floor ;
Dogs, cats, and ducks in mingling groups appear,
And all that Filth can boast of, riots here.
Happy the hungry souls who hither speed !
Here, like cameleons, they may freely feed ;
Here champ, with vigorous jaws, the empty air,
Without a bottom find one broken chair ;
On dirty benches snore the night away,
And rise like thieves upon their judgment day.
Ye threadbare pilgrims ! halt as ye pass by,
This gorgeous store will all your wants supply ;
Three long tobacco-pipes the shelf adorns,
Two rusty penknives fit to saw your corns,
One rag of calico in musty folds,
A stick of liquorice-ball for coughs and colds ;
And one half keg of brandy—glorious cheer !—
Arrives from Philadelphia once a year.
What boundless wealth ! what can they wish for more,
Who such a tavern meet and such a store ?
To crown the whole—defiled from ear to ear,
Behold the majesty of clouts appear !
The ragged lord of all this costly scene,
Whose hands and face old ocean scarce could clean ;

Whose sun-burnt legs and arms and shoulders bore
What once was coat and trowsers—such no more !
But shapeless fragments, gashed with holes profound,
And rag-formed fringes dangling all around.
Bent o'er a tub that once tobacco knew,
And still from whence the dear effluvia flew,
Pat grumbling stood ; and while he eager viewed,
Each nook and seam, the scanty gleanings chewed ;
His busy mouth such savoury joys exprest
That scarce our stifled laughter we suppress.
On this foul mass of misery as we gazed,
The man of rags his brandy loudly praised ;
Leech sought the door, disgusted with the scene,
And Duncan followed, grasping hard his cane ;
Our Bard alone, with pleasure in his face,
Silent surveyed the wonders of the place ;
In whose vile groups he but a picture saw,
That all might marvel at, but few could draw.
Though long and rough the road before us rose,
And toil and evening urged us to repose,
Yet were the forest glooms at once preferred
To this vile Hottentot's most beastly herd.
So thence, up towering steeps again we scale,
And trace the depths of many a darksome vale ;
While oft some oak's huge, antiquated form,
That through long ages had defied the storm ;
Whose hollow trunk had lodged the skulking bear,
While owls and 'possums found concealment there,—
Rose like the ruins of some reverend pile,
While moss and lichens its hoar arms defile ;
Great in distress it mouldering drops away,—
Time's mournful monitor of life's decay.
Night's shades at last descend—the stars appear—
Dull, barking dogs proclaim the village near ;
Soon Wyalusing round us we survey,
And finished here the labours of the day.

The inn was silent, not a mortal there,
Before the fire each plants his crazy chair,
When slow downstairs a cautious step was heard,
And Job, the landlord, soberly appeared ;
Begged our excuse—bewailed his luckless lot,
' Wife in the straw, and everything forgot ;'
So finding honest Job so hard bestead,
We skinned our squirrels, supped, and went to bed.
  The morning dawned, again we took the road,
Each musket shouldered o'er the lightened load,
Through Wyalusing's plains we gaily pass,
'Midst matted fields of rank luxuriant grass.
Here Nature bounteous to excess has been,
Yet loitering hunters scarce a living glean ;
Blest with a soil that, even in Winter day,
Would all their toils a hundred-fold repay,
Few cultured fields of yellow grain appear,
Rich fenceless pastures rot unheeded here.
Huge from the vale the towering walnuts grow,
And wave o'er wretched huts that lie below ;
No blossomed orchards scent their opening May,
No bleating flocks upon their pastures play ;
' The wolves,' say they, ' would soon our flocks destroy,
And planting orchards is a poor employ.'
The hungry traveller, dining on this plain,
May ask for fowls and wish for eggs in vain ;
And while he dines upon a flitch of bear,
To wolves and foxes leave more gentle fare.
  Now down through hoary woods we scour along,
Rousing the echoes with our jovial song,
Through paths where late the skulking Indian trod,
Smeared with the infant's and the mother's blood.
Their haunts no more : far to the setting day,
In western woods their prowling parties stray,
Where vast Superior laves his drifted shores,
Or loud Niagara's thundering torrent roars;

Gaul's exiled royalists—a pensive train,—
Here raise the hut, and clear the rough domain ;
The way-worn pilgrim to their fires receive,
Supply his wants, but at his tidings grieve ;
Afflicting news for ever on the wing,
A ruined country and a murdered king !
Peace to their lone retreats, while sheltered here,
May those deep shades to them be doubly dear ;
And Power's proud worshippers, wherever placed,
Who saw such grandeur ruined and defaced ;
By deeds of virtue to themselves secure
Those inborn joys that spite of kings endure,
Though thrones and States from their foundations part,—
The precious balsam of a blameless heart.
All day up winding solitudes we past,
Steep hung o'er steep, as if at random cast ;
Through every opening, towering groups were seen
Piled to the clouds, with horrid gulphs between ;
Thus (as the bard of old creation sings,
'Mongst other marvellous scenes and mighty things,)
When squabbling angels raised in heaven a rout,
And hills uprooted flew like hail about ;
Thus looked, in those tremendous days of yore,
Their field of battle when the fight was o'er ;
Impending cliffs with ruined woods o'ergrown,
And mountains headlong over mountains thrown.
One vast pre-eminent ascent we scaled,
And high at last its level summit hailed ;
There, as we trod along fatigued and slow,
Through parting woods the clouds appeared below,
And lo ! at once before our ravished view,
A scene appeared, astonishing and new :
Close on the brink of an abyss we stood,
Concealed till now by the impending wood ;
Below, at dreadful depth, the river lay,
Shrunk to a brook, 'midst little fields of hay ;

From right to left, where'er the prospect led,
The reddening forest like a carpet spread ;
Beyond, immense, to the horizon's close,
Huge amphitheatres of mountains rose.
Charmed with this spot, our knapsacks we resigned,
And here, like gods, in airy regions dined ;
Like gods of old the cordial cup we quaffed,
Sung songs to Liberty, and joked and laughed ;
Huzza'd aloud—then listening from on high,
If humbly slumbering Echo would reply.
A long dead pause ensued—at once the sound
In tenfold shouts from distant hills rebound ;
Not Polyphemus' self e'er louder roared,
When burning goads his monstrous visage gored.
'Huzza, huzza !' the echoing mountains cry ;
'Huzza, huzza !' more distant hills reply ;
And still more distant, till the faint huzza,
In lessening shouts, successive died away.
Surprised, astonished—heedless of our meal,
We seized our muskets for a nobler peal ;
Filled their dark bowels with the glistening grain,
And facing, pointed to the extended scene ;
Then at the word their fiery thunders poured,
That through the wide expanse impetuous roared.
Deep silence hung—the loud returning roar
From bellowing mountains thunders o'er and o'er ;
Peal after peal successive bursts away,
And rolls tremendous o'er the face of day ;
From hill to hill the loud responses fly,
And in the vast horizon lessening die.
Thus from Olympus,—o'er a prostrate world,
The fabled Jove his bolts imperious hurled ;
Earth heard, and echoed back the peals profound,
And heaven's exalted regions shook around.
With deep reluctance, ne'er to be forgot,
And many a lingering look, we left this spot,

Since called Olympus—worthier of the name
Than that so blazoned by the trump of Fame.
Ye souls! whom Nature's glorious works delight,
Who chance to pass o'er this stupendous height,
Here turn aside; and if serene the day,
This cliff sublime will all your toils repay;
Here regions wide your ravished eye will meet,
Hills, rivers, forests, lying at your feet:
Here to Columbia make your muskets roar,
While heaven's artillery thunders back encore.
'Twas now dull twilight, trudging on we keep,
Where giddy Breackneck nods above the steep;
And down the dark'ning forest slowly steer,
Where woods receding, showed a dwelling near;
A painted frame, tall barracks filled with hay,
Clean white-washed railings raised along the way;
Young poplars, mixed with weeping willows green,
Rose o'er the gate, and fringed the walk within;
An air of neatness, gracing all around,
Bespoke that courtesy we quickly found;
The aged Judge, in grave apparel dressed,
To cushion'd chairs invites each weary guest;
O'er the rich carpet bids the table rise,
With all the sweets that India's clime supplies;
And supper served with elegance, the glass
In sober circuit was allowed to pass.
The reverend sire, with sons and grandsons round,
Ruddy as health, by Summer suns embrowned,
Inquires our road and news, with modest mien,
Tells of the countries he himself had seen;
His Indian battles, midnight ambuscades,
Wounds and captivity in forest glades;
And with such winning, interesting store,
Of wild-wood tales and literary lore,
Beguiled the evening and engaged each heart,
That though sleep summoned, we were loth to part;

And ev'n in bed reposed, the listening ear
Seemed still the accents of the sage to hear.
  The morning came ; ye gods ! how quickly hies
To weary folks the hour when they must rise !
Groping around we fix our various load,
And full equipt forth issued to the road :
Inured to toil, the woods slide swiftly past ;
O'er many an opening farm our eyes we cast.
Here rich flat meadows most luxuriant lie,
Some glowing orchards gladly we espy,
Full-loaded peach trees drooping hung around,
Their mellow fruit thick scattered o'er the ground ;
Six cents procured us a sufficient store,
Our napkins crammed and pockets running o'er ;
Delicious fare ! Nor did we prize them less
Than Jews did manna in the wilderness.
Still journeying on, the river's brink we keep,
And pass the Narrows' high and dangerous steep,
That to the clouds like towering Atlas soars,
While deep below the parted river roars.
Beyond its eastern stream, on level lands,
There Athens (once Tioga) straggling stands ;
Unlike that Athens known in days of old,
Where Learning found more worshippers than gold ;
Here waste, unfinished, their sole school-house lies,
While pompous taverns all around it rise.
  Now to the left the ranging mountains bend,
And level plains before us wide extend,
Where rising lone, old Spanish-hill appears,
The post of war in ancient unknown years ;
Its steep and rounding sides with woods embrowned,
Its level top with old entrenchments crowned ;
Five hundred paces thrice we measure o'er
Ere all their circling boundaries we explore ;
Now overgrown with woods alone it stands,
And looks abroad o'er open fertile lands.

Here on the works we ruminating lay,
Till sudden darkness muffled up the day;
The threatening storm soon drove us to the plain,
And on we wandered through the woods again.
For many a mile through forests deep we passed,
Till girdled trees rose to the view at last;
The fence and field successively appear,
And jumbling cow-bells speak some cottage near;
Anon the sounding axe, the yelping dogs,
The ploughman's voice, the sight of snorting hogs;
And sudden opening on the ravished eye,
Green fields, green meadows, gardens, orchards, lie
In rich profusion round the cottage neat,
Log-built; but Peace and Industry's retreat.
Here down green glades the glittering streams descend;
Here loaded peach trees o'er the fences bend;
Deep flow'ry pastures clothe the steeps around,
Where herds repose, and playful coursers bound.
The groaning cider-press is busy heard.
The fowls loud cackling swarm about the yard;
The snowy geese harangue their numerous brood,
The flapping flail re-echoes through the wood;
And all around that meets the eye or ear,
Proclaims the power that spreads its influence here.
Hail rural Industry! man's sturdiest friend,
To thee each virtue must with reverence bend;
To thee what heart denies spontaneous praise,
From gloomy woods such glorious scenes to raise!
Great giver of God's gifts to man below,
Through whose rough hand all human blessings flow.
Here as in ancient and illustrious Rome,
May chiefs and heroes cheer thy humble home;
The wise, the brave, from public broils retreat,
To walk with heaven and thee, through arbours sweet;
To share thy toils, thy little plans inspire,
And joke at night around thy glowing fire.

Still, near thy hut, upon the flowery green,
May Temperance, Hope, and Cheerfulness be seen ;
Health, Plenty, Innocence, thy temples crown,
And Peace each night embosom thee in down ;
And still, where'er thy humble roofs arise,
In northern climes, or under burning skies,
May guardian Liberty thy fields enclose,
Befriend thy friends, and baffle all thy foes.
  Cheered with the rural sweets on every side,
Slow through this charming vale we gaily glide.
Delightful spot ! from stormy winds secured,
By mountains sheltered and in wilds immured ;
Still as we pass rich level fields appear,
Chemung's huge barns and fertile farms draw near.
How changed those scenes from what so late they were ;
Ere Freedom's banners waved triumphant here ;
While o'er our coasts a powerful foe prevailed,
Here from behind the savages assailed ;
In bloody bands ransacked our weak frontier,
Fire, rapine, murder, marked their fell career.
Amid his corn the gasping planter fell,
Deep sunk the axe, and direful rose the yell ;
The midnight cottage, wrapt in sweet repose,
In flaming ruins with the morning rose ;
There slaughtered corses, babes and fathers lay,
The naked mothers driven 'mid fiends away.
To thee, brave Sullivan ! who scourged this crew,
Thy country's gratitude shall still be due ;
And future ages on these summits rear
Honours to him who planted freedom here.
  We pause to mark amid this valley green
How changed the tenant, how improved the scene !
Where wretched wigwams late like kennels stood,
Where bark-canoes stole skulking o'er the flood,
Where mangled prisoners groaned, and hatchets glared,
And blood-stained savages the fire prepared !

There glittering towns and villages extend,
There floating granaries in fleets descend,
There ploughmen chant, and mowers sweep the soil,
And taverns shine, and rosy damsels smile.
Thanks to the brave, who through these forests bore
Columbia's vengeance on the sons of gore ;
Who drove them howling through th' affrighted waste,
Till British regions sheltered them at last.
Here, on the heights, where suddenly arrayed,
These hordes their last despairing effort made,
Where still the mould'ring breastwork meets the view,
From whose defence as suddenly they flew ;
Here, on the approach of night we lodgings found,
And buried all our toils in sleep profound.
The lingering night still hung in drowsy gloom,
Must'ring our loads, we pace the darkened room ;
With tedious groping, find at last the door,
And down the narrow stair our way explore ;
Dull fogs and darkness o'er the country lay,
But guiding fences pointed out the way.
In cheerful chat we marched along, till morn,
On dewy wings from eastern regions borne,
Rose on the world, and o'er the landscape gay,
'Midst songs of joyous birds, led on the day.
Two whirring pheasants swept across our path,
And swift as lightning flew the fiery death.
A cloud of quails in rising tumult soar ;
Destruction follows with resounding roar.
From bough to bough the scampering squirrels boun '
But soon, in smoky thunders, bite the ground ;
Life's gushing streams, their sable furs defile,
And Duncan's stick sustains the bloody spoil.
Thus up Tioga's side we thundering steered,
Till Newtown glittering on its banks appeared ;
Where opening hills retiring, wide display,
On level plains a city rising gay ;

Ranged on the northern bank, so smooth and green,
Rich busy stores and waving signs are seen;
With crowding boats that here for freight attend,
And deeply loaded to the sea descend.
Here, when soft Spring dissolves the wastes of snows,
And wide, and deep, the roaring river flows,
Huge loaded arks rush down the boiling tide,
And winding through wild woods triumphant ride;
Hills, towering steeps and precipices high,
Rich plains and hanging rocks, behind them fly;
The watchful pilot every eddy eyes,
As down the torrent's foaming course he flies;
Views with stern look, the frightful Falls disclose,
And down th' outrageous breakers headlong goes;
A thousand toils, a thousand dangers past,
Columbia's harbour shelters them at last.
With lingering steps the busy streets we trace,
Pleased with the prospect of this growing place;
Though now so gay, scarce fifteen years have flown
Since two log huts were all that it could own;
Since waving reeds and scrubby ground-oak grew
Where stores and taverns now arrest the view:
Around the tree where panthers lurked for prey,
Now evening groups of laughing children play;
And churches neat, their pious crowds enclose
Where Indian fires and midnight yells arose.
So wonder-working is the hand of toil,
When Heav'n has blest and Freedom guards the soil;
And streams so vast their powerful aid bestow
To float down plenty wheresoe'er they flow.
Now to the North, through open plains we wind,
And leave the river's bending course behind;
And now, where level lengthening meadows spread,
Through hazel thickets rapidly we tread;
Here, when descending rain in torrents pour,
And the broad meadows float from shore to shore,

In two wide routes their waters seek the main ;
Part through St. Lawrence meets the sea again,
Part to the south pursues its wandering way,
And rolls to Chesapeake's capacious bay.
Now dark before us gulfs of pines are seen,
That bear the name still of their Indian Queen ;
Great Catherine's Swamps, that deepening round extend,
Down whose dun glooms we awfully descend ;
Around us thick the crowding pillars soar,
Surpassing all we ever viewed before,
So straight, so tall, so tow'ring side by side,
Each, in itself, appears the forest's pride :
A thousand fleets, with twice ten thousand more,
May here find masts in everlasting store.
Here melancholy monks might moping dwell,
Nor ray of sunshine ever reach their cell.
Through the dead twilight, reigning horrid here,
In holy groans their relics sad revere.
Great solitary shades ! so still and deep,
Even passing sighs in hollow murmurs creep !
The silence deep, the solemn gloom profound,
The venerable piles that rise around,
Such awe impress, that as we upward gaze,
In whispers low we murmur our amaze !
Here to the god, whose keen voracious brood
Pursue the pilgrim ravenous for food,
With stump of pine, an altar we uprear,
And round its mouldering roots arranged appear ;
There bread, cheese, meat, with liberal hand we laid,
And, like true priests, devoured the offering made ;
The power appeased, in silence soon withdrew,
And left us braced with vigorous life anew.
All day through this deep swamp, in splattered plight,
Begulfed in mire we laboured on till night,
When lo ! emerging from the opening wood,
'Midst narrow fields, a little cottage stood :

A mill hard by in clattering murmur played,
Before the door a rapid rivulet strayed,
Trees round the garden, bent, with apples hung,
And cows and sheep their twinkling music rung.
Sacred to peace it seemed, and sweet repose,
And here, well pleased, our night's retreat we chose;
Approached the door, presented our request;
The dame's kind looks already bade us rest,
And soon the landlord, entering with his train,
Confirmed her kindness o'er and o'er again;
And now the table showed its welcome head,
With cheering fare, and rural dainties spread;
Green sparkling tea, obscured with floating cream,
Delicious salmon from the neighbouring stream;
Nice cakes of wheaten flour, so crisp and good,
And piles of honeycomb, ambrosial food!
While in the cheerful looks of all around,
A still more pleasing, grateful treat we found.
Our host intelligent, and fond of news,
Long tales of trade and politics pursues;
The States' enlarging bounds, so mighty grown,
That even the bare extent remains unknown;
Of Europe's wars and Bonaparte's glories,
Wolves, rifles, Louisiana, Whigs and Tories;
Of bears and wildcats, many a tale relates,
With every circumstance of day and dates;
Till leaden sleep our weary eye assailed,
And spite of eloquence at length prevailed.
  The following morning found us on the way,
Through woods of wallnut trees—conversing gay,—
Whose limbs enormous spread sublime around,
Their huge forefathers mouldering on the ground;
The soil with leaves and showers of nuts was spread,
While millions more hung yellow overhead;
Here maples towered,—with little troughs below,—
From whose gashed sides nectarious juices flow;

The half-burnt logs, and stakes erected near,
Showed that the sugar-camp once flourished here.
Ye generous woodsmen! let this bounteous tree,
For ever sacred from your axes be;
O let not mangling wounds its life destroy,
But the nice auger for the axe employ;
So shall these trees for ages lift their head,
And green and fresh their thickening foliage spread;
And each returning Spring their tribute pour,
More rich, and more abundant than before.
Now opening woods, in circuit wide, display
A level vale with lawns and pastures gay,
Where music hailed us from a numerous brood,
The lone bells jumbling through the sounding wood;
Sheep, oxen, cows, in busy parties strayed,
While snorting steeds our passing steps surveyed;
Surrounding hills this peaceful place enclose,
And form a scene of sheltered sweet repose.
Ah! melancholy scene, (though once so dear)
To the poor Indian haply wandering here,
Whose eye forlorn amid the gushing flood,
Beholds the spot where once his wigwam stood;
Where warriors' huts, in smoky pride were seen,
His nation's residence, his native green;
Methinks, even now, where yon red maples play,
The black-haired wanderer slowly bends his way,
And pensive stops, and heaves the stifled sigh,
As well-known objects meet his rural eye;
No words escape him, but while mem'ry grieves,
These gloomy thoughts his burdened heart relieves;
'O happy days! for ever, ever gone!
When these deep woods to white men were unknown;
Then the Great Spirit gave us from on high,
A plain broad path, and an unclouded sky;
Then herds of deer in every thicket lay,
Peace blessed our nights, and Plenty crowned our day;

But now dark clouds around our nation roar,
The path is lost, we see the sun no more ;
A poor lone wanderer here unhappy raves,
Returned once more to see his fathers' graves ;
Where all he sees bereaves his heart of rest,
And sinks like poisoned arrows in his breast.
'Here stood the tree beneath whose awful shade,
Our aged chiefs the nation's welfare weighed ;
In these sweet woods my early days I spent,
There through the hare the quivering arrow sent ;
Or stealing wary by that creek so clear,
Transfixed the struggling salmon with my spear ;
Here rose our fires in many a towering flame,
When the young hunters found abundant game ;
The feast, the dance, whole days and nights employ,
These hills resounding with our screams of joy ;
There, on that bank our painted warriors stood,
Their keen knives reddened with the white men's blood :
Now all is lost ! and sacrilege is spread !
Curst ploughs profane the mansions of the dead !
Our warriors wander on a distant shore,
And strangers triumph where they begged before.'
Indignant sorrow rushes on his soul,
And in wild agony his eyeballs roll ;
Wrapt in his rug the forest he regains,
A homeless exile on his native plains.
Howe'er stern Prejudice these woes may view,
A tear to Nature's tawny sons is due ;
The same false virtue and ambitious fire,
Which nations idolize, and kings admire,
Provoke the white man to the bloody strife,
And bid the Indian draw his deadly knife ;
The glory ours, in victory to save,
His still to glut with every foe the grave ;
Nor age nor sex his country's foe avails,
So strong this passion o'er the rest prevails ;

And equal woes must wring his manly heart,
From native shades for ever forced to part.
Through this sweet vale that wooded hills enclose,
A clear deep stream in glassy silence flows;
There sportive trout disturb the dimpling tide,
And shoals of salmon, pike, and suckers glide;
Thick vines and sycamores in rich array,
Bend o'er its banks, and mark its winding way;
Gigantic walnuts bare and blasted rise,
And stretch their bleach'd arms midway to the skies;
There sits the hawk, inured to feasts of blood,
Watching the scaly tenants of the flood;
Or listening pensive to the distant roar
Of yon white Falls that down the mountain pour;
Thence to the Lake, broad level marshes spread,
Where close, rank weeds conceal the musk-rat's bed;
Above, around, in numerous flocks are seen
Long lines of ducks o'er this their fav'rite scene;
Some to the Lake in wedg'd divisions bend,
Some o'er the Creek in lengthening showers descend.
Ah, how could sportsmen such a sight survey,
Nor seek to share the pleasures of the day!
Do well-dressed beauties shun theatric walls?
Or sleeps the swain when his own sweetheart calls?
A skiff and paddles o'er the landing lay,
Two striplings proffered to conduct my way.
Fixed in the bow, for slaughter I prepare
The deadly barrels, ready poised in air;
Slow round an opening point we softly steal,
Where four large ducks in playful circles wheel;
The far-famed canvass-backs at once we know,
Their broad flat bodies wrapt in pencilled snow;
The burnished chesnut o'er their necks that shone,
Spread deepening round each breast a sable zone;
Wary they gaze—our boat in silence glides,
The slow-moved paddles steal along the sides;

Quick flashing thunders roar along the flood,
And three lie prostrate, vomiting their blood!
The fourth aloft on whistling pinions soared:
One fatal glance, the fiery thunders poured—
Prone drops the bird amid the dashing waves,
And the clear stream his glossy plumage laves.
Now all around us rising trains appear,
Wild whistling wings on every hand we hear;
The alarm of death amid their legions spread,
In files immense they winnow overhead;
Hoarse heavy geese scream up the distant sky,
And all the thunders of our boat defy;
Close, under rustling vines, we skulking glide,
Till the loud uproar and alarm subside;
Here grapes delicious, clustering, hung around,
The mother vine through bending birches wound;
Not richer ripen on Vesuvius' side,
Than here spontaneous nodded o'er the tide.
Now all again is silent and serene,
Slow glides our skiff along the glassy scene;
O'er the flat marsh we mark the plovers sweep,
And clustering close, their wheeling courses keep,
Till, like a tempest, as they past us roar,
Whole crowds descend, to rise again no more;
Prone on the sand the snowy tribe are spread,
Then hove on board, and piled among the dead.
Beyond a point, just opening to the view,
A fleet of ducks collect their scattered crew;
Part soon alarmed, with sudden spattering soar,
The rest remaining seek the farther shore;
There 'cross a neck, concealed by sheltering vines,
Down the smooth tide I view their floating lines:
With sudden glance the smoky vengeance pour,
And death and ruin spread along the shore;
The dead and dying mingling, float around,
And loud the shoutings of my guides resound.

But now the Lake wide opening spreads below,
Bright o'er its smooth expanse the sun-beams glow ;
There downward skies in concave vast appear,
And circling wide complete one boundless sphere ;
Far-spreading forests from its shores ascend,
And towering headlands o'er the flood impend ;
These, deep below, in softened tints are seen,
Where Nature smiles upon herself serene.
'O lovely scenes !' in ecstasy I cried,
'That sink to nothing all the works of pride !
What are the piles that puny mortals rear,
Their temples, towers, however great or fair,
Their mirrors, carpets, tapestry and state,—
The nameless toys that Fashion's fools create !
To this resplendent dome of earth and sky,
Immensely stretch'd, immeasurably high !
Those yellow forests, tinged with glowing red,
So rich around in solemn grandeur spread ;
Where here and there, in lazy columns rise,
The woodman's smoke, like incense to the skies !
This heaven-reflecting Lake, smooth, clear, profound,
And that primeval peace that reigns around !
As well may worms compare with souls divine,
As Art, O Nature ! match her works with thine.'
Now high in heaven the hastening sun had sped,
My comrades, too, were trudging far ahead ;
Piled at my feet enough of carnage lay,—
So, slow to shore, we cut our liquid way.
There, where a hill the level marsh confines,
Lifts its rough front, and o'er the Lake reclines,
Where glittering through the trees that rise below,
A brawling cataract falls in sheets of snow,
Prone from the precipice ; and steals unseen,
Through birchen thickets to the Lake serene ;
While softened echoes join in cadence sweet,
And sheltering scenery form a blest retreat ;

There, on the slaty shore, my spoils I spread,
Ducks, plover, teal, the dying and the dead ;
Two snow-white storks, a crane of tawny hue,
Stretched their long necks amid the slaughtered crew ;
A hawk whose claws, white tail, and dappled breast,
And eye, his royal pedigree confest ;
Snipes, splendid summer-ducks, and divers wild,
In one high heap triumphantly I piled ;
Then joining heads that ne'er were joined before,
Across my gun the feathery burden bore ;
Sought out the path that scaled the mountain's side,
'Farewell !' 'Goodbye !' the smiling younkers cried ;
Up through the incumbent shades I took my way,
They to their boat with glittering dollar gay.
The day was hot, the load of ponderous size,
To heaven's own gates the mountain seemed to rise ;
Large ruined logs the winding labyrinth crost,
And soon the path in tangling brush was lost.
Up these rough steeps I bore my plunder through,
That still more prized and more oppressive grew ;
Till drenched with sweat, I gained the mountain's head,
And steered as chance or blind conjecture led ;
Filled the deep forest with the shouts I made,
That died, unanswered, through the distant shade ;
While startled squirrels, mounting in affright,
Looked down, and chattered, at th' alarming sight.
At length two guns, that made the mountain roar,
Produced an answering peal from those before ;
And ten long miles in doubt and drudgery past,
I reached my comrades and the road at last ;
Where peals of mirth succeeding their amaze,
They shared my load, and loaded me with praise.
Beyond the woods where Erie's waves extend,
Behold, once more, the setting sun descend ;
Lone chirping crickets, hail the coming night,
And bats around us wheel their giddy flight ;

The drumming pheasant vibrates on the ear ;
The distant forests dimly disappear.
Slow sinks the day, and through the impending woods,
Night spreads her wings, and deepening darkness broods.
A death-like silence reigns the forest through,
At last the path evanishes from view.
Here as we stoop, our dubious course to steer,
Inhuman screams at once assail our ear ;
The hollow, quivering, loud-repeated howl,
Full overhead, betrays the haggard owl ;
Who, well for her, in muffling darkness past,
Else this heart-sinking scream had been her last.
Thus through the forest, wrapt in deepest shade,
Beneath black arms of tow'ring oaks we strayed ;
At solemn intervals, the peace profound
Disturbed by rattling nuts that dropt around.
Shrill, wildly issuing from a neighbouring height,
The wolf's deep howlings pierce the ear of Night ;
From the dark swamp he calls his skulking crew,
Their nightly scenes of slaughter to renew ;
Their mingling yells, sad, savage woes express,
And echo dreary through the dark recess.
Steady along through swamps and pools we went ;
The way-worn foresters fatigued and faint,
Scrambling o'er fallen logs that fractured lay,
Or stunned by viewless boughs, that crossed our way ;
While glaring round, through roots and stumps decayed,
Phosphoric lights their pallid gleams displayed.
Sudden a horrid human shriek we hear,
That shot its terrors through our startled ear ;
'Ha ! are you there !' the watchful Duncan cried,
'Halt ! fix your bayonets, and look out ahead !'
A second scream announced the panther nigh,
The dark woods echoing back the rueful cry :
Still as the grave, suspending every breath,
Steady we stood to mark its passing path ;

Prepared and eager for one deadly aim,
To pour destruction through its tawny frame ;
But vain our listening ; nothing seemed awake,
Save the lone murmur of the neighbouring Lake ;
All else lay dead and silent as before,
And even the distant wolf was heard no more.
  Amidst this deep Egyptian darkness lost,
Our faithful pilot ne'er forsook his post ;
But knew or seemed to know, each swamp and pond,
And kept his steady course unerring on.
Behold ! in front, a spreading radiance gleams !
Wide, glowing, ruddy, and immense it seems,
Such as the rising moon's broad orb bestows,
When up night's starry vault she solemn goes ;
Each moment brightening, lo ! to our amaze,
The woods on fire in ardent fury blaze ;
Dark trees before us, of gigantic size,
In deeper shades and gloomy pomp arise ;
The flames beyond, ascending, with them bear
Thick clouds of sparkling smoke that fill the air.
Approaching near, it opes in dread display,
Diffusing round th' effulgency of day ;
Where, glad to view each other's looks again,
We stand contemplating this furious scene ;
Here piles of logs like furnaces appear,
The rows of underbrush rage far and near ;
Huge tow'ring oaks amid this sea of fire,
Descend in thunders, and in flames expire :
Or, blazing high, with burning gaps imprest,
Rain showers of fire infectious on the rest ;
Loud roar the flames, the crackling branches fly,
And black behind the smoky ruins lie.
  Thus some fair city, pride of many an age,
Gleams with the light of War's devouring rage,
Through its high domes the flaming torrents pour,
And naked turrets o'er the burnings lour ;

The midnight sky reflects the dreadful blaze,
The foe, at distance with enjoyment gaze ;
Exult to find their vengeance well employed,
The work of ages in one night destroyed.
So looked the woodman, who behind us stood,
Begrimmed with soot, in tattered garments rude,
On pitchfork leaning, hailed with 'How d'ye do?'
And looked like Lucifer just risen to view.
At Duncan's voice, advancing, stood amazed,
And each on other for a moment gazed ;
'What, Johnny!' 'Duncan!' 'Bless my heart, so near!
How glad our folks will be to see you here!'
Kind invitations now were not forgot,
And through corn fields we followed to his cot ;
Their 'O's!' and 'Dears!' and salutations o'er,
The ponderous knapsacks sunk upon the floor ;
Seats, quickly ranged, our weary limbs invite,
And kind inquiries all our toils requite ;
And while our meal a young brunnette prepared,
The ancient father's humorous jokes we shared ;
Though ninety years had silvered o'er his head,
Yet life's green vigour seemed but little fled ;
The burning woods that late before us blazed,
His axe had levelled, and his handspike raised ;
None laughed more hearty, sung with livelier glee,
Or joked, or told a merrier tale than he ;
Kind, cheerful, frank, in youth a sailor brave,
'Now bound for brighter worlds beyond the grave.'
Two favourite sons, obliging, open, mild,
With wild-wood anecdotes the hours beguiled ;
Produced their rifles, sedulous to please,
Described their farm, their horses, harvest, bees ;
While a whole hive, the crowded garden's boast,
Crowned our repast, and spoke the generous host.
To Johnny's joke succeeded William's tale,
Sweet Mary served with many a witching smile,

And thou, Devotion, wert a kindred guest,
Of all our joys the noblest and the best ;
Around convened, with David's holy lays,
In solemn strains awoke our evening praise ;
The kneeling father's fervent prayers ascend,
'O be the strangers' comfort, guide and friend ;
Their trust, their guardian, wheresoe'er they go,
To view Thy greatness in Thy works below ;
O leave them not ! but their Director be,
To that last stage that leads them home to Thee ! '
Such pious goodness, aged worth so dear,
The trembling voice that spoke the soul sincere,
With thoughts unspeakable my mind opprest,
Till tears relieved the tumult of my breast ;
And all to rest retired, and silence deep,
To lose the hardships of the day in sleep.
  By bawling calves and jumbling bells awoke,
We start amazed to see the morning, broke ;
Such blest oblivion balmy sleep bestows
Where toil-worn Industry and Peace repose.
Geese, turkeys, ducks, a noisy, numerous brood,
Mingle their gabblings with the echoing wood ;
Through whose tall pillared trees, extending blue,
The lake Cayuga caught our ravished view.
Soon on its oak-crowned banks sublime, we stood,
And viewed from right to left, its lengthened flood,
Of vast extent, pure, glassy, and serene ;
Th' adjacent shores and skirting huts were seen,
The eye could mark the whitened frames, the ear
Faint sounds of barking dogs remotely hear.
  Hither before, our liberal friends had sent
Whate'er of stores we voyagers might want,
Filled all our wallets, pressed us to take more,
And side by side conveyed us to the shore ;
There the good father grasped each traveller's hand,
His sons and family mingling o'er the strand.

'Farewell!' 'Goodbye!' 'God bless you!' was the cry,
The tears of friendship swelling in each eye:
Charmed with a love, so free, so nobly shown,
His clubb'd fuzee across his shoulder thrown,
Our pilgrim-Bard the parting group addressed,
And thus his gratitude and ours expressed:
'For all your goodness, hospitable friends!
We gladly would, but cannot, make amends;
All that we can we humbly offer here,
Our dearest wishes, ardent and sincere;
Long with success may all your toils be blest,
And each rich harvest rival all that's past;
Long may your glittering axe, with strength applied,
The circling bark from massy trunks divide,
Or wheeled in air, while the wide woods resound,
Bring crashing forests thundering to the ground;
Long may your fires in flaming piles ascend,
And girdled trees their wintry arms extend;
Your mighty oxen drag the logs away,
And give the long-hid surface to the day:
While fields of richest grain and pasture good
Shall wave where Indians strayed and forests stood;
And as you sweat the rustling sheaves among,
Th' adjoining woods shall echo to your song.
These are the scenes of truest joys below,
From these, health, peace, and independence flow;
Blest with the purest air, and richest soil,
What generous harvests recompense your toil!
Here no proud lordling lifts his haughty crest,
No tinsel'd scoundrel tramples the distrest,
No thief in black, demands his tenth in sheaves,
But man from God abundantly receives.
In rustic dress you range the echoing wood,
Health makes you gay, and simple manners good.
Society's best joys your bosoms know,
And Plenty's smiling cup, without its woe;

Farewell, good friends ! be Virtue still your guide,
Still scorn injustice, cruelty, and pride.
Whate'er be your pursuits, whate'er your care,
Let temperance, peace, and industry be there ;
From these, want, pain, and care, and ruin fly,
And half the ills that teach mankind to sigh.
Fear not success ! though one attempt should fail,
Fate yields when strength and constancy assail ;
Store up your harvests, sow your Winter grain,
Prepare your troughs the maple's juice to drain ;
Then, when the wintry North outrageous blows,
And nought is seen but one wide waste of snows,
Ascend the fleeting sleigh, and like the wind,
Scour o'er the hills, and leave the woods behind ;
Along the drifted swamps and mountains high,
O'er rocks and narrows make your horses fly ;
Shoot o'er the Susquehanna's frozen face,
And bleak Wyoming's lofty hills retrace ;
Nor let the hunter's hut, or venison stale,
Or his loved bottle, or his wond'rous tale
Of deer and bear, your lingering steeds detain,
But swift descend and seek the southern plain ;
There where the clouds of Philadelphia rise,
And Gray's flat bridge across the Schuylkill lies ;
There shall your grateful friends with choicest store,
And hearts o'erflowing welcome you once more ;
There friendship's purest joys will crown the whole,
"'The feast of reason and the flow of soul." '
Our boat now ready and our baggage stored,
Provisions, mast, and oars and sails aboard ;
With three loud cheers that echoed from the steep,
We launched our skiff ' Niagara ' to the deep ;
The shores recede—the oars resounding play,
Fleet through the unruffled flood we scour away ;
Till evening sweet suspends her starry veil,
And all around her sparkling orbs prevail ;

There high in front the Bear's bright splendours glow,
His answering glories gild the deep below ;
Profound and vast, and, as we onward glide,
Dance on the bosom of the dimpling tide.
Lone Night and listening Silence seem to sleep
On the smooth surface of the glistening deep ;
Save where the ducks in rising thousands soar,
Leaving the dark expanse with lengthened roar,
That like a cataract bursts from legions near,
And dies in distance on the vacant ear ;
Meantime young Duncan, as the oar he plies,
With voice melodious bids the song arise,
The theme, Columbia, her sublime increase :
' Blest land of freedom, happiness, and peace :
Far, far, removed from Europe's murderous scene,
A wide, a friendly waste of waves between ;
Where strangers driven by tyranny to roam,
Still find a nobler and a happier home :
Hail, blessed asylum ! happy country, hail !
O'er thee may truth, but never foe, prevail. '
From neighbouring shores, and cliffs that o'er them rise,
The listening spirit of the Lake replies,
And in responses sweet and accents plain,
Repeats each period of th' inspiring strain.
Now like dull stars the lighted bridge appears
Beneath it soon our little vessel steers,
Where, snugly moored, we passed away the night,
And weighed next morning by the peep of light :
Here the clear Lake contracts its straightened floods,
And winds a deepened stream, through level woods ;
In vain our tow'ring mast for soundings tries,
Beyond its utmost depths the bottom lies ;
Yet so transparent its pure waters flow,
We marked the smallest leaf that lay below.
Ducks, whistling past, like meteors fill the air,
Our fatal guns pursue them deadly there ;

Glanced from the eye the thundering tubes rebound,
Fluttering they fall, and flap, and scream around.
Here from the shore, low marshes wide expand,
Where bare and bleak the little salt-works stand ;
There numerous pits their briny treasures yield,
And pumps and tunnels checker all the field ;
Whether old Neptune these blest springs supplies,
Or deep below the massy substance lies,
Let idlers guess ; while nobler souls revere
The all-providing Power who raised them here.
Beneath mild sunshine as we onward glide,
Flat moss-clad forests rise on either side ;
High 'midst the leafless multitude is seen
The dark majestic pine in deepest green ;
The snow-white sycamores that love to drink
The passing stream and skirt the river's brink,
Wide o'er the flood their arms capacious throw,
To meet their softened forms that lie below.
Still files of ducks in streaming thousands pour,
At every bend their rising torrents roar ;
Till near Musquito Point their flocks decrease,
Where night o'ertook us and we moored in peace.
High rose its banks, and on its rugged height,
A small log-hovel shone with glimmering light ;
Here one lone woman and a boy we found ;
The trapper absent on his usual round,
On board his skiff had sailed, six days ago,
To try his luck some twenty miles below.
This solitary hut, small, cheerless, rude,
Amidst vast swamps and wildernesses stood ;
Where nightly horrors banished oft repose,
Such savage cries from wolves and panthers rose ;
Even round the bolted door the woman said,
At midnight frequent she could hear their tread.
The fire blazed bright ; around us we surveyed
The pendent furs with which it was arrayed ;

A sacred horse-shoe, guardian of the whole,—
Terror of spirits profane, and witches foul,
Dread, powerful talisman, 'gainst imps unknown :—
Nailed o'er the door in silent mystery shone.
Just as the dame her glowing hearth had cleared,
The ragged owner of the hut appeared ;
Laden with skins, his traps around him slung,
Two dead racoons across his shoulders hung,
Musk-rats and 'possums in each hand he bore,
A large brown otter trailed along the floor ;
And as he soused them down with surly gloom,
The skunk's abhorr'd effluvia filled the room.
'Friends, how d'ye do ? Well, wife, how come you on ?
How fare the calves ?' 'Why, three of them are gone !'
'Three ! Damn these wolves ! they'll eat up house and hall !
And have they killed the sheep ?' 'They have.'—'What, all ?'
'Yes, all.' . . 'I thought it would be so,
Well, now they're at the devil, let them go.'
So said, he whets his knife to skin his store,
While heaps of red raw carrion fill the floor.
As morning dawned, our little skiff we trimmed,
And through the misty flood with vigour skimmed :
Now gliding smooth, we hail with songs the morn,
Now down white boiling breakers headlong borne ;
Again enclosed, the gray woods round us rise,
We pass where Cross Lake green and stagnant lies ;
And mark the snakes, amid their watery way,
With heads erect, our dipping oars survey.
Dead lie the lonely woods, and silent shore,
As Nature slept and mankind were no more.
How drear ! how desolate to ear and eye !
What awful solitudes around us lie !
Sad were his fate, too dreadfully severe,
For life condemned to linger hopeless here ;
From such lone thoughts of gloomy exiled woe,
All human ties for ever to forego ;

The heart shrinks back, dejected and dismayed,
And owns that man for social joy was made.
Yet still, whate'er our doubtful hearts may say,
Even Nature's self to habit will give way ;
And these vast solitudes, so deep and drear,
As more frequented might become more dear.
  On yonder island, opening by degrees,
Behold the blue smoke mounting through the trees ;
There, by his fire, 'mid sheltering brush obscured,
His bark-canoe along the margin moored ;
With lank jet locks that half his face conceal,
The Indian hunter eats his morning meal.
Stakes rudely reared, his little pot suspend,
Amid the smoke his busy partners bend ;
Beyond, sly peeping, fearful to be seen,
Two copper chubs their favourite shell-barks glean.
Another night another hut supplies,—
In half-an-hour the crazy fabrics rise ;
The roof with bark, the floor with spruce bespread,
The stakes around with skins and venison clad ;
At our approach Suspicion lours his eye,
That scarce regards us gliding swiftly by :
His life how simple, and his wants how few !
A blanket, leggins, rifle and canoe,
Knife, hatchet, moccasins,—not much beside,
And all beyond to him is empty pride.
  O'er these lone swamps the Muse impatient flies,
Where mightier scenes and nobler prospects rise ;
Nor stoops in dull rehearsal to detail
Each roaring rapid and each adverse gale ;
What vagrant tribes, what islands met our view,
How down Oswego's foaming Falls we flew ;
Now plunging in our sinking bark to save,
Now headlong hurried down th' outrageous wave ;
How through the clear still flood, with sounding oars,
We swept, and hailed with songs the echoing shores ;

These had their pleasures, and perhaps their fears ;
But terrors fly when daring Courage steers.
A thousand toils, a thousand dangers past,
The long-expected Lake appears at last,
Seen through the trees, like Ocean's boundless blue,
Huzza ! huzza ! Ontario is in view !
With flying hats we hail the glorious spot,
And every care and every fear's forgot.
So, when of old, we crossed th' Atlantic waves,
And left a land of despots and of slaves,
With equal joy Columbia's shores we spyed,
And gave our cares and sorrows to the tide.
  Here, ere we launch the boundless deep along,
Surrounding scenes demand their share of song.
  Mark, yon bleak hill, where rolling billows break,
Just where the river joins the spacious Lake ;
High on its brow, deserted and forlorn,
Its bastions levelled, and its buildings torn,
Stands Fort Oswego ; there the winds that blow
Howl to the restless surge that groans below ;
There, the lone sentry walked his round, or stood
To view the sea-fowl coursing o'er the flood ;
'Midst Night's deep gloom, shrunk at the panther's howl,
And heard a foe in every whooping owl :
Blest times for soldiers ! times, alas, not near,
When foes like these are all they have to fear ;
When man to man will mutual justice yield,
And wolves and panthers only stain the field.
  Those straggling huts that on the left appear,
Where boats and ships their crowded masts uprear,
Where fence, or field, or cultured garden green,
Or blessèd plough, or spade was never seen,
Is old Oswego ; once renowned in trade,
Where numerous tribes their annual visits paid,
From distant wilds—the beaver's rich retreat,—
For one whole moon they trudged with weary feet,

Piled their rich furs within the crowded store,
Replaced their packs, and plodded back for more ;
But time and war have banished all their trains,
And nought but potash, salt, and rum remains.
The boisterous boatman, drunk but twice a day,
Begs of the landlord, but forgets to pay ;
Pledges his salt, a cask for every quart,
Pleased thus for poison with his pay to part.
From morn to night here Noise and Riot reign,
From night to morn 'tis noise and roar again.
  Around us now Ontario's ocean lay,
Rough rose its billows, crowned with foaming spray ;
The grim north-east in roaring fury blew,
And our frail bark, deep-dashing laboured through ;
Our blanket sail, and feeble sapling mast,
Drank the rough waves and quivered in the blast.
A friendly sloop for Queenstown harbour bound,
While night's foul hurricanes were gathering round,
Beheld our danger, saw our numbers few,
And for our boat received its willing crew ;
Both safe on board, they trim their thundering sail,
The boom and main-sheet bending to the gale.
Hard by the helm th' experienced master stood,
And, far to windward, eyed the whitening flood ;
Saw in the east the coming tempest lour,
On Night's black wings impetuous to devour !
Her roaring bow the boiling spray divides,
Two foaming torrents sweep along the sides ;
Reef after reef retrench the straining sail,
And the racked vessel staggers in the gale.
Now up th' outrageous waves' high steep we go,
Now plunge down headlong in the gulf below ;
Slow-rising, shivering through tempestuous clouds,
That howled like demons in the whizzing shrouds,
Down in the cabin by the uproar driven,
Heedless of all the warring winds of heaven,

Sick, groaning, speechless and unfit to pray,
Our three pale foresters inglorious lay ;
Groan answered groan, while at each desperate throe
The deep bilge-water churned and roared below.
Sad night of sickness, tumult, fears and hopes,
Of roaring surges, and of rattling ropes ;
Heart-rending retchings, tossings to and fro,
And all the horrors land-born lubbers know.
At length the morn arose, the storm withdrew,
And fair the breeze with steady vigour blew.
First upon deck, our Bard, uncheered with sleep,
Gazed silent round upon the shoreless deep ;
From whose vast bosom, where the orient glows,
The glorious sun in reddening pomp arose.
The cold camboose with blazing faggots filled,
And, though in culinary lore unskilled,
Fried the nice venison, well with onions stored,
And summoned Leech and Duncan to the board ;
Slow from the cabin mount the staggering pair,
Pale their chang'd cheeks, and wild their haggard air :
So look two ghosts that Tyburn's tree attend,
When the last signal calls them to ascend.
Soon as the sav'ry steams their nostrils gain,
They sicken, heave, and stagger down again.
Bold-hearted Duncan ! who'd have dreamt to see
This pale sea-spectre fix her fangs on thee ?
On thee, who dauntless down the torrent's course,
'Midst rocks and foam, defied its roaring force ;
Still first the dangers of the chase to share,
To pierce the panther, or o'erwhelm the bear ;
And at the joyous feast that crowned the whole,
With mirth and songs to elevate each soul.
'Cheer, comrades, cheer ! deliverance is at hand !
Lo ! on the lee-bow lies the hazy land ! '
Loud hailed the Bard. At once, in cheerful mood,
Firm upon deck the active Duncan stood ;

The wide expanse with freshened looks he eyed,
And 'Who's afraid?' in sportive humour cried.
Meantime the gale our flying vessel bore,
On wings of wind, full thirteen knots an hour;
And just as day its closing light withdrew,
Niagara's lighthouse opened on our view.
Its star-like radiance shone with steady ray,—
Like Venus lingering in the rear of day.
By slow degrees the sinking breezes die,
And on the smooth, still flood, we logging lie.
  Roused by the morning and the neighbouring drum,
Swift upon deck with eager eyes we come;
There, high in air, (the fortress full in view)
Our star-crowned stripes in waving triumph flew:
Hail, sacred flag! to sons of Freedom dear,
Thy country's valour reared thine honours here;
Eternal blessings crown her rich increase,
Her Bands of Union and her Stars of Peace.
  Before us now the opening river pours,
Through gradual windings and projecting shores;
Smooth sloops the green where Newark's village lies,
There, o'er their fort, the British ensign flies.
'From whence?' they hail; we shout with trumpet's sound
'From Fort Oswego; up to Queenstown bound.'
'What news?' 'The Speedy's pump on board we bear,
The sole found fragment of that sad affair.'
Th' increasing distance drowns their faint reply,
And up the adverse stream we foaming fly.
  Now full in front the Ridge its height uprears,
Its high, grim gap, like some vast cave appears;
Thick wheel strong eddies, marked with whirling foam,
As from this gloomy chasm they hurrying come;
Low at its foot, with stores and gardens gay,
Close, snugly sheltered, little Queenstown lay.
Here Night once more her shadows o'er us threw,
And, safely moored, we bid our bark adieu.

Long seemed the night ; impatient of repose,
By day's first dawn delighted we arose ;
A day replete with scenes sublime and new
About to burst on our astonished view.
Sweet rose the morning, silent and serene,
No vagrant cloud, or stirring leaf was seen ;
The sun's warm beams with dazzling radiance glow,
And glittering dance upon the flood below.
Soon full equipt the towering Ridge we scale,
Thence, gazing back, a boundless prospect hail.
Far in the east Ontario's waters spread,
Vast as the Ocean in his sky-bound bed.
Bright through the parted plain that lay between,
Niagara's deep majestic flood was seen ;
The right a wilderness of woods displayed,
Fields, orchards, woods, were on the left arrayed.
There, near the Lake's green shore, above the flood,
The tall, white light-house like a column stood.
O'er each grim fort, high waving to the view,
Columbia's stars and Britain's crosses, flew,
Thus two stern champions watch each other's eye,
And mark each movement, ready to let fly.
Up to the Ridge's top, high winding led,
There on a flat, dry plain, we gaily tread ;
And stop, and list, with throbbing hearts to hear
The long expected cataract meet the ear ;
But list in vain. Though five short miles ahead.
All sound was hushed and every whisper dead.
' 'Tis strange,' said Duncan, ' here the sound might reach.'
' 'Tis all an April errand,' answered Leech.
' Men to make books a thousand tales devise,
And nineteen-twentieths are a pack of lies.
Here, three long weeks by storms and famines beat,
With sore-bruised backs, and lame and blistered feet ;
Here nameless hardships, griefs, and miseries past,
We find some mill-dam for our pains at last.

Once safe at home, kick'd, cudgell'd let me be,
If e'er bookmaker make a fool of me.'
He spoke and groaned: for heedless of his woe,
A stubborn stump assailed his corny toe;
Stunned with the stroke, he grinned and hopped around,
While peals of mirth and laughter loud resound.
Heavy and slow, increasing on the ear,
Deep through the woods a rising storm we hear;
Th' approaching gust still loud and louder grows,
As when the strong north-east resistless blows;
Or black tornado, rushing through the wood,
Alarms the affrighted swains with uproar rude.
Yet the blue heavens displayed their clearest sky,
And dead below the silent forests lie;
And not a breath the slightest leaf assailed,
But all around tranquility prevailed.
'What noise is that?' we ask, with anxious mien,
A dull salt-driver passing with his team.
'Noise! noise!—why nothing that I hear or see,
But N'agra falls—Pray, whereabouts live ye?'
All looked amazed! yet not untouched with fear,
Like those who first the battle's thunders hear,
Till Duncan said, with grave satiric glee,
'Lord, what a monstrous mill-dam that must be!'
Leech blushed assent, while as we nearer drew,
The loudening roar more harsh and heavy grew.
Awe-struck sensations now all speech represt,
And expectation throbbed in every breast.
Now from the woods, emerging into day,
Before us fields and farms and orchards lay;
The sloping hills a hollow vale disclose,
Whence hurrying clouds of boiling smoke arose,
Till in one congregated column thrown,
On whose bright side a glorious rainbow shone;
High in the heavens it reared its towering head,
And o'er the day its train gigantic led:

Beyond its base, there like a wall of foam,
Here in a circling gulf unbroken thrown,
With uproar hideous, first the Falls appear,
The stunning tumult thundering on the ear.
Above, below, where'er the astonished eye
Turns to behold, new-opening wonders lie,
Till to a steep's high brow, unconscious brought,
Lost to all other care of sense or thought,
There the broad river like a lake outspread,
The islands, rapids, falls, in grandeur dread ;
The heaps of boiling foam, the ascending spray,
The gulf profound, where dazzling rainbows play ;
This great o'erwhelming work of awful Time,
In all its dread magnificence sublime,
Rose on our view ; amid a crashing roar,
That bade us kneel and Time's great God adore.
As when o'er tracks immense of desert drear,
Through dangerous nations, and 'midst toils severe ;
Day after day condemned a war to wage
With thirst and hunger, men and lions' rage,
Noon's burning heat, and night's distressing cold,
Arabian pilgrims Mecca's walls behold :—
Those holy walls, whose sacred roof contains
Mahomet's tomb—their prophet's blest remains ;
Past sufferings vanish, every sigh's supprest,
A flood of rapture rises in each breast ;
All hearts confess an awful joy serene,
And humbly bow before the glorious scene.—
Such were our raptures, such the holy awe
That swell'd our hearts at all we heard and saw ;
Fixed to the rock, like monuments we stood
On its flat face, above the outrageous flood ;
There, while our eyes the amazing whole explored,
The deep loud roar our loudest voice devoured.
High o'er the watery uproar, silent seen,
Sailing sedate, in majesty serene,

Now 'midst the pillared spray sublimely lost,
And now, emerging, down the rapids tost,
Swept the gray eagles ; gazing calm and slow,
On all the horrors of the gulf below ;
Intent, alone, to sate themselves with blood,
From the torn victims of the raging flood.
Whate'er the weather, or whate'er the gale,
Here ceaseless haze and flying rains prevail ;
Down bend the boughs with weight of moisture borne,
Each bush, each tree, the dazzling drops adorn ;
Save when deep Winter's fiercest rigours blow,
Then falls the whirling spray in silent snow ;
While the dew-drops to icicles are changed,
In glittering pendent parallels arranged.
Then, too, amid the Falls, stupendous rise
Bright icy pillars of prodigious size !
As if some pile immense of Greece or Rome,
Were deep engulfed within their hideous womb.
Drenched to the skin, our baggage down we throw,
Fixed to descend into the gulf below ;
Amid whose wreck, and from whose depths profound,
Some new resource for wonder might be found ;
Along the dreadful verge we cautious steered,
Till the tall ladder's tottering top appeared ;
A tree's projecting root its weight sustains,
The dread abyss wheels round our giddy brains.
Leech, like a bird, with the whole gulf in view,
Down its slight slippery bars regardless flew !
The Bard came after, not devoid of fear,
And Duncan, gay and laughing, closed the rear ;
The cumb'rous weight its bending sides assails,
It yields ! it cracks ! its whole foundation fails !
Fear, swift as light, the rocks' grim pavement stains
With mangled limbs, and blood, and spattered brains ;
But firm above the roots remained, though rude,
And safe below on Chaos' shores we stood.

Genius of song—Great Source of light and day,
How shall the Muse this dreadful place pourtray?
Where, all around, tremendous rocks were spread,
That from our feet in headlong fury fled;
Rocks that great Ajax, with his hundreds more,
Could scarce have moved one hairbreadth from the shore;
Where logs, and boards, and trees of reverend age,
Beat to a pulp amid the torrent's rage;
Fragments of boats, oars, carcasses unclean,
Of what had bears, deer, fowls, and fishes been,
Lay in such uproar, 'midst such clamour drown'd,
That death and ruin seemed to reign around.
High in our front th' outrageous river roared,
And in three separate falls stupendous poured;
First, slow Fort Slusher's, down was seen to roam
In one vast living sheet of glittering foam;
On its south side a little islet towers,
There one small patch o'er broken fragments pours:
Goat-Island next, with oaks and cedars crown'd,
Its shelving base with dwarfish shrubbery bound;
Along the brink a rocky front extends
Four hundred yards, and at the Horse-shoe ends.
There the main forces of the river pour,
There, fierce above, the rushing Rapids roar!
The mighty wat'ry mass, resistless grown,
Green down the impending brink unbroken thrown,
Whelmed amidst dazzling hills of boiling spray,
In raging, deafening torrents roar away.
One last grand object yet remained unviewed:
Thither we crawl, o'er monstrous fragments rude,
Struggling o'er caverns deep; now prostrate thrown,
Now up wet slippery masses clambering on;
Below, in foam, the raging rapids sweep,
Above, dark hollowed hangs the enormous steep,
Scooped out immense; resounding, gloomy, bare,
Its giddy verge projected high in air;

There such a scene of rage and uproar new,
In awful grandeur burst upon our view ;
As seized at once all power of speech away,
And filled our souls with terror and dismay.
Great God of Nature ! whose bless'd sun and showers
Called into action these tremendous powers ;
Where shall my tongue fit force of language find
To speak the dread sensations of the mind,
When o'er the impending brink, in bounding sweep,
The eye pursued this deluge to the deep ;
Saw its wild torrents undulating pour
From heaven to earth with deafening, crashing roar ;
Dashed in the wild and torn abyss below,
'Midst dazzling foam and whirling storms of snow ;
While the whole monstrous mass, and country round,
Shook as with horror at the o'erwhelming sound.
Within this concave vast, dark, frowning, deep,
Eternal rains and howling whirlwinds sweep ;
The slippery rocks, at every faithless tread,
Threaten to whelm us headlong to the dead ;
Our Bard and pilot, curious to survey,
Behind this sheet what unknown wonders lay,
Resolved the dangers of th' attempt to share,
And all its terrors and its storms to dare ;
So, hand in hand, with firm yet cautious pace,
Along the gloom they grope this dreary space ;
'Midst rushing winds, descending deep, they gain
Behind th' o'erhanging horrors of the scene ;
There dark, tempestuous, howling regions lie,
And whirling floods of dashing waters fly.
At once of sight deprived, of sense and breath,
Staggering amidst this caverned porch of death,
One moment more had swept them in the waves
To the most horrible of human graves ;
But danger, here, to desperate force gave way,
And drove them, drenched and gasping out to day.

The glooms of evening now began to close,
O'er heaps of rocks our homeward steps we chose ;
And one by one the infernal ladder scaled,
While Night's grim darkness deep around prevailed ;
Safe on the fearful brink, we search around,
And, glimmering near, a light and lodgings found ;
There full of all the wonders of the day
In vain our bed our weary heads we lay ;
Still loud, without, a mighty tempest heaves ;
Still the calm air our terror undeceives,
And when some short and broken slumbers came,
Still round us roaring swept th' outrageous stream ;
Whelmed in the deep we sunk, engulfed, forlorn,
Or down the dreadful Rapids helpless borne ;
Groaning we start ! and at the loudening war,
Ask our bewildered senses where we are.
At length with watching and with toil opprest,
The thundering tumult rocked us into rest.

THE SOLITARY TUTOR.

Whoe'er across the Schuylkill's winding tide,
Beyond Gray's Ferry half a mile has been ;
Down at a bridge, built hollow, must have spy'd,
A neat stone school-house on a sloping green ;
There tufted cedars scatter'd round are seen,
And stripling poplars planted in a row ;
Some old grey white oaks overhang the scene,
Pleas'd to look down upon the youths below,
Whose noisy noontide sports no care or sorrow know.

On this hand rise the woods, in deep'ning shade,
Resounding with the sounds of warblers sweet ;
And there a waving sign-board hangs display'd
From mansion fair,—the thirsty soul's retreat :

There way-worn pilgrims rest their weary feet,
When noontide heats, or evening shades prevail ;
The widow's fare still plentiful and neat,
Can nicest guest deliciously regale,
And make his heart rejoice the Sorrel Horse to hail.

Adjoining this, old Vulcan's shop is seen,
Where winds, and fires, and thumping hammers roar ;
White-wash'd without, but black enough within,—
Emblem of modern patriots many a score ;
The restive steed impatient at the door,
Starts at his thundering voice, and brawny arm ;
While yellow Jem with horse-tail fans him o'er,
Drawing aloof, the ever-buzzing swarm,
Whose shrill blood-sucking pipes, his restless fears alarm.

An ever-varying scene the road displays,
With horsemen, thundering stage, and stately team ;
Now burning with the sun's resplendent rays,
Now lost in clouds of dust the traveller's seen ;
And now a lengthen'd pond or miry stream,
Deep sink the wheels, and slow they drag along ;
Journeying to town with butter, apples, cream,
Fowls, eggs, and fruit, in many a motley throng,
Cooped in their little carts their various truck among.

And yonder nestled in enclust'ring trees,
Where many a rose-bush round the green yard glows ;
Wall'd from the road with seats for shade and ease,
A yellow-fronted cottage, sweetly shows :
The tow'ring poplars rise in spiry rows,
And green catalphas, white with branchy flowers ;
Her matron arms, a weeping willow throws
Wide o'er the dark green grass, and pensive low'rs,
'Midst plum trees, pillar'd hops, and honeysuckle bowers.

Here dwells the guardian of these younglings gay,
A strange, recluse, and solitary wight ;

In Britain's isle, on Scottish mountains gray,
His infant eyes first open'd to the light;
His parents saw, with partial fond delight,
Unfolding genius crown their fostering care;
And talk'd with tears of that enrapturing sight,
When clad in sable gown, with solemn air,
The walls of God's own house should echo back his pray'r.

Dear smiling Hope, to thy enchanting hand,
What cheering joys, what ecstacies we owe;
Touch'd by the magic of thy fairy wand,
Before us spread, what heavenly prospects glow!
Thro' life's rough thorny wild we lab'ring go,
And, though a thousand disappointments grieve,
Ev'n from the grave's dark verge we forward throw
Our straining wishful eyes on those we leave,
And with their future fame our sinking hearts relieve.

But soon, too soon, these fond illusions fled,
In vain they pointed out that pious height;
By Nature's strong resistless impulse led,
These dull dry doctrines ever would he slight;
Wild Fancy formed him for fantastic flight,
He lov'd the steep's high summit to explore,
To watch the splendour of the orient bright,
The dark deep forest and the sea-beat shore,
Where thro' resounding rocks the liquid mountains pour,

When gath'ring clouds the vaults of heaven o'erspread,
And opening streams of livid lightning flew;
From some o'erhanging cliff, the uproar dread,
Transfix'd in rapt'rous wonder, he would view
When the red torrent, big and bigger grew;
Or deep'ning snows, for days obscur'd the air,
Still with the storm his transports would renew:
Roar, pour away, was still his eager pray'r,
While shiv'ring swains around were sinking in despair.

That worldly gift, which misers merit call,
But wise men cunning, and the art of trade ;
That scheming foresight, how to scrape up all,
How pence may groats, and shillings pounds be made,
As little knew he, as the moorland maid,
Who ne'er beheld a cottage but her own ;
Sour Parsimony's words he seldom weigh'd,
His heart's warm impulse was the guide alone,
When suffering friendship sigh'd, or weeping wretch did moan.

Dear, dear to him, affection's ardent glow ;
Alas ! from all he lov'd, for ever torn,
E'en now, as Memory's sad reflections flow,
Deep grief o'erwhelms him, and he weeps forlorn.
By hopeless thought, by wasting sorrow worn,
Around on Nature's scenes he turns his eye,
Charm'd with her peaceful eve, her fragrant morn,
Her green magnificence, her gloomiest sky,
That fill th' exulting soul with admiration high.

One charming nymph, with transport he adores,
Fair Science, crown'd with many a figur'd sign ;
Her smiles, her sweet society implores,
And mixes jocund with the encircling Nine ;
While Mathematics solve his dark design,
Sweet Music soothes him with her syren strains ;
Seraphic Poetry, with warmth divine,
Exalts him far above terrestrial plains,
And Painting's fairy hand his mimic pencil trains.

Adown each side of his sequester'd cot,
Two bubbling streamlets wind their rocky way,
And mingling, as they leave this rural spot,
Down thro' a woody vale, meand'ring stray ;
Round many a moss-grown rock they dimpling play,
Where laurel thickets clothe the steeps around,
And oaks, thick towering, quite shut out the day,
And spread a venerable gloom profound,
Made still more sweetly solemn by the riv'let's sound.

Where down smooth glistering rocks it rambling pours,
Till in a pool its silent waters sleep ;
A dark brown cliff, o'ertopt with fern and flowers,
Hangs grimly frowning o'er the glassy deep ;
Above, thro' ev'ry chink, the woodbines creep,
And smooth-bark'd beeches spread their arms around,
Whose roots cling, twisted, round the rocky steep.
A more sequester'd scene is nowhere found,
For contemplation deep, and silent thought profound.

Here many a tour the lonely Tutor takes,
Long known to Solitude, his partner dear ;
For rustling woods, his empty School forsakes,
At morn, still noon, and silent evening clear.
Wild Nature's scenes amuse his wand'rings here ;
The old grey rocks that overhang the stream,
The nodding flow'rs that on their peaks appear,
Plants, birds, and insects, are a feast to him,
Howe'er obscure, deform'd, minute, or huge they seem.

Sweet rural scenes ! unknown to poet's song,
Where Nature's charms in rich profusion lie ;
Birds, fruits, and flowers, an ever-pleasing throng,
Deny'd to Britain's bleak and northern sky.
Here Freedom smiles serene with dauntless eye,
And leads the exil'd stranger thro' her groves ;
Assists to sweep the forest from on high,
And gives to man the fruitful field he loves,
Where proud imperious lord, or tyrant, never roves.

In these green solitudes one favourite spot
Still draws his lone slow wand'rings that way ;
A mossy cliff, beside a little grot,
Where two clear springs burst out upon the day ;
There, overhead, the beechen branches play,

And from the rock, the cluster'd columbine ;
While, deep below, the brook is seen to stray,
O'erhung with alders, briar, and mantling vine,
While on th' adjacent banks the glossy laurels shine.

Here Milton's heav'nly themes delight his soul,
Or Goldsmith's simple heart-bewitching lays ;
Now drives with look around the frozen pole,
Or follows Bruce, with marvel and amaze.
Perhaps Rome's splendour sadly he surveys,
Or Britain's scenes of cruelty and kings ;
Thro' Georgia's groves with gentle Bartram strays,
Or mounts with Newton on archangels' wings ;
With manly Smollet laughs, and jovial Dibdin sings.

The air serene, and breathing odours sweet,
The sound of falling streams and humming bees ;
Wild choirs of songsters round his rural seat,
To souls like his have ev'ry pow'r to please.
The shades of night with rising sigh he sees
Obscure the sweet and leafy scene around ;
And, homeward bending, thro' the moonlight trees,
The owl salutes him with her trem'lous sound,
And many a fluttering bat pursues its mazy round.

Thus, peaceful pass his lonely hours away,
Thus, in retirement from his school affairs
He tastes a bliss unknown to worldings gay,
A soothing antidote to all his cares.
Adoring Nature's God, he joyous shares,
With happy millions, Freedom's fairest scene ;
His e'ening hymn, some plaintive Scottish airs,
Breathed from the flute, or melting violin,
With life-inspiring airs, and wanton jigs between.

THE AMERICAN BLUE-BIRD.

"Such are the mild and pleasing manners of the Blue-bird, and so universally is he esteemed, that I have often regretted that no pastoral Muse has yet risen, in this western woody world, to do justice to his name, and endear him to us still more, by the tenderness of verse, as has been done to his representative in Britain, the Robin Redbreast. A small acknowledgment of this kind I have to offer, which the reader I hope will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence."

When Winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows, and brown furrow'd fields reappearing ;
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering ;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasin' ;
O then comes the Blue-bird, the herald of Spring,
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring,
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather ;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together ;
O then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair,
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure ;
The Blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He flits thro' the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms ;
He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms ;

He draws the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from their webs where they riot and welter ;
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks, is, in Summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleas'd when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him ;
The gard'ner delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him ;
The slow-ling'ring schoolboys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em,
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the Summer are o'er,
And Autumn slow enters so silent and sallow ;
And millions of warblers, that charm'd us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow ;
The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow ;
Till forc'd by the horrors of Winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While Spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
The green face of Earth and the pure blue of heaven ;
Or Love's native music have influence to charm,
Or Sympathy's glow to our feelings are given—
Still dear to each bosom the Blue-bird shall be ;
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure ;
For, thro' bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

"The Humming Bird is one of the few that are universally beloved; and, amid the sweet dewy serenity of a Summer's morning, his appearance among the arbours of honey-suckle and beds of flowers, is truly interesting."

When morning dawns, and the blest sun again
Lifts his red glories from the eastern main;
Then thro' our woodbines, wet with glittering dews,
The flower-fed Humming-Bird his round pursues;
Sips with inserted tube the honeyed blooms,
And chirps his gratitude as round he roams;

While richest roses, tho' in crimson drest,
Shrink from the splendour of his gorgeous breast;
What heav'nly tints in mingling radiance fly!
Each rapid movement gives a different dye;
Like scales of burnish'd gold they dazzling show,
Now sink to shade, now like a furnace glow.

THE BALTIMORE BIRD.

"The Baltimore inhabits North America, from Canada to Mexico, and is even found as far south as Brazil. Since the streets of our cities have been planted with that beautiful and stately tree, the Lombardy poplar, these birds are our constant visitors during the early part of Summer; and, amid the noise and tumult of coaches, drays, wheelbarrows, and the din of the multitude, they are heard chanting 'their native wood-notes wild;' sometimes too within a few yards of an oysterman, who stands bellowing with the lungs of a Stentor, under the shade of the same tree; so much will habit re-

concile even birds to the roar of the city and to sounds and noises, that in other circumstances, would put a whole grove of them to flight."

High on yon poplar, clad in glossiest green,
The orange, black-capp'd Baltimore is seen ;
The broad-extended boughs still please him best,
Beneath their bending skirts he hangs his nest ;
There his sweet mate, secure from every harm,
Broods o'er her spotted store, and wraps them warm ;
Lists to the noon-tide hum of busy bees,
Her partner's mellow song, the brook, the breeze ;
These day by day the lonely hours deceive,
From dewy morn, to slow-descending eve.
Two weeks elaps'd, behold a helpless crew !
Claim all her care, and her affection too ;
On wings of love th' assiduous nurses fly,
Flowers, leaves, and boughs, abundant food supply ;
Glad chants their guardian, as abroad he goes,
And waving breezes rock them to repose.

THE FISH-HAWK, OR OSPREY.

"The regular arrival of this noted bird at the vernal equinox, when the busy season of fishing commences, adds peculiar interest to its first appearance, and procures it many a benediction from the fishermen. With the following lines, illustrative of these circumstances, I shall conclude its history" :—

Soon as the sun, great ruler of the year,
Bends to our northern clime his bright career,
And from the caves of ocean calls from sleep
The finny shoals and myriads of the deep ;
When freezing tempests back to Greenland ride,

And day and night the equal hours divide ;
True to the season, o'er our sea-beat shore,
The sailing osprey high is seen to soar,
With broad unmoving wing, and circling slow,
Marks each loose straggler in the deep below ;
Sweeps down like lightning ! plunges with a roar !
And bears his struggling victim to the shore.
The long-housed fisherman beholds with joy,
The well known signals of his rough employ ;
And as he bears his nets and oars along,
Thus hails the welcome season with a song :

The Fisherman's Hymn.

The osprey sails above the Sound,
  The geese are gone, the gulls are flying ;
The herring shoals swarm thick around,
  The nets are launched, the boats are plying.
    Yo ho, my hearts ! let's seek the deep,
      Raise high the song and cheerly wish her ;
    Still as the bending net we sweep,
      'God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher !'

She brings us fish—she brings us Spring,
  Good times, fair weather, warmth and plenty ;
Fine store of shad, trout, herring, ling,
  Sheeps-head and drum, and old wives' dainty.
    Yo ho, my hearts ! let's seek the deep,
      Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
    Still as the bending net we sweep,
      'God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher !'

She rears her young on yonder tree,
  She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em ;
Like us, for fish she sails the sea,
  And, plunging, shows us where to find 'em.

Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
While slow the bending net we sweep,
'God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!'

THE TYRANT FLY-CATCHER, OR KING BIRD.

"Great prejudices are entertained against this little bird; I, however, honour him for his extreme affection for his young; for his contempt of danger, and unexampled intrepidity; for his meekness of behaviour when there are no calls upon his courage; but, above all, for the millions of ruinous vermin of which he rids us! . .

As a friend to this persecuted bird, and an enemy to prejudices of every description, will the reader allow me to set this matter in a somewhat clearer and stronger light, by presenting him with a short poetical epitome of the King-bird's history."

Far in the south, where vast Maragnon flows,
And boundless forests unknown wilds enclose,
Vine-tangled shores and suffocating woods,
Parched up with heat, or drown'd with pouring floods;
Where each extreme alternately prevails,
And nature, sad, the ravages bewails;
Lo! high in air, above those trackless wastes.
With Spring's return, the King-bird hither hastes,
Coasts the famed Gulf, and from his height explores
Its thousand streams, its long indented shores, [Mexico]
Its plains immense, wide op'ning on the day,
Its lakes and isles where feathered millions play.
All tempt not him; till, gazing from on high,
Columbia's regions wide below him lie;
There end his wanderings and his wish to roam,
There lie his native woods, his fields, his home;
Down, circling, he descends from azure heights,
And on a full blown sassafras alights.

Fatigued and silent, for a while he views
His old frequented haunts, and shades recluse,
Sees brothers, comrades, every hour arrive,
Hears humming round the tenants of the hive ;
Love fires his breast, he wooes, and soon is blest,
And in the blooming orchard builds his nest.
Come now, ye cowards ! ye whom Heaven disdains,
Who boast the happiest home, the richest plains ;
On whom, perchance, a wife, an infant's eye,
Hang as their hope, and on your arm rely,
Yet, when the hour of danger and dismay
Comes on that country, sneak in holes away,
Shrink from the perils ye were bound to face,
And leave these babes and country to disgrace ;
Come here, (if such we have) ye dastard herd !
And kneel in dust before this noble bird.

When the specked eggs within his nest appear,
Then glows affection, ardent and sincere ;
No discord sours him when his mate he meets,
But each warm heart with mutual kindness beats ;
For her repast he bears along the lea
The bloated gad-fly and the balmy bee ;
For her repose scours o'er th' adjacent farm,
Whence hawks might dart, or lurking foes alarm,--
For now abroad a band of ruffians prey,
The crow, the cuckoo, and th' insiduous jay ;
These, in the owner's absence, all destroy,
And murder every hope, and every joy.

Soft sits his brooding mate, her guardian he,
Perched on the top of some tall neighb'ring tree ;
Thence, from the thicket to the concave skies,
His watchful eye around unceasing flies.
Wrens, thrushes, warblers, startled at his note,
Fly in affright the consecrated spot ;
He drives the plundering jay, with honest scorn
Back to the woods—the mocker to his thorn ;

Sweeps round the cuckoo, as the thief retreats,
Attacks the crow, the diving hawk defeats,
Darts on the eagle downwards from afar,
And 'midst the clouds, prolongs the whirling war.
All danger o'er, he hastens back elate,
To guard his post, and feed his faithful mate.

Behold him now, his little family flown,
Meek, unassuming, silent, and alone,
Lured by the well-known hum of favourite bees,
As slow he hovers o'er the garden trees ;
(For all have failings, passions, whims, that lead
Some favourite wish, some appetite to feed:)
Straight he alights, and from the pear-tree spies
The circling stream of humming insects rise ;
Selects his prey, darts on the busy brood,
And shrilly twitters o'er his savoury food.

Ah, ill-timed triumph ! direful note to thee,
That guides thy murderer to the fatal tree ;
See where he skulks, and takes his gloomy stand,
The deep-charged musket hanging in his hand,
And, gaunt for blood, he leans it on a rest,
Prepared and pointed at thy snow-white breast.
Ah ! friend, good friend, forbear that barb'rous deed,
Against it, valour, goodness, pity plead ;
If ere a family's griefs, a widow's woe
Have reached thy soul, in mercy let him go !
Yet should the tear of pity nought avail ;
Let interest speak, let gratitude prevail ;
Kill not thy friend, who thy whole harvest shields,
And sweeps ten thousand vermin from thy fields.
Think how this dauntless bird, thy poultry's guard,
Drove ev'ry hawk and eagle from thy yard ;
Watch'd round thy cattle as they fed, and slew
The hungry, black'ning swarms that round them flew ;

Some small return, some little right resign,
And spare his life whose services are thine!
——— I plead in vain! amid the bursting roar
The poor, lost King-bird, welters in his gore.

POETICAL LETTER TO WILLIAM DUNCAN, HIS NEPHEW,

SENECA COUNTY, NEW YORK STATE.

Here, left o'er books and figur'd slates to pore,
While you the wilds of Northern woods explore;
How wide remov'd from social converse sweet!
How parted! haply never more to meet.
Yet, though detain'd by Fate's superior will,
My faithful following heart attends you still;
And borne on Fancy's wings to Northern Lakes,
In all your toils, and all your joys partakes.
I saw, when full equipt with knapsack load,
You and your fellow-pilgrim took the road;
A road immense—yet promised joys so dear,
That toils, and doubts, and danger disappear.
I saw you then, hope sparkling in your eye,
Pierce the deep wood, and scale the mountain high;
Pass where the Lelu rolls her silver tide,
Cross nameless brooks, and streams, and rivers wide;
Now down through dismal swamps pursue your way,
Where pine and hemlocks thick obscure the day;—
Whose mingled tops an hundred feet in air,
The clustering nest of swarming pigeons bear;
Thence climb the rugged mountain's barren side,
Where snorting bears through rustling forests glide;
Where Wilkesbarre's fertile plains extend in view,
And far in front the Allegany blue,

Immensely stretch'd ; while in the vale below
The painted cots and colour'd meadows glow.
Beyond this little town, 'midst fields of grass,
With thoughtful hearts the fatal field you pass,
Where Indian force prevail'd, by murder fir'd,
And warriors brave, by savage hordes expir'd.
Advancing still, the river's course you keep,
And pass the rugged, narrow, dangerous steep ;
Thence vales and mountains rude promiscuous lie,
And wretched huts disgust the passing eye ;
Sure sign of sloth within, that will not toil,
But starves in rags upon the richest soil.
Through Wilhalvossing now your steps you bend,
Where numerous herbs and pastures rich extend ;
But hens and sheep, here lucklessly decay,
To wolves and foxes sly, a nightly prey.
High on the steep that near Tioga soars,
Where deep below the parted river roars,
With cautious steps and throbbing hearts you go,
And eye the gulph profound that yawns below ;
Or from the height sublime, around descry
One waste of woods encircling earth and sky :
Now sunk in hoary woods you scour along,
Rousing the echoes with your jovial song ;
Through scenes where late the skulking Indian trod,
Adorn'd with scalps and smear'd with infants' blood.
See Nature's rudest scenes around you rise,
Observe some ancient trees stupendous size,
Gaze while the startled deer shoots bounding by,
And wish the deadly rifle at your eye ;
Or stop some settler's fertile fields to see,
And say, so our own fields shall shortly be.
  Ten days of tedious toil and marching past,
The long-expected scenes appear at last ;
The Lake thro' chequering trees, extended blue :—
Huzza ! huzza ! Old Seneca's in view ;

With flying hat you hail the glorious spot,
And every toil and every care's forgot.
So when of late we ploughed the Atlantic waves,
And left a land of despots and their slaves;
With hearts o'erjoy'd Columbia's shores we spy'd,
And gave our cares and sorrows to the tide.
Still with success may all your toils be blest,
And this new enterprise crown all the rest;
Soon may your glittering axe with strength applied,
The circling bark from mossy trunks divide.
Or, wheel'd in air, while the deep woods resound,
Bring crashing forests, thundering to the ground.
Soon may your fires in flaming piles ascend,
And girdled trees their wintry limbs extend;
Soon may your oxen clear the root away,
And give the deep black surface to the day;
While fields of richest grain and pasture good,
Shall wave where Indians stray'd and forests stood;
And as you sweat the rustling sheaves among,
Th' adjoining woods shall echo to your song.
These are the scenes of purest joy below,
From these, health, peace, and independence flow;
Blest with the purest air and richest soil,
What generous harvests recompence your toil;
Here no proud lordling lifts his haughty crest,
No scoundrel landlord tramples the opprest,
No thief in black demands his tenth in sheaves,
But man from God abundantly receives.
In rustic dress you cheerful range the woods,
Health makes you gay, and simple manners good;
Society's whole joys your bosoms know,
And Plenty's smiling bliss, without its woe.
Farewell, dear Bill, thy hardy toils pursue;
Keep independence constantly in view;
Fear not success.—If one attempt should fail,
Fate yields when strength and constancy assail.

Store up thy harvests, sow thy winter grain,
Prepare thy troughs the maple's juice to drain.
Then, when the wintry North outrageous blows,
And nought is seen but one wide waste of snows ;
Ascend the fleeting height, and, like the wind,
Sweep o'er the snows and leave the woods behind ;
Along the rugged swamp and mountain high,
'Mid rocks and narrows, make thy horses fly ;
Shoot o'er the Susquehanna's frozen face,
And bleak Wyoming's lofty hills retrace ;
Nor let the hunter's hut, or ven'sons stale,
Or his lov'd bottle, or his wondrous tale
Of bears and deers, thy lingering steps detain,
But swift descend and seek the southern plain.
Here where the clouds of Philadelphia rise,
And little Milestown's scattered village lies ;
Where o'er the road the pointed eagle waves,
And Ralph's good grog the shivering sinner saves,
Here shall thy faithful friend, with choicest store
Of wine and roast-beef, welcome thee once more,
And friendship's social joys shall crown the whole,
'The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.'

EPISTLE TO C. ORR.

From Milestown's fertile fields and meadows clear,
I hail my worthy friend with heart sincere,
And welcome, nay, most pressingly implore,
One friendly visit to my cot once more.
The fairest scenes that ever bless'd the year,
Now o'er our lawns, and woods, and meads appear ;
The richest harvests choke each loaded field,
The fairest fruits our growing orchards yield.
In green and gold, and purple plumes array'd,
The sweetest songsters chant from every shade.

Such boundless plenty, such luxurious stores,
The rosy hand of Nature round us pours.
That every living tribe their powers employ
From morn to eve to testify their joy ;
And pour from meadow, field, and air above,
One general song of gratitude and love.

Come then, dear Orr, the noisy town forsake,
With me a while these rural joys partake ;
Forget your books, your pens, your studious cares,
Come, see the gifts that God for man prepares.
Here, as with me, at morn you range the wood,
Or headlong plunge amid the sparkling flood ;
More vig'rous life your firmer limbs shall brace,
A ruddier glow shall wanton o'er your face ;
A brighter glance re-animate your eye,
Each anxious thought, each fretting care shall fly.
For here, thro' glades, and ev'ry rustling grove,
Sweet peace and rosy health for ever rove !
For you my vines their clustering fruits suspend,
My pinks and roses blow but for my friend ;
For him who joins with elegance and art,
The brightest talents to the warmest heart.

Come then, O come, your burning streets forego,
Your lanes and warfs, where winds infectious blow ;
For deep majestic woods and opening glades,
And shining pools and awe-inspiring shades ;
Where fragrant flowers perfume the air around,
And bending orchards kiss the flowery ground ;
And luscious berries spread a feast for Jove,
And golden cherries stud the boughs above.
Amidst these various sweets, thy rustic friend
Shall to each woodland haunt, thy steps attend ;
His noontide walks, his vine-entwisted bowers,
The old associates of his lonely hours ;

While friendship's converse, generous and sincere,
That mingles joy with joy, and tear with tear ;
Shall fill each heart, and give to mem'ry's eye
Those native shores where fond relations sigh ;
Where War accursed, and haggard Famine howl,
And R[oyal] D[ukes] o'er prostrate millions growl ;
While we, alas ! these mournful scenes retrace,
In climes of plenty, liberty, and peace ;
A mingled flood of joy and grief shall flow,
For this so free, and that so full of woe.

Thus, in celestial bowers, the heavenly train
Escap'd from earth's dark ills and all its pain ;
Talk o'er our scenes of suffering here below,
And drop a tear of pity for our woe.

LOCHWINNOCH.—A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

When in the western main our orb of light,
Sinks slowly down from the advancing night ;
Mute sadness hangs o'er all the lonely earth,
Old gloomy Night leads all her horrors forth ;
Wild howls the dreary waste, where furies roam,
Harsh hated shrieks start from the ruin'd dome ;
Dread Darkness reigns in melancholy state,
And pensive Nature seems to mourn her fate.
Such was the gloom, dear sir, that wrapt my soul,
Such were the thoughts, and such the sighs that stole
From this poor bosom, when, with tearful view,
I bade Edina, and my friend, adieu ;
Bade him adieu, whose kind, engaging art,
Unbounded goodness, and inspiring heart,
Has cheer'd my Muse, and bid her joyous soar,
While Want and Ruin thunder'd at the door.

Long was the way, the weary way to tread,
Stern Fortune frown'd, and ev'ry hope had fled ;
How rush'd reflection on my tortur'd mind,
As slow I went, and sighing gaz'd behind !
Our rural walks, while the gray eastern morn,
Yet faintly breaking, deck'd the dewy thorn ;
Or when link'd arm in arm, we peaceful stray'd
The Meadows round : beneath yon leafy shade
There oft the Muse pursu'd her soaring flight,
While day was sunk, and reign'd the starry night.
Farewell, I cry'd ; a long farewell to you ;
Fate, cruel urges, happy scenes adieu !

But, blest be Heav'n ! when two sad days were past,
I reach'd my peaceful native plains at last ;
Sweet smil'd the Muse to hear the rustics sing,
And fond to rise, she stretch'd her ample wing.
On ev'ry side the blooming landscape glow'd,
Here shepherds whistled, there the cascade flow'd.
Heav'ns ! had I known what gay, delightful scenes,
Of woods, and groves, adorn'd these happy plains ;
Edina's crowds and sooty turrets high,
Should ne'er have cost me one regretting sigh.

Though fair sweet Fortha's banks, tho' rich her plains,
Far nobler prospects claim the Muse's strains.
Fate now has led me to green-waving groves,
Blest scenes of innocence and rural loves ;
Where cloudy smoke ne'er darkens up the sky,
Nor glaring buildings tire the sick'ning eye ;
But spreading meadows wave with flow'ry hay,
And, drown'd in grass, the milky mothers stray ;
While down each vale descends the glitt'ring rill,
And bleating flocks swarm o'er each smiling hill ;
And woody vales, where deep retir'd from sight,
Lone rivers brawl o'er many a horrid height.

If scenes like these can please your roving mind,
Or lend one rapture to my dearest friend ;

All hail! ye sacred Nine, assist my flight,
To spread their beauties open to his sight.

Low, at the foot of huge extended hills,
Whose cloudy tops pour down unnumber'd rills,
And where loud Calder, rushing from the steep,
Roars to the Lake with hoarse resistless sweep,
Lochwinnoch stands, stretch'd on a rising groun';
In bulk, a Village, but in worth a Town.
Here lies your friend, amid as cheerful swains
As e'er trod o'er the fam'd Arcadian plains;
Far from the world retir'd, our only care
In silken gauze to form the flow'rets fair;
To bid beneath our hands, gay blossoms rise,
In all the colours of the changing skies.

Despatch'd to foreign climes, our beauteous toil
Adorn the fair of many a distant isle;
Shield from the scorching heat, or shiv'ring storm,
And fairer deck out Nature's fairest form.

Such our sweet toils, when Peace, with glad'ning smile,
Wraps in her wings our little busy Isle;
But when, loud bellowing, furious from afar,
Is heard the uproar of approaching War,
Britannia rousing, when aspiring foes
Call forth her vengeance and provoke her blows;
Then all the hero in their bosom burns,
Their country calls, and Rage dull Pleasure spurns;
Beneath the throng of many a glitt'ring spear,
In marshall'd lines the fearless youths appear;
The drum resounds — they leave their native shore,
On distant coasts to swell the battle's roar:
There quell the furious foe, or see their homes no more.

But these are harsh extremes; rough labour now
Bathes each firm youth, and hoary parent's brow;
Nought shews, but brisk activity around,
The plough-boy's song, the tradesman's hamm'ring sound.

See ! from yon vale, in huge enormous height,
Glitt'ring with windows on the admiring sight,
The fabric swells—within, ten thousand ways
Ingenious Burns his wondrous art displays :
Wheels turning wheels in mystic throngs appear,
To twist the thread or tortur'd cotton tear,
While toiling wenches' songs delight the list'ning ear.

At little distance, bord'ring on the Lake,
Where blooming shrubs from golden branches, shake
Ambrosial sweets, 'midst shelt'ring coverts high,
Fair Castle Semple glitters on the eye :
As when bright Phœbus, bursts some gloomy shroud,
And glorious issues from the darksome cloud ;
Superbly enters on the empyrean blue,
And shines, reveal'd, to the enraptur'd view ;
So, from the trees, the beauteous structure opes,
Shelter'd with hills, and many a deep'ning copse.
The wond'ring stranger stops t' admire the scene,
The dazzling mansion and the shaven green ;
The fir-top Mount, where brouse the bounding deer,
The Lake adjoining, stretching smooth and clear ;
The long glass hot-house, basking in the rays,
Where nameless blossoms swell beneath the blaze ;
Where India's clime in full perfection glows,
And fruits and flowers o'ercharge the bending boughs.
These, and unnumber'd beauties charm his sight,
And oft he turns, and gazes with delight.

Ye lonely walks, now sinking from the sight,
Now rising easy to the distant height,
Where o'er my head the bending branches close,
And hang a solemn gloom—sedate repose !
Now gen'rous opening, welcomes in the day,
While o'er the road the shadowy branches play.
Hail ! happy spots of quiet and of peace,
Dear fav'rite scenes, where all my sorrows cease !

Where calm Retirement reigns in sober mood,
Lull'd by the songsters of the neighb'ring wood.

Here oft beneath the shade, I lonely stray,
When Morning opes, or Evening shuts the day ;
Or when, more black than night, Fate stern appears,
With all his train of pale despairing fears.
The winding walks, the solitary wood,
The uncouth grotto, melancholy rude ;
My refuge these, th' attending Muse to call,
Or in Pope's lofty page to lose them all.

But what, my friend, would all these scenes avail,
The walks meand'ring, or the stretching dale,
The wood-clad mountain, or the sounding streams,
The harvest waving in the glowing beams ;
What all the pomp of Nature or of Art,
If Heaven had harden'd the proud owner's heart ?
And is it so ye ask ? Ah, no, my friend :
Far other motives swell his generous mind ;
He lives, he reigns, belov'd in every soul,
Our wants and hardships through his bosom roll.
Those he alleviates with a parent's care,
And these, by him spread forth, disperse in air.

When late pale Trade, wrapt up in yellow weeds,
With languid looks, seem'd to forsake our meads ;
When, for her sons, stern Paisley sole confin'd
The web to finish, or the woof to wind ;
Thro' all the village desolation reign'd
And deep distress each cheek with sorrow stain'd :
Oh ! may these eyes ne'er gaze on such a scene,
Ne'er may I listen to such woes again :
Here mourn'd a father for his labour gone,
Survey'd his babes and heav'd a bitter groan ;
The weeping maid, tho' blest with blooming charms,
Saw now her lover forced to quit her arms ;
While silence hung, and melancholy gloom,
Thro' each lone shop, and o'er each useless loom.

Our mis'ries reached his ear; his manly breast
Felt for our woes, nor e'en the tear supprest ;
He bade us hope, nor were our hopes in vain ;
Soon welcome news surpris'd each grateful swain.
Hope smil'd propitious, ev'ry shop resum'd,
New heart and soul, tho' late to ruin doom'd;
The sounding shuttle sweeps from side to side,
Swift o'er the beam the finish'd flow'rings glide ;
Songs soothe our toil, and pour the grateful flame,
And ev'ry tongue reveres the patriot's name.

From scenes like these, let Pride disdainful turn,
And Malice hiss, and squinting Envy burn ;
But, when entomb'd, the worthy patriot lies,
And his rapt soul has gain'd her native skies,
Such deeds as these shall aggrandize his name,
While they lie buried in eternal shame.

From Clyde's fair river to the western shore,
Where smoky Saltcoats braves the surges' roar ;
A range of hills extend, from whose each side,
Unnumber'd streams in headlong fury ride ;
Aloft in air their big blue backs are lost,
Their distant shadows black'ning all the coast ;
High o'er their proudest peaks, oft hid in show'rs,
The imperious Misty-Law superior tow'rs ;
Spiry at top, o'erclad with purpling heath,
Wide he looks round o'er Scotia's plains beneath.
The Atlantic main that opens on the west,
Spotted with isles, that crowd its liquid breast ;
Hills heapt on hills support the northern sky,
Far to the east the Ochills hugely lie.
How vast around the boundless prospect spreads,
Blue rivers rolling through their winding beds :
Black waving woods, fields glowing on the eye,
And hills, whose summits hide them in the sky.
Still farther would I gaze with rapture blest,
But bending clouds hang down and hide the rest.

Descending from the hill's o'erhanging head,
Bare moors below uncomfortably spread.
Here stray the hardy sheep, in scatter'd flocks,
Nibbling thro' furze, and grim projecting rocks ;
Strangers to shelter from bleak Winter's form,
His loudest blasts they brave, and bitterest storm ;
By human hands untouch'd save when the swain
Drives to the crowded hut the bleating train ;
Shears off the matted fleece with gleeful haste,
And sends them naked to the lonely waste.

Here, as the shepherd ranges o'er the heath,
The speckled adder sweeps across his path,
Or lies collected in the sun's bright beams,
Or wriggles forward to the distant streams ;
But sudden caught, in vain the felon flies,
He feels the scourging crook, and stretch'd and gaping dies.

Near the bleak border of these lonely moors,
Where o'er the brook the mossy margin low'rs,
'Midst clust'ring trees and sweet surrounding dells,
In rural cot a rustic poet dwells ;
Unknown to him the dull elab'rate rules,
And mazy doctrines of pedantic Schools :
Yet genius warms his breast with noble fire,
And the rapt Muse seems eager to inspire.
High on the herby hill, while morning smiles,
And shoots her beams along the distant isles,
Cheerful he sits, and gazing o'er the plain,
In native language, pours his jocund strain ;
"How bonny morning speels the eastlin lift,
An' waukens lads an' lassies to their thrift ;
Gars lavrocks sing and canty lamies loup,
And me mysel' croon cheary on my doup ;"
Or oft, rejoic'd he sings how best to rear
Big swelling roots, the peasant's homely chear,
When drown'd with milk, amid the pot they're prest,
Or mealy, bursting fill his brawny fist ;

How the deep bog or wat'ry marsh to drain,
And bid bare hillocks groan with bending grain.
These are the themes that oft engage his Muse,
Swell his full breast and stretch his wid'ning views;
While wond'ring shepherds, as they round him throng,
Survey the hoary bard, and bless th' instructing song.

When harvest's o'er, his last, his sweetest toil,
And ev'ry barn contains the rustling spoil;
When Winter growls along the frozen lakes,
And whit'ning snows descend in silent flakes;
When all without is drear, and keen-blown frost
Has each hard foot-step on the road embost;
Led by the pale-faced moon o'er drifted plains,
From many a cottage trudge the neighb'ring swains,
To hear his tale, and round his glowing hearth
To pass the night in innocence and mirth.

Retired from towns, from scenes of guilt and strife,
How blessed, poor shepherds, your untroubled life!
No deep black schemes employ your jocund hour,
Like birds of prey, each other to devour.
The milky flocks throng nibbling o'er the steep,
The tinkling brooks, that sweetly lull to sleep;
The warbling bank, the dewy morn's pale light,
While mists rise slowly from each neighb'ring height,
The lark's shrill song, the blackbird's wilder airs,
These are your pleasures, these your happy cares.

Down from this spreading moor with gath'ring force,
Impetuous Calder leaves his marshy source:
Through deep sunk vales and rude resisting rocks,
His furious current raves, and thundering smokes;
While swift he pours along in foamy pride,
Huge massive bulwarks rise on either side;
Rocks grimly low'ring o'er the darkened stream,
Hollow'd with caves where ne'er peept Phœbus' beam.
Here, in red clusters, hang the juicy rown,

There sun-burnt nuts depress the hazel down ;
High on yon rock the luscious berries swarm,
Yet mock the efforts of the straining arm :
So when some poet wand'ring through the street,
If chance a sav'ry smell his nostrils meet,
Sudden he stops—looks round on some cook's stall,
And eager gazes—but a look's his all.

Wild scenes, my friend, now rush upon my sight,
Of woods hung branching from the impending height ;
Of rude romantic clifs, where high in air,
The fleet-wing'd hawk protects her clam'rous care ;
Of Calder, winding through the deep-sunk vale,
'Midst trees embosom'd from the ruffling gale ;
Impatient now thro' op'ning banks to roam,
Now rushing o'er the rock a stream of foam ;
Now stealing deep, where stretch'd from side to side,
The bellying arch reclin'd arrests the tide,
While down the dizzy brink resistless fleet,
The river rolls in one wide glitt'ring sheet.

Adjoining this, midst bord'ring reeds and fens,
The lengthen'd Lake its glossy flood extends ;
Slow stealing on with lazy silent pace,
The Peel lone rising from its wat'ry face.
Here stalks the heron, gazing in the lake,
The snowy swan and party-colour'd drake ;
The bittern lone, that shakes the solid ground,
While thro' still midnight groans the hollow sound ;
The noisy goose, the teal, in black'ning trains,
And long-bill'd snipe that knows approaching rains ;
Wild fowl unnumber'd, here continual rove,
Explore the deep or sail the waves above.

When Harvest loads the fields with shocks of grain,
And heaps of hay bestud the marshy plain,
Then have I seen the clouds tumultuous rise,
Huge from the south, grim dark'ning all the skies.

Then howl'd the blust'ring wind, the lashing rain
In streaming torrents, pour'd along the plain ;
Down from the steep, swell'd brown from shore to shore,
O'er rocks enormous with rethund'ring roar
Hoarse Calder dash'd—the Lake a sea appears,
And down, at once, the bord'ring harvest bears ;
Wheat, hay, and oats, float o'er the boiling tide,
And, lost for ever, down the current ride.
Plung'd to the middle in the swelling waves,
See swains, half-drown'd, drag out the dripping sheaves ;
While on the brink the farmer stands forlorn,
And takes his last sad look of the departing corn.

But hark ! fierce Boreas blows, keen from the hills,
The frost severe enchains the trickling rills ;
Wide o'er the Lake a glossy pavement spreads,
Snow robes the fields, and heaps the mountain's heads ;
Scarce o'er yon southern hill the sun appears,
Feeble his rays, far from our sight he wears.
How chill the air ! how vehement the storm !
Bleak Winter growls and shakes his hoary form.

Seasons like these, ne'er damp the glowing veins
Of rugged Scotia's hardy native swains ;
Forth to the ice our little village pours,
In healthy sports to pass the shiv'ring hours.
On fleeting skates some skim its glitt'ring face,
In swift excursion or meand'ring chase ;
While in black crowds the curlers throng around,
Men, stones, and besoms, thund'ring up the sound.

Nor is our pleasure less when Spring appears,
And Sol again the changing landscape chears :
With pausing step to trace the murm'ring brook,
And o'er the stream display the purling hook ;
While from each bush the feather'd warblers rove,
And soothe the soul to sacred peace and love.

Or as at sober silent eve we walk
With the sweet fair, engag'd in harmless talk,
The raptur'd heart enjoys a conscious glow,
Which care can't damp or gaudy wealth bestow.

Farewell my friend! for me no more repine;
Peaceful I live, ah! were my bliss but thine!
Through these wild banks together could we stray,
Or range the wood, to shun the sultry day;
Nor care nor pain could then my peace destroy,
And thy dear Muse would double ev'ry joy:
But since we're doomed far sever'd to remain,
Since murm'ring swells, but never soothes our pain;
Hence! ye vain wishes—Friendship, heav'nly glow,
Best, choicest bliss bestow'd on man below,
Shall reign united, with triumphant pride,
Tho' kingdoms, seas, and half the world divide.

MORNING.

SCENE.—A BARN.

> My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
> And find no spot of all the world my own,
>
> GOLDSMITH.

HAIL! ye drear shadows, willing I approach
Once more to join you, from my humble couch;
Welcome, ye friendly shades, ye kindred glooms!
More do I love you than the wealthy's rooms.
The dark, damp walls—the roof scarce cover'd o'er,
The wind wild whistling thro' the cold barn-door:
Those, like myself, are hung in ragged state,
And this seems shrilly to deplore my fate.

Far from a home, Fate has my lot design'd,
A lot inglorious, and a lot unkind;

No friend at hand to bless my list'ning ear,
No kind companion to dispel my care ;
No coin to level round the flowing bowl,
And in dark shades, to wrap the welt'ring soul ;
If that is bliss, 'twas what I never miss'd,
And were it all, I'd rather be unbless'd.

But, come, thou cheerer of my frowning hours,
Native of heav'n, adorn'd with blooming flow'rs ;
Thou, who oft deigns the shepherd's breast to warm,
As on the steep he feeds his fleecy swarm ;
Sublimes his soul, thro' Nature vast to soar,
Her works to view, to wonder and adore.
Tho' Fortune frown, and writhing Envy hiss,
Be thou, O Poetry, my pride, my bliss ;
My source of health—Misfortune's adverse spear,
My joy hereafter, and my pleasure here.

While yet sad Night sits empress of the sky,
And o'er the world dark shades confus'dly lie ;
Forth let me stray along the dew-wet plains,
While all air echoes with the lark's loud strains.
With lonely step I'll seek the gloomy shade
Of yon wide oak, half bending o'er the glade ;
Here let me rest, unseen by human eye,
And sing the beauties of the dawning sky.

How still is all around ! far on yon height
The new-wak'd hind has struck a glimm'ring light ;
Hush'd is the breeze, while high the clouds among
The early lark pours out her thrilling song ;
Springs from the grassy lea, or rustling corn,
Tow'rs thro' dull night and wakes the coming morn.
And see ! sweet Morning comes, far in the East,
Pale lustre shedding o'er the mountain's breast ;
Slow is her progress, unobserv'd her pace,
She comes increasing, and she comes with grace ;

The dewy landscape opens to the eye :
Far to the West the gloomy vapours fly,
Instant awake, the feather'd tribes arise,
Sport thro' the grove, or warble in the skies ;
Blithe and exulting with refreshen'd glee,
From ev'ry bush and ev'ry dropping tree.

In sullen silence to her ancient home,
Where close shut up she doses all day long,
The hermit owl, slow takes her gloomy way,
And frets and grudges at th' approach of day.
The bat, the busiest of the midnight train
That wing the air, or sulky tread the plain,
Sees Morning open on each field and bow'r,
And ends her mazes in yon ruined tow'r.

Now is the time, while joy and song prevail,
To spurn dull sleep and brush the flow'ry dale ;
To climb the height of some hill's airy brow,
Where woods shoot branching from the cliffs below ;
Where some clear brook winds in the vale profound,
And rich the landscape spreads immense around ;
While, under foot, gay crimson'd daisies peep,
And shepherd's clubs hang nodding o'er the steep ;
There, on the downy turf, at ease reclin'd,
Invite the Muse to aid your teeming mind ;
Then shall grim Care, with all his furies fly,
As sulky Night speeds from the dawning sky,
And your calm breast enjoy a rapt'ring glow,
Which wealth or indolence can ne'er bestow.

Let boist'rous drunkards at th' approach of day,
In stagg'ring herds forth from the tavern stray ;
Stand, belching oaths, and nauseous streams of wine,
Less men resembling, than the grov'lling swine.
The cit, with pride and sordid meanness bred,
His be the privilege to snore in bed ;

No knowledge gaining from the changing skies,
But just his bed-time and his time to rise.

Mine be the bliss to hail the purpling dawn,
To mark the dew-drops glitt'ring o'er the lawn :
Thrice happy period, when amid the throng
Of warbling birds, I join the grateful song ;
Or wand'ring, thoughtful, near the bubbling stream,
Or wrapt in fancy by the early beam ;
Each gives a joy, an inward, reigning bliss,
Pen can't describe, nor lab'ring tongue express.

O thou dread Pow'r ! Thou Architect divine !
Who bids these seasons roll, those myriads shine ;
Whose smile decks Nature in her loveliest robe,
Whose frown shakes terror o'er th' astonish'd globe,
To Thee I kneel ; still deign to be a friend,
Accept my praise, and pardon where I've sinn'd ;
Inspire my thoughts, make them unsullied flow,
To see Thy goodness in Thy works below ;
That whether Morning gilds the sky serene,
Or golden Day beams o'er the blooming plain,
Or dewy Ev'ning chears, while Philo sings,
Or ancient Night out-spreads her raven wings ;
Whether soft breezes curl along the flood,
Or madd'ning tempests bend the roaring wood ;
Rejoic'd, adoring, I may view the change,
And, while on Fancy's airy plumes I range,
Collect calm Reason ; awe-struck eye their ways,
And join the chorus, since they sound Thy praise.

EVENING.—AN ODE.

Now day departing in the West,
With gaudy splendor lures the eye ;
The sun, declining, sinks to rest,
And Evening overshades the sky.

And is the green extended lawn,
The waving grove, the flow'ry mead,
The charms of hill and dale withdrawn,
And all their blooming beauties hid ?

They are—but lift aloft thine eye,
Where all these sparkling glories roll ;
Those mighty wonders of the sky,
That glad and elevate the soul.

Day's undisguis'd effulgent blaze
Adorns the mead, or mountain blue ;
But night amid her train, displays
Whole worlds revolving to the view.

Lone Contemplation, musing deep,
This vast, stupendous vault explores,
These rolling orbs, the roads they keep ;
And Night's great Architect adores.

Nor mourns the absent glare of day,
The glitt'ring mead, or warbler's song ;
For what are birds, or meadows gay,
To all that dazzling, starry throng.

So when the saint's calm eve draws nigh,
With joy the voice of Death he hears ;
Heav'n opes upon his wond'ring eye,
And Earth's poor vision disappears.

THE RETURN OF SPRING: A SONG.

TUNE,—"Happy Clown."

COME, join with me, ye rural swains,
And wake the reed to cheerful strains;
Since Winter now has fled our plains,
With all his rueful store:
No more the frowning, blust'ring sky,
From Greenland's dreary mountains high,
(Where worlds of ice tumultuous lie,)
Extends the mighty roar.

With dark'ning rage o'er yon rude Forth,
No more the chill, bleak-breathing North;
Grim throws the fleecy tempest forth,
Thick thro' the black'ning sky;
Till o'er each hill and sullen vale,
An universal white prevail;
And deep beneath the snowy veil,
The sad creation lie.

The hoary tyrant now has fled,
Young blooming Spring our fields o'erspread;
Hope, wealth, and joy, are by her led,—
An all-enliv'ning train.
Along yon dale, or daisied mead,
Soon as young Morn uplifts her head;
The hind yokes in the willing steed,
Blithe whistling o'er the lawn.

The stately grove and thick'ning Wood,
That Winter's frowning blasts withstood;
Unfold the verdant leafy brood,
High-waving in the air.

While o'er the mountain's grassy steep,
Are heard the tender bleating sheep;
Around the wanton lambkins leap,
At once their joy and care.

Amid the bow'r, with woodbines wove,
Throughout the flower-enamell'd grove,
The humming bees unwearied rove,
Gay blooming sweets among;
The chearful birds of varied hue,
Their sweet meand'ring notes pursue;
High soars the lark, and lost to view,
Pours forth his grateful song.

The wand'ring brook, the glitt'ring rill,
The cuckoo's note heard from the hill,
The warbling thrush and blackbird shrill;
Inspire with rapt'rous glee.
Then join the choir, each nymph and swain,
Thro' ev'ry grove, and flow'ry plain;
Till hills resound the joyful strain,
Harmonious to each tree.

LINES WRITTEN ON A SUMMER EVENING.

Now Day's bright orb has left our lonely sphere,
No more the flocks, no more the flowers appear;
But still and slow descend the balmy dew,
And Earth's dark surface with their moisture strew.
Night comes apace, faint gleams the western day,
Hoarse screams th' corn-craik from the dewy hay;

Crawl'd from yon ruins, where she shuns the light,
The flutt'ring bat begins her mazy flight.
All æther's hush'd, no other sound I hear,
Save some lone stream slow-murm'ring on my ear.
But, see, the moon, deep-flush'd, with paler light,
Of clouds disrob'd, dispels the pitchy night;
With rising splendor brightens to the view,
Gay, rolling onward through th' Olympian blue;
The stars surrounding, sparkle on the eye,
And Night in solemn pomp o'erspreads the sky;
My heart exults at such a scene as this,
And feels emotions words can ne'er express.

THUNDER-STORM.

Hot Summer reign'd, and the bright orb of day
High overhead roll'd on his cloudless way;
No rains appear'd to cheer the parchèd earth,
Nor dewy evenings swell'd the oaten birth;
Nor cooling breezes, curl'd along the streams,
Where youths repair'd, to shun the scorching beams;
Ten thousand insects swarm the sultry air,
Crowd in each room, and haunt us ev'rywhere;
While, mute, the warblers to the groves retreat,
And seek the shade, to shun the burning heat.
Two sick'ning months had thus roll'd joyless by,
While Heat reign'd tyrant from the vaulted sky;
Again the sun rose in the flaming East,
And pour'd his rays o'er earth and ocean's breast;
But ere yon high meridian he had gain'd,
Surrounding clouds his dark'ning visage stain'd;
Clouds pil'd on clouds, in dismal, huge array,
Swell from the south, and blot the face of day.

O'er the bleak sky a threat'ning horror spreads,
The brooks brawl hoarser from their distant beds :
The coming storm, the woodland natives view,
Stalk to the caves, or seek the sheltering yew ;
There, pensive droop, and eye the streaming rain,
While light'ning sweeps, and thunder shakes the plain.
  Dire is the fate of the old wand'ring swain,
Who sees the storm, and hurries o'er the plain ;
The plain, far waste, unknown to human tread,
The gloom, fast mingling, dismal o'er his head ;
No cottage near, to shield his hoary age,
All earth denies him refuge from its rage.
'Tis black around ; swift from the threat'ning skies,
A sudden flash darts on his startl'd eyes ;
Trembling he stops, but how aghast his soul,
When bursting, harsh, rebounding thunders roll !
The loud'ning roar confounds his tortur'd ear,
His distant friends call forth the briny tear ;
Till (hapless swain !) the fiery bolt of death,
Extends him lifeless o'er the with'ring heath.
  The low-hung clouds, broke by this mighty sound
Pour down a deluge, o'er the gaping ground ;
Each slate, each tile, teems with a streaming rill ;
Thick falls the clattering torrent, thicker still,
While thro' the wat'ry element, the flash
Of vivid light'ning, blazes on the sash ;
While follows, slow, the loud tremendous roar,
As heav'n itself was in dread fragments tore.
Down hurls the boiling brook, hush'd is the breeze,
Brooks rise to rivers, rivers swell to seas—
Smooth-gliding Cart, theme of my infant song,
Swell'd, broad and brown, resistless pours along,
In winding majesty, where Damon's dome,
Half launch'd, detains big whit'ning hills of foam ;
Then raves, loud thund'ring o'er the ragged rocks,
Sweeps headlong down tumult'ous planks and blocks,
While crowds of millers gaze and tear their dusty locks.

Thus foaming Cartha swells from shore to shore,
While distant counties listen to her roar.
Lone, on her banks, the rain-soak'd fisher strays,
Intent and mindless of th' involvèd rays ;
Tho' the bleak heav'ns emit their wat'ry store
With rapid force, and lash the foamy shore ;
Calm and undaunted, 'mongst his lines he works,
And thro' red light'ning eyes the floating corks.
Slow pass'd the day, till dreadful night o'erspread
A dismal darkness o'er each mortal's head ;
No moon appear'd, no star beam'd to the eye,
Uproar rav'd monarch thro' the affrighted sky ;
Stern thunder storm'd imperious from his throne,
Hail furious flew, and sweepy light'ning shone.
Shrunk to the close recesses of the room,
Assembled neighbours sat, in solemn gloom ;
All eye, to catch the frequent startling flash,
All ear, when roar'd the awe-impressing crash ;
Fear sat on ev'ry brow, and Guilt, distrest,
Believed each bolt directed to his breast.
Kind is that Pow'r Whose dread commanding voice,
Lulls the loud tempest's wild discordant noise.
With us He bids best blessings long delay,
While harsh disasters post in speed away.
Soon as young Morn gain'd on the sulky Night,
A beauteous prospect met th' enraptur'd sight :
The pearly dew-drops twinkl'd on the spray,
And larks, ascending, welcom'd in the day ;
Bright Phœbus, ush'ring from his wat'ry bed,
Superbly rose and cheer'd the drooping mead ;
Fleet fled the shades of night, wak'd from the grove,
Glad chant the birds, soft coos the hermit dove ;
High from the blue expanse his glory pours,
Boundless abroad, and dyes the glitt'ring flow'rs ;
Lambs dance, and brooks melodious, murm'ring run,
Creation smiles, and hails the glorious sun.

THE TEARS OF BRITAIN.

> Princes and Peers may flourish or may fade;
> A breath can make them, as a breath hath made;
> But a bold peasantry, their Country's pride,
> When once destroy'd can never be suppli'd.
>
> DESERTED VILLAGE.

ALOFT on the verge of the wide stormy flood,
The genius of Britain disconsolate stood;
Fast heav'd her sad heart, while she gaz'd down beneath,
On armies, and navies, and victims of death;
Her best sons departing beneath ev'ry sail,
And War's loud'ning shrieks rising fast on the gale;
Joy chear'd not her bosom, Hope soothed her no more,
And thus in deep grief she was heard to deplore,

'Far fled from my country, where woes never cease,
Far fled are the comforts and presence of Peace!
Slow, mournfully-rising, with tears in her eye,
I saw the sweet goddess ascending on high;
Hope, Commerce, and Wealth, followed sad in her train,
And Pity, that soothes the deep sorrows of Pain;
All fled from the heart-sinking battle's loud roar,
And lost, amid horrors, I saw them no more.

'O why from my shores were they forc'd to depart?
What arm can the scourge of Destruction avert?
'Midst famine, and slaughter, must Britons still mourn?
Will Peace, precious Peace, to our isle ne'er return?
Alas! when the madness of Party is past,
When we with our country lie murder'd and waste,
She then, when the dread devastation is o'er,
May come—but will smile on the prospect no more.

'Blest Peace! best companion of mortals below,
Fair daughter of Heav'n! sweet soother of woe!
Thou kind nurse of Science! Art's glory and boast,
O how art thou banish'd, neglected, and lost!

No ray left of hope to point out thy return,
No comfort, but long thy departure to mourn ;
While Want is wild heard round each dwelling to growl,
And dark hopeless Mis'ry sinks deep o'er each soul.

'What eye without tears can the ruin survey,
That wide o'er my country fast urges its way !
The huge domes of industry, rear'd in such haste,
Unfinish'd and useless, lie dreary and waste ;
Sore harass'd, and worn with despondence and care,
The poor Manufacturer yields to despair ;
Discharges his workmen, in mis'ry to wail,
And sinks 'mid the comfortless glooms of a jail.

'Down yonder rough beach, where the vessels attend,
I see the sad emigrants slowly descend ;
Compell'd by the weight of oppression and woe,
Their kindred, and native, and friends to forego.
In these drooping crowds that depart every day,
I see the true strength of the State glide away ;
While countries, that hail the glad strangers to shore,
Shall flourish when Britain's proud pomp is no more.

'Her towns are unpeopl'd, her commerce decay'd,
And shut up are all her resources of trade :
The starving mechanic, bereav'd of each hope,
Steals pensively home from his desolate shop ;
Surveys with an anguish words ne'er can express,
The pale sighing partner of all his distress ;
While round them, imploring, their little ones meet,
And crave from their mama a morsel to eat.

'From weeping relations, regardlessly torn,
Her unthinking youths to the battle are borne ;
There, train'd amid slaughter and ruin to wade,
They toil in the heart-steeling, barbarous trade.
What crowds, hurried on by the terrible call,
Pale, ghastly, and blood-covered carcases fall !
Earth heaves with the heaps, still resigning their breath,
And friends, foes, and kindred, lie wallowing in death.

'Ah were they but doom'd to one misery to yield!
But nameless, alas, are the deaths of the field;
Grim hollow-ey'd Famine bereaves them of bread,
And scarce can the living deposite their dead,
By hardships, disease, and an inclement sky,
In thousands they sicken, and languish, and die;
Unpitied, and cast amid heaps of the brave,
With scarce one companion to sigh o'er their grave.

'Old ocean, that bore home her treasures from far,
Now growls with the thunder and horrors of War;
There Plunderers, licens'd to murder and prey,
Bear half of our riches, unquestion'd, away;
While tow'ring in terrible pomp o'er the main,
The bulwarks of Britain are roaving in vain,
In search of acquirements that (justly to rate)
But serve to depress and embarass the State.

'From Indian's wide-spreading, remote, sultry shore,
The long-absent seaman steers homeward once more;
Encounters, unwearied, the waves and the gale,
His dear smiling wife, and his children to hail.
But never, alas, shall the poor friendless train
Behold their belov'd benefactor again;
In sight of his country he's dragged forth anew,
And England for ever recedes from his view.

'These woes, horrid War! thou unmerciful fiend!
These woes are the shades that thy footsteps attend.
Arous'd by the call of Ambition and Pride,
Thou wakes, and the earth with destruction is dy'd.
The red blazing city enlight'ning the air,
The shrieks of distraction, the groans of despair,
Remorseless as hell thou behold'st with delight,
While Pity, far distant, turns pale at the sight.

'Shall then such a monster, a fiend so accurs'd,
By Britons be welcom'd, embosom'd, and nurs'd?
Shall they, on whose prudence and mercy we rest,
Be deaf to the cries of a nation distrest?

Yes !—scorn'd for a while my poor children may mourn,
Contemn'd and neglected, depress'd and forlorn ;
Till bursting the bands of oppression, they soar
Aloft from the dust, to be trampled no more.

'High o'er Valenciennes, engulphed amid flame,
(The glory of Gallia, of despots the shame)
The wide-waving flag of Germania may flow,
And Tyranny shout o'er the horrors below ;
But Liberty, radiant, immortal, looks down
On millions of heroes whose hearts are her own ;
Who, sworn her defenders, will stand to their trust,
When towns yet unconquer'd are sunk in the dust.

'When rights are insulted, and justice deni'd,
When his country is threaten'd, his courage defied ;
When tyrants denounce, and each vassal prepares,
'Tis then that the soul of the Briton appears :
Appears in the stern resolution reveal'd,
To rescue his country or sink in the field ;
Indignant he burns the proud foe to pursue,
And conquest or death are the objects in view.

'Were these then the causes that rous'd us to wrath,
To fury and madness, to uproar and death ?
Was Britain insulted, was justice refus'd,
Her honour, her quiet, or interest abus'd ?
Thou Being Supreme ! Who, in spite of each art,
Canst mark undisguis'd ev'ry thought of the heart,
Thou know'st the dark motives that urg'd them full well,
Thou know'st, and the ghosts of the murder'd will tell.

'O scheme most accurs'd ! pale Want and Distress
Call'd up, the resources of truth to repress !
A country laid prostrate, starv'd, butcher'd each day,
That vultures, unscar'd, on its vitals may prey !
Heaven frowns on such madness, that rising divine,
Aloft the great sun of fair Freedom may shine,
Bright, blazing, and boundless ; till loud every shore
Resound, that the reign of Corruption is o'er.

'Soon, soon will the tempest that thunders around,
This unshielded bosom most fatally wound ;
And soon may the mighty promoters of woe
Desist, in the dust of submission laid low :
But, ah ! what submission, repentance, or pain ?
What treaties can call up the souls of the slain ?
Can comfort Affliction, or soothe the sad cares
Of parents, and widows, and orphans in tears ?

'These shouts that I hear from yon wide western plains,
Where distant Hibernia lies panting in chains ;
Those pale bleeding corpses, thick strew'd o'er the ground,
Those law-sanctioned heroes triumphing around ;
These speak in the voice of the loud-roaring flood,
And write this stern lesson in letters of blood :
Oppression may prosecute, Force bend the knee,
But free is that nation that wills to be free.

'Ye then who imperiously hold it at will,
The blood and the treasures of Britons to spill ;
While Mis'ry implores, while such dangers impend,
While all is at stake, oh ! in mercy attend !
Let War, the sad source of these sorrows, soon cease,
And bless a poor Land with the comforts of Peace :
Her commerce and credit to heal and restore,
Or Britain will fade, to reflourish no more.'

She ceas'd ; the sad tribute of tears follow'd fast,
While bleak low'r'd the heavens, and loud rose the blast ;
Ascending in flashes the steep eastern sky,
The deep-rolling horrors of battle drew nigh ;
A thick gloomy darkness, of mis'ry and dread,
Fell dismal, and Britain's lone regions o'erspread ;
And nought could be seen but the lightning's pale glow,
Or heard, but the shrieks and the wailings of woe.

EPISTLE TO MR. DAVID BRODIE.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

Stain'd with the guilt of man's continued crimes,
The parting Year prepares to wing its way ;
To join the concourse of departed times,
And wait the summons of the final Day.

Its sad egress no crimson'd clouds bewail,
Nor tuneful bird its parting moment cheers ;
But silent, wrapt in Winter's gloomiest veil,
It leaves us trembling at the load it bears.

Far distant, in an inn's third flat uprear'd,
The sheet, beneath a glim'ring taper spread ;
While o'er the shadowy walls no sound is heard,
Save Time's slow, constant, momentary tread,

Here, lone I sit—and will you, Sir, excuse,
My midnight strain, while, feebly as she can,
Inspiring Silence bids the serious Muse
Survey the transient bliss pursu'd by man ?

Deluded man ! for him Spring paints the fields,
For him warm Summer rears the rip'ning grain ;
He grasps the bounty that rich Autumn yields,
And counts those trifles as essential gain.

For him, indeed, those lesser blessings flow,
Yet why so fleeting, why so short their stay ?
To teach poor mortals, what they first should know,
That all is transient as the passing day.

Short is the period since green smil'd the wood,
And flow'rs ambrosial bath'd my morning path ;
Sweet was the murm'ring of the glitt'ring flood,
Glad roam'd the flocks along th' empurpled heath.

With conscious joy I hail'd the rosy scene,
And join'd in concert with the woodland throng ;
Stretch'd by the hazel bank, or sunny plain,
Where answ'ring echo warbl'd out the song.

Delightful times, but ah ! how short their stay !
Stript was the foliage from each flow'r and tree ;
Grim growling Winter veil'd the joyless day,
And roar'd imperious o'er the hail-beat lea.

Where now the fragrance of the howling wood ?
Or what the pleasures we from morn can taste ?
The snow-clad banks, the big brown roaring flood,
The bleak wind whistling o'er the drifted waste.

'Tis thus, dear sir, in Life's delusive dream,
We fondly sport till Youth's wild act is o'er ;
Till Age, till Death, steals on, in sullen stream,
And wordly bubbles charm the soul no more.

But, hark ! the sullen midnight tempest roars ;
Loud o'er my sireless dome it wildly howls ;
Th' adjoining ocean, thro' her rocky shores,
Majestic groans, and swells the mingled growls.

The shiv'ring Muse has fled my frozen frame,
And shouts of riot strike my list'ning ear ;
In sinking, mounting, sad inconstant flame,
My candle's ending with the ending year.

Adieu, my friend ! may success, health, and peace
Crown your each year, and ev'ry labour too ;
And sure, if virtuous worth claims human praise,
Fate still in keeping holds a wreath for you.

Fraught with fresh blessings be this coming year ;
And should some fav'ring period of its reign
Admit my steps, rejoic'd I'll homeward steer,
And hail your mansion, and my friend again.

ADDRESS TO CALDER BANKS.

Ye hoary rocks, ye woody cliffs that rise
Unwieldy, jutting o'er the brawling brook ;
Ye louring steeps, where hid the adder lies,
Where sleeps the owl, and screams the sable rook.

Ye rev'rend trunks, that spread your leafy arms
To shield the gloom, that dark'ning swells below ;
Ye nameless flow'rs, ye busy-wingèd swarms ;
Ye birds that warble, and ye streams that flow.

Say, ye blest scenes of solitude and peace,
Strayed e'er a bard along this hermit shore ?
Did e'er his pencil your perfection trace ?
Or did his Muse to sing your beauties soar ?

Has oft at early morn and silent eve,
Responsive echo stole athwart the trees ?
While easy-laid beside the glitt'ring wave,
The shepherd sung, his list'ning Fair to please.

Alas ! methinks the weeping rocks around,
And the lone stream, that murmurs far below ;
And trees and caves, with solemn hollow sound,
Breathe out one mournful, melancholy 'No.'

THE SHEPHERDESS' DREAM.

FOUNDED ON A FACT.

Where Lorn's wild hills, in lonely grandeur rise
From th' Atlantic shore, till lost amid the skies ;
Immensely throwing,—while young Morning smiles,—
Their dark'ning shadows o'er the distant isles ;
Here, near the border of a ragged wood,
The young Maria's rural cottage stood.

Soon as the night to western skies was borne,
And early cock proclaim'd the op'ning morn ;
Forth stray'd the blooming maid, with all her train
Of bleaters, nibbling o'er th' empurpl'd plain.
High on the summit's brow, or braky glen,
Or heathy dale, or near the grassy fen,
Or on the hill, they fed where blue bells hung
Their nodding heads ; high thron'd the sweet lark sung,
While rocks around, with lows and bleatings rung.
Here stray'd the shepherdess, while blazing day
Awoke the warbling choir and flow'rets gay.
Deep in the shade she shunn'd the sultry air,
Or kept from startling sweep her milky care ;
Till in the sea bright Phœbus' chariot roll'd,
Then, singing, wore them homewards to the fold.
Near her lone cottage rose the rugged shore,
Where foaming billows rav'd with ceaseless roar ;
High, grim, and dreadful, hung the gloomy steep,
And tower'd black-threat'ning o'er the low-sunk deep.
And now 'twas night,—the maid in bed reclin'd ;
The following prospect open'd to her mind.
She dream'd, that careless in the noontide ray,
Stretch'd on a flow'ry bank, she sleeping lay ;
When some kind voice, soft whisper'd in her ear,
'Maria, rise, thy flock hath left thee here'—
Sudden she started, found herself alone,
Around all silent, and her bleaters gone.
She snatch'd her crook, flew o'er the lonely dale,
Plung'd thro' the brook, and gaz'd adown the vale ;
But nought appeared. Again she sought the heath,
Each creek, each hollow view'd with panting breath ;
Till, toil'd and faint, the airy steep she gains,
And views enraptur'd, views them on the plains :
Cows, sheep, and goats, at once burst on her eye,
Some crop the herbs, while others peaceful lie :
Her little heart expands in an exulting cry,
Yet still she thought, between her and the flock,

Arose a shelvy, black, impervious rock ;
Which oft she strove to pass, but strove in vain,
Some pow'r unseen still pull'd her back again.
With toil fatigu'd she view'd them as they fed,
And on the rock reclin'd her heavy head.
Thus dream'd the maid, and waking midst the night,
Beheld, good gods ! beheld a horrid sight.
High on a rock's dread verge, hung o'er the main,
Whose far-sunk surge wheel'd round her giddy brain ;
Amaz'd she found herself, half-clad, alone,
Her hand laid leaning on a jutting stone :
Dark was the night, save where the shrouded moon,
'Midst dusky clouds, shone on the waste aroun',
And show'd the horrid steep, a dreadful sight,
Cliff hung o'er cliff, in grim stupendous height.
Back from the threat'ning scene she headlong fled,
Lest the whole mass might yield beneath her tread :
Then raised the maid to heav'n her streaming eyes,
And pour'd her grateful soul in fervent sighs
To that kind Pow'r, who feeble mortals keeps,
Whose eye all-seeing, slumbers not nor sleeps ;
To whom each being owes all that he hath,
Each pulse's throb, and each returning breath ;
Implor'd His presence still to guard her path,
Then, rising, sought her cot along the lonely heath.

THOUGHTS IN A CHURCHYARD.

Earth's highest station ends in, '*Here he lies*' ;
And, '*dust to dust,*' concludes her noblest song.
YOUNG.

AGAIN, O Sadness ! soft'ning pow'r, again
I woo thee, thoughtful, from this letter'd stone ;
And hail, thou comes ! to view the dreary scene,
Where ghastly Death has fixt his awful throne.

How lone, how solemn seems each view around,
I see, at distance, oh! distracting sight!
I see the tomb—the humble grassy mound,
Where he now lies, once all my soul's delight!

A youth more gen'rous, more humanely kind,
A friend more loving, or a heart more brave;
Ne'er breath'd a being from th' eternal mind,
Nor fell a victim to the cruel grave.

But cease, ye tears, nor thus incessant flow,
And still these tumults, oh! thou bleeding heart;
Methinks his Shade soft whispers, 'Wait the blow,
And soon we'll meet, ne'er, ne'er again to part.'

Here stands the artist's tomb, in splendour rear'd,
And all the pomp surviving Art can give;
But will hoar Time the pillar'd dome regard,
And shall its pride to endless ages live?

No—though the marble seems to start to life,
Tho' firm as rock the structure rears its head;
Time's cank'ring jaws will end the daring strife,
And lay it level with th' unhonour'd dead.

Ye lonely heaps, ye bones, ye grim sculls, say,
Must I be stretch'd cold, lifeless in the dust;
Must this poor head be wrapt in putrid clay,
And glare like you?—Ye murmur back—'It must.'

Then what avail thy fleeting joys, O Time?
Thy bliss uncertain, when such truths are sure;
May these scenes teach me to condemn this clime,
And seek that bliss, those joys that shall endure.

These are thy spoils, thou grisly monarch, Death!
Grim pleas'd thou stalks above the low-laid train;
Each sculptur'd stone, each poor, low grassy wreath,
Thou eyes as trophies of thy dreadful fame.

But now, proud lord, thy reign shall have an end,
Tho' nought on earth can now resist its force ;
Yet, shalt thou fall beneath a mightier hand,
And yield thy weapons, and thy meagre horse.

In that dread day, when from the bellowing clouds,
The trump's lone sound shall shake th' affrighted earth,
When these, and millions struggling from their shrouds,
Shall wake to mis'ry or to endless mirth :

When Time shall cease in scanty stream to flow,
And earth and stars in endless ruin sink ;
Then heaven's high King, with one triumphant blow,
Shall dash thee headlong from existence' brink.

But, see ! sad Ev'ning spreads her sable veil,
The chilly breeze bleak ruffles o'er the lawn ;
For once, adieu ; ye silent heaps, farewell,
Perhaps I join you ere to-morrow's dawn.

Oft let me stray where these lone captives lie,
And, sad and thoughtful, o'er the deep grave bend ;
This is the place, Truth tells us with a sigh,
Where all our sorrows or our singings end.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF AN ENGAGING YOUTH,

UNCOMMONLY ATTACHED TO LEARNING.

Here, stranger ! pause, and sadly o'er this stone,
A moment ponder on the deeds of Fate :
Snatch'd hence in blooming youth, here moulders one,
Whose life seem'd worthy of a longer date.

Mild was his temper, and his soul serene ;
Truth warm'd his breast, and dwelt upon his tongue ;
Oft would he wander from the noisy scene,
To list, while Virgil or bold Homer sung.

With such a son, what was his parents' joy ?
No thought can reach it, nor no tongue can tell ;
Nor paint their anguish when the lovely boy,
By death assaulted, pale and lifeless fell.

Yet they submit to Heav'n's wise-acting pow'r,
And think, O reader ! as thou tread'st this sod ;
He once like thee, enjoy'd Life's glitt'ring hour,
Thou soon like him must pass Death's gloomy road.

TO THE FAMISHING BARD.

FROM A BROTHER SKELETON.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And hedge for her Parnassus' barren soil?
THOMSON.

ALOFT to high Parnassus' hill,
I heard thy pray'r ascending swift ;
And are the Nine propitious still
To grant thy wish, and send the gift ?
Has kind Apollo made a shift,
To roll down from his kitchen high
A sirloin huge—a smoking lift,—
To feed thy keen devouring eye !

If so, O much respected swain !
Thou'rt surely Phœbus' fav'rite bard ;
Thy glitt'ring blade in fatness stain,
No more complain thy lot is hard ;
And while the juice besmears thy beard,
And plumps thy meagre corse again ;
Think what's their case who ne'er have shar'd
Such bliss, but pray and yawn in vain.

Yet, if regardless of thy strains,
The strumpets scorn to lend an ear—
Bestow upon thy caput brains,
But stern refuse thy belly, chear ;
If through thy hollow trunk thou hear,
Oft as the steam of dinner soars,
Remurm'ring sounds of croaking fear,
And melancholy quer'lous roars.

If oft on cheerless Winter's morn,
Thou spends, with thought, the shiv'ring hour,
In solitary state forlorn,
Like Cruickston or the Stanely Tow'r ;
While from thy half-clad sides the show'r
Of lashing rain, or hail rebound ;
And free, thy issuing toes explore
Each miry creek, and kiss the ground—

If ills like these, for these are mine,
Attend thee like thy shadow close ;
Know, Eben, that the nymphs divine,
From whom our song continual flows ;
We call them blushing as the rose,
Endearing sweet, enrapt'ring fair ;
They scorn, for nought, to take the dose,
So pay us back in sterling air.

If thou must eat, ferocious bard,
Elsewhere importune for a dinner ;
Long thou may pray here, nor be heard,
And praying makes thee but the thinner.
Do like the lank, lean, ghostly sinner,
That here presumes to give advice ;
Ne'er court the Muse for meat—to win her,
E'en starve, and glory in the price.

Apollo knows that three long weeks,—
And pale the prospect yet appears ;
On crusts of hard brown bread and leeks,
I've liv'd, and may for rolling years ;
Yet still the Muse most kindly chears
Each craving day, and yawning night ;
Soft whisp'ring ever in my ears,
' Be Fame thy belly's chief delight.'

Through future ages then thy name,
Th' immortal goddess shall preserve ;
Be this thy dear, thy envy'd claim,
For this extend thy ev'ry nerve ;
And should that world thou strains to serve,
A ling'ring carcase, food refuse ;
Contemn their baseness, boldly starve,
And die a martyr for the Muse.

More consolation I might pour,
But, hark ! the tempest, how it blows !
Th' inconstant blast, with thund'ring roar
O'er chimney-tops more furious grows.
The wintry drop, prone from my nose,
Hangs glist'ring in the candle's beam ;
And Want and Sleep's uniting throes,
Here force me to forsake my theme.

THE GROUP.

A SONG.

TUNE,—"Poor Laurie."

COME fill up the bowl, my brave boys!
And round let us circle the treasure;
Huzza! my good fellows, rejoice!
For here is a fountain of pleasure.
And while the big bumper doth pass,
Old Bacchus shall never confound me;
I'll drink, and, between every glass,
Loud roar of the wits that surround me,
And bring their each talent to view.

Imprimis. Here sits by my side,
A hum'rous young son of the Muses;
Who lord o'er our passions can ride,
And wind them wherever he chooses.
The terrible frown he can form,
Look dismally holy thereafter;
Then screw up his face to a storm,
That nigh bursts the beholder with laughter,
And makes ev'ry mortal his friend.

That little stout fellow in green,
Observe how accomplish'd and tight he's;
Good humour sits full in his mien,
And mirth his eternal delight is.
When through the wild hornpipe he sweeps,
We stare as we never had seen him;
So nimbly he capers and leaps,
You wou'd swear that some devil was in him,
To flourish his heels so expert.

See ! handing the glass to his friend,
Young Jamie, polite and endearing ;
To please he is very inclin'd,
Tho' sometimes harassingly jeering.
So sweetly a sonnet he sings,
He chats to the ladies so clever,
That Cupid should sure give him wings,
And make him his archer for ever,
To level the beauties and belles.

And there sits the genius of song,
Whose music so nobly can warm us ;
The fife now arousingly strong,
Now waking the viol to charm us :
Yet sometimes he's mournfully mute,
And tho' we implore while we're able,
He frowning refuses the flute,
And pensively leans on the table,
As if he were lull'd in a trance.

With golden locks loose to the wind,
Here sits a swain, kind and free hearted ;
To ev'ry one science inclin'd,
By every amusement diverted.
Philosophy, painting, and song,
Alternately gain his affection ;
But his bliss is to store up a throng,
Of insects and worms for dissection,
Of numberless sizes and kinds.

Here Wilson, and Poverty sits,
Perpetually boxing together ;
Till beat by good liquor she flits,
And leaves him as light as a feather.

From two most unfortunate views,
Proceeds his inconstant condition ;
His joys are the smiles of the Muse,
And his mis'ry the want of ambition,
To climb to the notice of fools.

But round with the liquor, my boys !
'Tis folly to languish repining ;
To swell up the tide of our joys,
This brimmer was sent us so shining.
Since blockheads and asses grow rich,
And modesty murders the wearer ;
If merit must cow'r in the ditch,
May she still have a bumper to chear her,
And raise her poor head to the skies.

EPISTLE TO MR. JAMES KENNEDY.

As when, by play retarded, past his hour,
The scampering school-boy ventures to the door ;
With throbbing breast lists to the busy noise,
And starts to hear the master's awful voice ;
Oft sighs and looks, now offers to burst in,
Now backwards shrinks, and dreads a smarting skin ;
Till desp'rate grown, by fear detain'd more late,
He lifts the latch, and boldly meets his fate :

So I, dear sir, have oft snatch'd up the quill
To hail your ear, yet have been silent still ;
Aw'd by superior worth, my pen forgot
Its wonted pow'r, and trembled out a blot ;
The Muse sat mute and hung her languid head,
And fancy crawl'd with diffidence and dread ;
Till forc'd at last, I spurn the phantom Fear,
And dare to face your dread tribunal here.

No flow'ry sweets I bring, tho' Summer reigns,
And flocks delighted rove thro' painted plains ;
Tho' glitt'ring brooks flow, smooth, meand'ring by,
And larks soar, warbling thro' the azure sky ;
And meads and groves rejoice—to me unblest ;
For oh ! bleak Winter raves within my breast ;
Here whirls a storm, tho' hid from human sight,
Fiercer than winds that howl thro' gloomy night.
As griefs reveal'd are robb'd of half their sting,
And seeming doubts, when told, oft take to wing ;
Permit me here some mis'ries to unnest,
That long have harbour'd in my labo'ring breast.

Oft pale-ey'd Poverty, in sullen state,
Stalks round, and threatens to deform my fate ;
Points to the future times, and grinning says,
'Old age and I shall curse thy ev'ning days :
His shaking hand shall change thy locks to grey,
Thy head to baldness, and thy strength to clay ;
Make thy sad hor'zon with dark tempests roll,
And lead me forward to complete the whole ;
To count thy groans, to hear thee hopeless mourn.
And wave these trophies o'er thy closing urn.'

Then mad ambition revels thro' my brain,
And restless bids me spurn life's grov'lling plain ;
Awake the Muse and soft enrapturing lyre,
To G——'s praise, our villa's friendly sire ;
In glowing colours paint his rural seat,
Where songsters warble and where lambkins bleat ;
Where groves and plains in sweet disorder lie,
Hills rough with woods, that tow'ring cleave the sky ;
And darksome woody vales, where hid from sight,
Lone Calder brawls o'er many a rocky height ;
Tell in soft strains how rich our plains appear,
What plenty crowns them each revolving year ;
Till smiles approving, bless my task, and Fame
Enrol the patriot and the poet's name.

But when (sad theme !) I view my feeble rhyme,
And weigh my worth for such a flight sublime ;
With tearful eye survey the fate of those,
Whose pow'rful learning shielded not from foes ;
Damp'd at the thought, Fear clogs the Muse's wing,
And grief and hope by turns inspire or sting.

While such sad thoughts, such grim reflections roll
In dark succession o'er my gloomy soul ;
One ray from you to chase the chearless gloom,
And, bid fair Fancy's fields their sweets resume ;
Wou'd lift my heart, light as the sweepy wind,
And deeper bind me your indebted friend.

When darkness reigns, or ev'ning silence deep,
Some moments rescue from the jaws of sleep ;
Bid your sweet Muse unfold her downy wings,
And teach a youth to touch the trembling strings ;
Dispel his doubts, arouse his hovering flame,
And point the road that leads to bliss and fame.

EPISTLE TO MR. T. WOTHERSPOON.

From Fife's rugged shore, where old ocean loud bellows,
And lofty Wemys' Castle looks down o'er the main ;
From midst an old hut, of some poor fisher fellows,
Accept of these lines from the Pedlar again.
For never again shall he chant through the bushes
That wave over Calder or Cartha's pure stream ;
Despair and distraction have murder'd his wishes,
And all his fond hopes are dispers'd to a dream.

In vain o'er old Scotia, a stranger he travels,
The huge smoky city or hamlet's the same ;
Here Ignorance dozes, or proud Grandeur revels,
And poets may starve, and be damn'd now, for them.

So, dear Tom, farewell ! and each cheerful companion,
With sorrow, I bid you a long sad adieu ;
Some far distant country, for life, I'll remain on,
Where Mem'ry will weep while she hovers o'er you.

So kind you have been to the fortuneless poet,
Through all the harsh stages of life he's been in ;
That gratitude throbs in his bosom to show it,
Yet where shall the Muse to relate them, begin ?
When gloomy-brow'd Want, to attack my poor dwelling,
With fury advanced and merciless glare ;
Your goodness dispatch'd the fiend loudly yelling,
And snatch'd me to peace from the jaws of Despair.

When Fortune propitiously seem'd to assist me,
You leapt at the prospect and shar'd in my bliss ;
When all these evanish'd and horror distress'd me,
You lull'd every passion and sooth'd me to peace.
And shall I forget you ? No, rave on thou tempest !
Misfortune ! here pour all thy rage on my head ;
Though foaming with fury, around thou encampest,
'Tis friendship alone that shall force me to bleed.

Though joy from thy talk I will ne'er again borrow,
Though fond, on thy face I shall never gaze more ;
Yet heaven, one day, will relieve us from sorrow,
And join us again on a happier shore.
Then, farewell, my friend, and my dearest companion,
With tears I now bid you a final adieu ;
Some far distant country, for life, I'll remain on,
Where Mem'ry shall weep while she hovers o'er you.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF W. WOTHERSPOON,

A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

SUNK was the sun 'midst clouds of gold,
Lone Night reign'd from her starry dome ;
When slow I left the bleating fold,
And weary sought my little home.

There, sad and cheerless, near the fire,
I gloomy sat, to grief resign'd ;
And while down stole the silent tear,
These thoughts slow wand'red o'er my mind.

Alas !—my distant friend, I fear—
Why these woe-bodings at my heart ?
What sound still tinkles in my ear,
Which mirth nor pleasure can divert ?

I spoke, I sigh'd, and rais'd my head—
I sigh'd, I groan'd, yet knew not why ;
When, strange, a voice soft breathed out 'dead !'
I heard, and changed to palest clay.

Prostrate I fell, lull'd in a faint,
Till by degrees life on me broke ;
I wak'd to mis'ry—rose pale, spent,
And thus in deep distraction spoke.

'And art thou gone, oh, hapless youth !
And shall these eyes ne'er view thee more ?
Thou, in whose glowing breast dwelt truth,
Art thou for ever from me tore ?

Ye dreary walls, list to my doom,
Bear witness to my heart-felt wail ;
And wrap you with a darker gloom,
While I relate the mournful tale.

For oh ! insatiate cruel Death,
Hath torn from me my dearest friend ;
Then farewell world, and hated breath,
I shall not long delay behind.

Ah, see ! the breathless cor'se there lies,
White stretch'd along—distracting sight !
How chang'd that face ! how sunk those eyes !
For ever sunk in endless night !

Pale is the face that wont to smile,
Adorn'd with charms of native red ;
Cold, cold that breast, where envious Guile
Ne'er found a shelter for her head.

Oh ! barb'rous Death,—relentless pow'r,
How hast thou made my bosom bleed !
In one tremendous, awful hour,
Thou'st made me wretched—poor indeed.

Ye once delightful scenes, adieu !
Where first I drew my infant breath ;
Since the sole friend this breast e'er knew,
Clos'd are his eyes, and sunk in death.

Farewell, ye banks with willows tipt,
Where oft beneath the summer beam,
'Midst flowery grass we've fondly stript,
And plung'd beneath the opening stream.

No more, while Winter rules the sky,
And firms pure Cartha's icy face ;
Shall he on skates, swift-bounding fly,
While I pursue the mazy chace.

No more, alas ! we'll nightly walk
Beneath the silent, silver moon ;
Or pass the rapt'ring hours in talk,
In yonder bow'r retired from noon.

How will that beauteous maid bewail,
Whose charms first caught his youthful heart!
Who often heard his tender tale,
And blushing, eas'd his wounding smart.

No more with thee he'll spend the night,
Where Cynthia gleams athwart the grove;
Nor seize thy hand in dear delight,
And tell enchanting tales of love.

Alas! he's bid a long adieu;
In vain we weep, in vain repine;
Ne'er shalt thou meet a swain so true,
And ne'er shall I a friend so kind.

How long we've been companions dear,
How lov'd—nor tongue nor words can tell;
But hark!—alas! methinks I hear
Some solemn, dreary, warning knell.

Yes—I will come—thou beck'ning ghost,
I hear thy kind, thy awful call;
One green-grass sod shall wrap our dust,
And some sweet Muse weep o'er our fall.

THE FLY AND LEECH.

A FABLE.

CONTENT's the choicest bliss we can
E'er reach to in this mortal span:
'Tis not in grandeur, pow'r, or state,
The lordly dome, or cottage neat,
Still to be found—but chief she dwells
In that calm breast that care repels;
With dauntless heart braves frowning Fate,
Nor e'er concludes that Hope's too late;

Aspires no higher than his sphere,
Nor harbours discontentment there.
Pale Discontent! the baneful sting,
From whence unnumber'd mis'ries spring;
Ambition gazing to the skies,
And ever planning schemes to rise,
Till to Pow'r's dizzy peak up-whirl'd,
Fate shakes the base and down he's hurl'd.
Heart-wringing cares that still torment,
All flow from murm'ring Discontent.
Some forward look at coming ills,
And die long ere they thwart their wills;
Others in real mis'ry groan,
And think Heav'n frowns on them alone;
While many a one,—mean, pining elves!
Raise airy horrors to themselves.

Happy the man whose views ne'er stretch
To things beyond his honest reach;
Who, whether doom'd to hall or cot,
Ne'er curses Fate, or mourns his lot;
If rich—despises not the poor,
Nor drives them harshly from his door;
If low in fortune—ne'er envies
The wealthy's pomp that meets his eyes;
For oft within their bosom reigns
A raving group of nameless pains,
That ceaseless torture, growl, and fret,
And when they fall, the ruin's great;
Sinking, they eye the humble clown,
Grasp at a spade, and spurn a crown.
One sunny evening, calm and fair,
A Fly that wing'd the fragrant air,
In wheeling past a village-lane,
By chance popt thro' a broken pane;
A scene that ne'er had met his sight,
He now surveys with doubtful flight;

Around the room, with airy drone,
His curious search had circling gone.
He views its bounds, and yet more bold,
Pries o'er the walls, damp, moulded, cold :
Then, pertly sneering, thus began :
'How wretched are th' abodes of man !
How rank the smell—whoe'er comes near it,
May guess the owner's taste and spirit.'

This said, and roving round, he spies
An object that engag'd his eyes.
Within a glass a moving being,
Sluggish and black ; which Bizzon seeing,
Perch'd on the bottle, gaz'd with mock,
And thus the foppish flutterer spoke :
'And what art thou, poor grov'lling creature,
Of such detested hue and feature ;
That sunk amid that putrid fluid,
So closely cramm'd, so irksome bowèd,
Scarce seems to move thro' scanty water ?
An ugly hulk of lifeless matter ;
Shame thus to loll, while summer hours,
Invite thee forth, thro' blooming flow'rs,
Enrapt to rove ; or, where the field
Of blossom'd beans their fragrance yield ;
Or wanton in the noontide beam,
Or skim along the glitt'ring stream
With boundless sweep.—But thou, lone wretch !
Must here remain, till Death shall fetch
Thee from this hold, with furious ire,
And tread thy carcase in the mire :
A life like this what beast could dree,
'Twere death and worse to aught but thee.'

Thus Bizzon spoke, when from her font
The Leech uprear'd her dark-brown front,
And thus reply'd in solemn mood :
'Know, vainest of thy useless brood !

Thou hast my scorn ; I too might rail,
But listen to my humble tale :
'Ne'er make, by outward signs, thy guess,
Nor think, tho' poor, my peace is less ;
Compos'd I live, and from my bow'r
Survey the bustling world, secure ;
Or when some stubborn, rank disease
Calls for my aid, to give men ease,
I glad obey, and suck the ill,
In my own breast, to save them still ;
Who call me blest, while kindly filling,
From the clear brook my freshen'd dwelling ;
And in my lonely mansion here,
Nor fatal bird, nor snare I fear,
That constant lurk to fix thy doom,
Ev'n while thou rambles thro' this room ;
As thou may feel yet ere thou leave it,
And when 'twill be too late, believe it.'

'Poor Wretch,' quoth Bizzon, 'mind thy distance,
Disgrace of all e'er dragged existence !
I scorn thy speech and slav'ry both,
Mean ugly lump of bondag'd sloth ;
Now, what thou art, I plainly spy,
Blest be the power made me a Fly.'

He said—and up, exulting, springs,
To gain the fields with sounding wings ;
But miss'd his mark, and ere aware,
Dash'd full into a spider's snare.
He buzz'd and tugged—the foe alarm'd,
Rush'd gloomy forth ; with vengeance arm'd,
Fixes his fangs, with furious stride,
And darts the poison thro' his side.
Poor Bizzon groan'd, with quiv'ring sten,
And as Grips dragg'd him to his den,

Thus faintly cry'd, 'Ye flies beware,
And shun ambition's deadly snare;
Oh! save my life!—I vain beseech;
I faint—I die—oh! happy Leech.'!

THE MONKEY AND BEE.

A FABLE.—TO A YOUNG AUTHOR.

THE bard who'd wish to merit bays,
Should shut his ears when asses praise;
And from the real judge alone,
Expect a halter or a throne.
A Monkey who, in leisure hours,
Was wondrous fond of herbs and flow'rs,
(For once he'd worn a gard'ner's chain,
But wander'd to his woods again,)
Travers'd the banks; the mountain's brow,
The lonely wilds, the valley low;
Collecting, as along he hies,
Flow'rs of unnumber'd tint and size,
Till hid beneath the lovely spoil,
He onward stalk'd with cheerful toil,
Thus chatting; 'Now, I'll shine alone,
I'll have a garden of my own.'
A spot he plans, to show his parts,
Scratches the soil, the blooms inserts;
Here stuck a rose, there plac'd a pink,
With various flowers stuffs ev'ry chink;
Torn branches form his spreading shrubs,
O'ertopt with stately shepherds clubs;
Long ragged stones roll'd on the border,
All placed sans root, or taste, or order,

Around him throng'd the mimic crew,
Amaz'd at the appearance new;
Survey'd the shrubs, the nodding flow'rs,
And, struck with wonder at his pow'rs,
Pronounced him, with applauding gape,
A most expert, ingenious Ape!
'Knew man the genius you inherit,
Unbounded fame would crown your merit.'
He proudly bow'd, approv'd their taste,
And for the town prepares in haste;
When now, amid the ragged ranks,
A Bee appear'd, with searching shanks;
From bloom to bloom she rov'd alone,
With hurrying flight, and solemn drone;
Pug saw; and proud of such a guest,
Exclaim'd, 'Say friend, did such a feast
E'er bless thy search? Here welcome stray;
Fresh sweets shall load thee ev'ry day;
'Twas I that rear'd them—all is mine;
I bore the toil, the bliss be thine.'
'Conceited fool! the Bee reply'd,
Those pilfer'd, rootless blooms I've try'd;
Nor bliss, nor sweets, repaid my pains,
Of these as void as thou'rt of brains.'
She spoke; the scorching noontide came,
The garden with'ring, sunk his fame.

THE WASP'S REVENGE.

A FABLE.

Beside a warbling, flow'ry grove,
By contemplation led, or love;
Lone in the Summer noon-tide ray,
Young beauteous Jeanie basking lay.

Her cheeks outvy'd the rose's bloom ;
Her lips the cherry, breath, perfume ;
In silk apparel, loose array'd,
She beauty's ev'ry charm display'd.
As thus the sultry hour she spent,
With Phœbus' beams unnerv'd and faint,
Dull Morpheus silently did creep,
And ere she knew lull'd her asleep.
A roving wasp,—pert, gaudy squire,—
Struck with the fragrance of the air,
In raptur'd hurry, on her lip
The fancy'd rose-bud dew to sip,
Soft perch'd—and, ah ! what bliss he drew,
Ne'er wasp suck'd such mellifluous dew ;
With joy his little bag he stor'd,
And ev'ry glittering creek explor'd :
But, cruel fate ! the waking maid,
Unknowing, snapt his hapless head
With deadly crash—"Revenge," he cry'd,
Then deeply stung, and quiv'ring, dy'd.
Alarm'd, she started, with a bound,
And shook her robes—but, ah ! the wound
Deep rooted, gall'd with aching smart,
And pining, pierc'd her to the heart.
She trembl'd, wept, but wept in vain ;
Huge rose her lip—extreme the pain ;
Till o'er her chin, with venom stung,
A monstrous sight it glist'ring hung.
'Twas then, gay, beauteous Jean, no more ;
Unfit to speak, she shriek'd, she tore
Her fluttering dress, and inward vow'd,
If e'er her lip could be renew'd,
No careless hour should see her laid,
Inglorious in the sun, or shade.
Ye flustering beaus, and every rake
That read or list around,
By this wasp's fate example take,

Nor lag on unknown ground :
Else you may come to mourn too late,
And stretch your mouths, and roar ;
And curse your bitter, pining fate
When ye can sting no more.

GROANS FROM THE LOOM.

A SONG, IN IMITATION OF COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DEPLORING beside an old loom,
A weaver perplexèd was laid ;
And, while a bad web was his theme,
The breast-beam supported his head ;
The walls, that for ages had stood,
In sympathy, wept for his pain ;
And the roof, though of old rotten wood,
Remurmur'd his groans back again.

'Alas ! simple fool that I was !'
(These words he roar'd out with a grin,)
'When I saw thee, I sure was an ass,
Else I'd dy'd ere I handl'd the pin.
Thou glanc'd, and transported I seem'd ;
When I held thee, how panted my breast !
In raptures I gaz'd while thou beam'd,
And exclaim'd, 'Was e'er mortal so blest !'

What a blockhead was I to aver,
It would work thro' a mounting so fine ;
Or, that such phantom of hair,
Would in a gay hankerchief shine ?
Good gods ! shall a mortal with legs,
So slow, uncomplaining, be brought !
Go, hung, like a scarecrow in rags,
And live o'er a seat-tree—on nought !

What though I had patience to tie,
Till their numbers my temples o'erspread ;
Whene'er the smooth tread I apply,
My shopmates deplore how I've sped.
Ah ! Sandy, thy hopes are in vain ;
Thy web and thy mounting resign ;
Perhaps they may fall to a swain,
Whose patience is greater than thine.

And you my proud masters so stern,
Who smile o'er the wretch ye torment ;
Forbear to import us such yarn,
Or, by Jove, you'll have cause to repent.
Though through the wide warehouse ye foam,
In vain shall ye threaten or mourn ;
'Twas yours to distress my poor dome,
Now 'tis mine, and triumphant I'll burn.

If, while the poor trash I pull down,
They expect to regain my esteem ;
Let them come with the crouds of the town,
And see how it flames from the beam.
And then the last boon I'll implore,
Is to bless us with China so tight ;
And when the pure piece you look o'er,
You will own my petition was right.

Then to London nymphs let it go,
And deck them in dazzling array ;
Be fairest at ev'ry fine show,
And bring us the heart-cheering pay ;
Then Nova's dead bell we will toll,
No more to be heard of or seen,
Unless, when beside a full bowl,
We laugh at how wretched we've been.'

CHARACTER DRAWN FROM LIFE,

AND ADDRESSED TO ITS OWNER.

Great son of Bacchus ! and of drowsy Sloth !
Thou human maggot, thou insipid moth !
Whose whole ambition is in bed to snore,
Whose life is liquor, and whose soul's a roar.
Through thy dark skull ne'er peept a ray of light,
'Tis black as chaos, and eternal night ;
Confusion's dizzy seat, the pregnant source,
Where nonsense issues with resounding force ;
Where floods on floods from morn to ev'ning pours,
Wrapt up in laughs and loud unchristian roars.
When Sunday summons grave religious fools,
To pore o'er books, or drink the pulpit rules ;
From vulgar bounds thou bravely dares to tread,
And spends thy Sunday gloriously in bed.
There thinks, perhaps, or dreams of sin and death,
This maxim holding as a point of faith ;
'To heaven there's many ways, and 'tis confest,
Who finds the smoothest, surely finds the best.'
On God, or temple, no respect thou puts ;
An inn's thy temple, and thy God's thy guts.
A father's precepts, or a mother's tears,
His plain example, or her meddling fears,
Shall thou regard ? No, 'twere past utt'rance low,
Such fools, as mothers or old sires, to know ;
When at thy honour they advance their horns,
Thou damns her nonsense,—all his maxims scorns ;
Comes home mad drunk, and, O immortal Brown !
Kicks up a dust, and knocks thy mother down !

A CHARACTER.

Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time,
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme ;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.

POPE.

AUSTERIO, an insipid senseless old wretch,
Who all the whole morn in his bed lies a-snoring ;
By cheating and lying has made himself rich,
And spends the whole night o'er his papers a-poring.

He tosses, he tumbles, and rolls in his bed,
Like a swine in her stye, or a door on its hinges ;
When his landlady calls him he lifts up his head,
Damns her haste, rubs his eyes, and most lazily whinges.

Then groans out, 'Bring here my warm'd breeches and shirts,
And launches one dirty bare leg from the sheeting ;
Cleans his jaws from a deluge of ugly brown squirts,
Draws a chair, and prepares, gracious heaven ! for eating.

All day with a fist in each pocket he walks,
With the air of a goose, from one shop to another ;
Of caption and horning eternally talks,
For he'd damn to a jail and starvation his brother.

Some folk, ere they swear to the value or price,
Consult with their conscience, lest they prove uncivil ;
But ———, when he sells, (for he ne'er was too nice)
Confers with his rev'rend old partner—the devil,

If Horns, with a grin, whisper into his ear,
'My boy, raise thy arm, or by Jove, they'll us cozen ;
By the heav'ns, or earth, or by anything swear'—
He'll swear oath for oath for a sixpence a dozen.

EUSEBUS,

A REAL CHARACTER.

I hate the man who builds his fame
On ruins of another's name. GAY.

EUSEBUS, fond a patriot to commence,
With self-conceit supplies his want of sense.
In power an ideot, striving still to rise,
Though void of wisdom, arrogantly wise.
A slander fond from whispering lips to steal,
And fonder still those whispers to reveal.
Amid a group of tattling matrons set,
How flows his eloquence ! how beams his wit !
With dark suspicion struck, he shakes his head,
Just hints what some folk were, what some folk did ;
For nought delights him more than others' woe,
To see them fall, or strive to lay them low.
In wide extremes his judgment loves to dwell,
If not in heav'n you'll find it squat in hell ;
Though long each station seldom he can keep,
Yet when he shifts he does it at a leap.
If Spring, more mild than usual, sweet appear,
To wake the herbs and bless the op'ning year,
With words like these our ears eternal ring,
'Did ever mortal see so blest a Spring !'
But when rude frost, or cheerless rains descend,
When light'nings flash and roaring thunders rend ;
He hears the storm, and pale with boding fear,
Declares that great, tremendous period near,
For storms like these no soul did ever hear.
Thrice blest are they who gain him as their friend,
Their matchless fame shall far and near extend,
They're saintly, they're angels ; but his friendship o'er,
They're poor, curst, vile, a villain, or a whore.

A MORNING ADVENTURE.

To hail sweet Morn, and trace the woody shore,
Where foaming Calder pours his rapid stream;
His high-hung banks, and tott'ring cliffs t' explore,
And gloomy caves, unknown to Sol's fair beam:

Three youthful swains the adjoining village left,
Ere from a chimney roll'd the lazy smoke;
Ere the lone street, of silence was bereft,
Or pale-ey'd morning to the view had broke.

Along a winding path they kept their way,
Where trees, embracing, hung a solemn shade;
Pass'd the old mill, o'ergrown with shaggy hay,
And gain'd the summit of a rising glade.

Now, from the east, the faintly-dawning morn,
With op'ning smile, adorn'd the dewy mead;
The blackbird whistled from the blooming thorn,
And early shepherd tun'd his rural reed.

Gray mists were hov'ring round the mountain's brow,
Thro' the still air murmur'd the riv'let near;
The fields were glitt'ring in the morning's glow,
And sweetest music thrill'd the ravish'd ear.

Smit with the charms of song, Philander stood,
To hear his art by each small throat outdone;
While Damon view'd the stream, grim rocks and wood,
And snatch'd the pencil to make all his own.

Beneath a rev'rend oak Alexis hung,
His drooping head half on his hand reclin'd;
Borne on the Muses' wing, his soul had sprung,
And left the languid, listless form behind.

Where now was Care, that gloomy, glaring fiend,
The wealthy's horror, and the poor man's pain ?
Who bids fierce passions tear the trembling mind,
And wakes his gnawing, his infernal train.

Fled was the spectre to some statesman's breast,
Some raving lover, or some miser's cell ;
Nought now appear'd but made them inly blest,
And all around conspir'd their joys to swell.

Hail, happy swains ! involv'd in rapt'rous thought,
Oh ! could I leave you thus, and truly say,
That here, in peace, fair Nature's charms you sought,
And thus, enrapt, you pass'd the morn away.

But truth compels, nor dare I hide your fate,
My trembling hand she guides to tell your doom ;
How oft, alas ! on mirth does mis'ry wait !
How oft is sunshine sunk in deepest gloom !

As on the airy steep they silent lay,
The murm'ring river foaming far below ;
Young Damon's dog, as round he rang'd for prey,
By some stern bull insulted, seiz'd the foe.

As when in dead of night, on the dark main,
Two en'mies meet, and awful silence keep ;
Sparkles the match ! then peals and cries of pain,
Arouse the night, and growl along the deep.

So burst loud roarings thro' the affrighted sky,
Firm Roger hung, fix'd by his nostrils deep ;
Loud swell'd the war, till, from the margin high,
Both whirl'd down headlong o'er th' enormous steep.

How look'd our youths ! they heard the thund'ring sound,
Dash'd in the vale they saw the heroes laid ;
Whole crowds of rustics rudely gath'ring round,
Alarm'd they saw and thro' the bushes fled.

TO MR.——

WITH A SATIRICAL POEM.

When curst Oppression rears his brazen crest,
Withholds one half, and strains to seize the rest ;
When those in pow'r disdaining shame or dread,
Half starve those wretches they pretend to feed ;
Then should the Muse, with honest zeal inspir'd,
With hate of guilt and vile injustice fir'd ;
Disclose their crimes, and to the world display
The gloomy catalogue in deep array ;
Till Vice confounded, hides her haggard head,
And lovely Virtue rises in her stead.
Receive th' enclosed, nor blame the daring strains,
Since truth confirms each period it contains ;
And poor Experience, from the list'ning throng,
Sad shakes her head, and owns the honest song.
Hard is their fate who must on knaves depend,
From whose base grip no laws can e'er defend ;
Plead we for justice, then their friendships o'er,
And, as we're honest, we're employed no more.
Ah ! were we blest now with a noble few,
As just, kind, generous, and humane as you ;
Our trade might then maintain its former blaze,
And Envy's self be dumb, or whisper praise.
Sweet is the joy, the bliss that toils afford,
When love unites the servant and his lord ;
One common interest then the task appears,
And smiles and looks, the longest labour cheers.

Cheats may deceive and growling tyrants swear,
Those claim our scorn and these provoke our fear ;
But they who rise superior to such arts,
Possess like you our friendship and our hearts.

EPISTLE TO MR. ANDREW CLARK.

Faulkland, October ——.

From that same spot where once a palace stood,—
Now hanging drear, in tott'ring fragments rude ;
While thro' the roofless walls the weather howls,
The haunt of pigeons and of lonely owls,—
These lines receive—for hark ! the lashing rain,
In streaming torrents pours along the plain :
Yet, snugly here I sit, with quiet blest,
While my poor pack sits perching on a chest.
To him whose soul on Fancy's heights ne'er soar'd,
How painful solitude, and how abhorr'd !
Time tardy steals ; we curse the lazy sage,
And ling'ring moments lengthen to an age.
Not so with him on whom the Muses smile ;
Each hour they sweeten, and each care beguile ;
Yet scorn to visit, or ev'n once be kind,
While bustling bus'ness jostles through the mind ;
But, when retir'd from noise, he lonely roves,
Through flow'ry banks or solitary groves ;
Leans on the velvet turf, explores a book,
Or eyes the bubbling of the ceaseless brook ;
The Muse descends, and swells his throbbing breast,
To joys, to raptures, ne'er to be exprest.
Curst is the wretch whom cruel fate removes
Far from his native, and the few he loves ;
Who, ever-pensive, ponders on the past,
And shrinks and trembles at Misfortune's blast ;

His is the fate that ev'n infernals share :
Pain, without hope, and mis'ry and despair.
  There was a time (no distant date I own)
When such my fate was, and my ev'ry groan :
When struggling hard for base unlasting pelf,
I stabb'd, I tortur'd, and I rack'd myself.
  And what, I pray, did all these sighs avail,
For ever hapless, and for ever pale ?
Inglorious period ! Heavens, it fires my soul,
When such reflections through my bosom roll ;
To hang the head with sorrow and remorse,
From one poor evil raising thousands worse.
  That grief involves us in unnumbered ills,
That with our courage, all our success fails,
That Heaven abhors and show'rs with fury dread
Tormenting ills on the repiner's head,
You'll freely own ;—but list while I relate
A short adventure of a wretch's fate :
A wretch whom Fortune long has held in pain,
And, whose each hour some black misfortunes stain.
  'Twas when the fields were swept of autumn's store,
And growling winds the fading foliage tore,
Behind the Lowmon' hill, the short-liv'd light,
Descending slowly, usher'd in the night :
When from the noisy town, with mournful look,
His lonely way a meagre pedlar took.
Deep were his frequent sighs, careless his pace,
And oft the tear stole down his cheerless face ;
Beneath a load of silks and sorrows bent,
Nor knew, nor wish'd to know, the road he went ;
Nor car'd the coming night, or stormy air,
For all his soul was welt'ring in despair.
  Dark fell the night, a grim, increasing gloom,
Dark as the horrors of his fancied doom ;
And nought was seen, and nought was heard around,
But lightning's gleams and thunder's roar profound ;

Swell'd by the wind that howl'd along the plain,
Fierce rattling hail and unrelenting rain ;—
While from dark thickets issued as he past,
Wild groans of branches bending from the blast.—
Deep sunk his steps beneath the pressing load,
As down the rough declivity he trod,
And gain'd the unknown vale ; there, all distrest,
Prone on the road himself he cursing cast.
And while the north in ceaseless rigour blew,
And lightning mingling with the tempest flew,
Amid the dismal gloom he raging spurn'd
His miry load, and thus his mis'ry mourn'd :
'O mighty Heavens ! and am I forced to bear
The scourge of fate, eternally severe ?
On me alone shall all thy fury roar ?
Shall this determin'd vengeance ne'er be o'er ?
Wretch that I am ! while ev'ry village hind,
Sits in soft peace or downy sleep reclin'd,
Here, hopeless here, in grim despair I lie,
Lash'd by the fierce, the growling midnight sky ;
Far from the reach of any human aid,
Here, sunk in clay, my shivering limbs are laid ;
And here my cares for ever will I close,
This night shall finish my long train of woes ;
And some lone trav'ller, struck with dread remorse,
Start at the sight of my pale stiffen'd cor'se.'
So said, he stretch'd him in the plashy clay,
Clos'd his fix'd eyes, and bade adieu to day.
'And dy'd he ?' No ! Fate curs'd him still with breath,
And ev'n withheld that gloomy blessing, death.
He groan'd, and thrice, in agonizing strife,
Unlock'd his eyes, but found he still had life.
Meantime along the road, in swift approach,
Sudden advanc'd a furious rattling coach :
The neighing steeds before the lashing whip,
Loud clattering, flew adown the rapid steep :

Our hero heard, and starting all aghast,
Aside, himself and trailing budget cast,
While harsh, the huge machine shot loud re-thundering past.
Then raising up his load, in sullen state,
Resolved no more to curse resisting Fate ;
A distant light appear'd from some lone cot,
And thither joy'd, his way he plodding sought ;
Was kindly welcom'd to their lonely fare,
Hung o'er the hearth, and talk'd away his care.
From this, my friend, one maxim you may glean,
Ne'er of misfortunes grudgingly complain ;
Boldly to struggle, shows a courage bright,
For none but cowards sink beneath the weight ;
And those who gain fame, fortune, or the fair,
Rise o'er despondence, and contemn despair.

INVOCATION.

Bright Phœbus had left his meridian height,
And downwards was stealing serene ;
The meadows breath'd odour, and slowly the night
Was sadd'ning the midsummer scene ;

When down from his garret, where many a long day
Hard poverty held the poor sinner ;
A pale tatter'd poet pursu'd his lone way,
To lose thought of care—and of dinner.

The lark high in air warbling out her sweet notes,
The cuckoo was heard from the hill ;
Each thicket re-echo'd with musical throats,
And gay glanc'd the murmuring rill.

Enrapt with the prospect, the bard gaz'd around,
Where Flora her treasures had wasted ;
Thrice smote his full breast—rais'd his eyes from the ground,
And thus the great Apollo requested :

'O thou who o'er Heaven's empyrean height,
Swift whirls on the chariot of day;
Thou father of music, thou fountain of light,
Propitiously hear while I pray.

Let no surly clouds, I beseech thee, let none
The mild, lucid hemisphere rise in;
Till down to the verge of old ocean thou'rt gone,
And Thetis receives thee rejoicing.

With bright'ning ideas my fancy inspire,
To wing the Parnassian mountain;
Ye thrice sacred Nine, your kind aid I require,
To taste of the ravishing fountain.

Breathe softer, kind zephyrs, oh! pity my clothes,
Nor rave so'—thus far flow'd his song,
For low'ring and dismal, the horizon rose,
And clouds roll'd tumultuous along.

The birds, all affrighted, shrunk mute from the spray,
Hoarse murm'rings were heard from the river;
A black horrid gloom overspread the sad day,
And made our poor poet to shiver.

Swift, full in his face, the dread flaming ball flash'd,
Down rush'd a fierce torrent of rain;
And loud o'er his head grumbling thunder-bolts crash'd
Re-bellowing from earth back amain.

Beneath an old hedging, for shelter he crawl'd,
And clung by a shooting of birch;
Crash went the weak branch, and the wretch, while he bawl'd,
At once tumbled squash in the ditch.

Half-drown'd with the deluge, and frozen with fear,
Apollo's mad vot'ry thus splutter'd;
'Thou deaf, saucy scoundrel! why did'st thou not hear
The kind invocation I utter'd?

And you, ye curs'd Nine ! I detest your each form,
Rank cheats ye're I know, nor shall hide it ;
For those who won't shield a bare bard from the storm,
Can ne'er lend him wings to avoid it.'

So said—to the village he scamper'd along,
Poor wretch, with a petrified conscience ;
His prayers unanswer'd—his appetite strong,
And all his attempts gone to nonsense.

HAPPINESS.—AN ODE.

Ah ! dark and dreary low'rs the night,
The rocking blasts, the flashing light,
Unusual horrors form !
Unhappy he, who nightly braves
The fury of surrounding waves
Amid this dreadful storm.

And yet, though far remote from shore,
Though loud the threat'ning tempest roar,
And heave the yawning deep :
Hope cheers each breast, that future winds,
Shall waft them peaceful to their friends,
To comfort those that weep.

Not so with me ! distrest, forlorn,
Still doom'd to weep from night to morn,
My life a chain of woes.
The past, regret—the present, care,
The future, black with grim despair,
Till earth shall o'er me close.

How happy they, who blest with health,
And all the gen'rous joys that wealth,
Unstain'd with sadness give ;

Enjoy the bliss that hourly flows,
Nor hear their hapless groans and woes,
Who struggle hard to live!

O thou kind Pow'r, who hears my strain,
To whom I silently complain,
And lift my eyes in grief;
'Tis Thine to bid the tempest roll,
'Tis Thine to heal the struggling soul,
And bring the wretch relief.

Thus sung Alexis, lost to mirth,
While o'er the lonely, joyless hearth,
His mournful visage hung.
A silence reign'd—when soft and meek,
He, list'ning, heard these accents break
From an immortal tongue.

'Why droops thy head, unhappy youth?
Be calm, and hear the words of Truth,
Nor righteous Heaven accuse;
To man impartial gifts are giv'n,
Themselves alone make them unev'n,
By what their pride abuse.

Thou strain'st at wealth—ah! blind to fate,
Thou seest not what distresses wait
On him who claims the prize;
A snake, it cankers in his breast,
Distorts his looks, devours his rest,
And lures him from the skies.

On wealth proportion'd cares attend,
Who much commands, hath much to spend;
Or, are his treasures great?
Intemp'rance o'er them raves aloud,
They vanish like a morning cloud,
And leave their lord to fate.

What though, by poverty deprest,
Thou seeks a friend to soothe thy breast,
But seeks, alas! in vain:
This bane becomes a bliss at last,
For wisdom from the miseries past,
Corrects the present pain.

Look closer, mark each seeming ill
That now with fear thy bosom fill,
And weigh each envy'd joy:
Health is a cheat, but sickness lights,
Through hopes and fears, to glorious heights,
Where saints their songs employ.

Health, rosy as the crimson dawn,
Firm treads along the dewy lawn,
O'er-wrapt with flow'ry joy:
No ills shake his Herculean breast,
No deep-fetched groans of pain distrest,
His pleasures e'er annoy.

While thus despising others' woe,
He courts each faithless shade below,
And laughs at threaten'd hell.
Pale Sickness lifts her languid eye
From earth, and fixes in the sky,
Where all her comforts dwell.

But view health gone, the wretch low laid,
By stern disease; past human aid,
Rack'd on the hopeless couch:
His heaving breast, with anguish tore,
His eyes deep sunk, his bloom no more,
And death in dread approach.

Where now the boasted joys of earth?
Will these his riches, rank or birth,
Calm the despairing soul?

Ah no, behold he groans, he cries :
Tears choke his mingled moans and sighs ;
And terrors round him roll.

Then, favour'd youth, be thine the task,
For real happiness to ask,
From Nature's bounteous God ;
Nor think on earth to grasp the prize,
She dwells aloft, beyond the skies,
Religion is the road.'

DESPONDENCE.—A PASTORAL ODE.

IN THE MANNER OF SHENSTONE.

Ah ! where can the comfortless fly ?
(Young Damon disconsolate said,
The tears starting fast from his eye,
As reclining he sat in the shade.)
Ah ! where can the comfortless fly ?
To whom shall the wretched repair ?
Who hoping for happiness nigh,
Are met by approaching despair !

I hop'd, but alas ! 'twas in vain,
When forward through fate I explor'd,
That Fame would take wing with my strain,
And Plenty still smile at my board :
And oh ! how my bosom did glow
To see that my sorrows would end !
That Fate would its blessings bestow,
To gladden my fair one and friend !

O then, when the woods were all mute,
And groves by the evening embrown'd,
How I'd wake the slow mellow-ton'd flute,
While shepherds stood list'ning around ;

They prais'd the soft ravishing air,
That warbl'd so pleasing and free ;
But a smile or a look from my fair,
Was more than their praises to me.

Blest prospects ! far hence ye have fled,
And left me all friendless and poor ;
Stern Poverty stalks round my shed,
And Ruin glares grim at the door.
Ah ! where can the comfortless fly ?
To whom shall the wretched repair ?
Who hoping for happiness nigh,
Are met by approaching despair !

THE SUICIDE.

————Dreadful attempt !
Just reeking from self-slaughter in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge ;
As if we challeng'd him to do His worst,
And matter'd not His wrath. BLAIR.

YE hapless sons of misr'y and of woe,
Whose days are spent with heart-distressing care ;
Who seem the sport of ruthless Fate below,
Still lab'ring hard, and still, as Winter bare ;
Tho' rough the path, tho' weighty be the share
Of nameless ills, that press you ever down ;
Oh ! never, never yield to dire despair,
Or think your griefs intolerable grown ;
Each has his secret load, and each must feel his own.

II.

Is pale Disease, is Poverty your lot ?
Or, are you doom'd to some obscure employ ?
Does mankind rate your merits by your coat ?
Or burns your breast by Love's distracting boy ?
Yet still reflect what blessings you enjoy ;

Returning health again may flush your face,
Glad Plenty smile, your toils forget to cloy,
And Celia blush amid your chaste embrace ;
Then men shall see you deck'd with every worth and grace.

III.

Be wisely calm, and brave the adverse storm
Let Hope to happier times direct your sight ;
Tho' mis'ries stare in many a threat'ning form,
Hope slacks their jaws and mitigates their bite ;
And though the present scene be black as night,
Trust me, your hopes shall not be long in vain ;
For oft, tho' Pain put Pleasure to the flight,
Yet Pleasure still dethrones the tyrant Pain,
And soothes the weary soul to peace and joy again.

IV.

Unhappy they whose each returning morn
Is fill'd with sad complaints and curses dire ;
Fate ever frowns, and still they are forlorn,
If each thing move not with their wild desire.
'Gainst righteous Heav'n, with furious looks of fire,
They rave, blaspheme, and roll in blackest sin ;
Till driv'n by mad Despair and hopeless ire,
To poison, dagger, or th' engulphing lin, [linn
Unworthy heav'n or earth, hell yawns to take them in.

V.

Lone Night had lull'd the drowsy world asleep,
And cloudy darkness wrapt the midnight sky ;
Scarce thro' the gloom the stars were seen to peep,
This moment bright, then muffled from the eye ;
The distant bittern's solemn-sounding cry,
The breeze that sigh'd along the rustling grove,
The hasty brook that ceaseless murmur'd by ;
Compos'd my thought as forth I went to rove,
To sing Matilda's charms and mourn my hopeless love.

VI.

As near a thicket's shade I pensive stood,
The black trees waving solemnly around ;
Sudden I heard a rushing thro' the wood,
And near me pass'd along the dew-wet ground,
A human form ; its head with white was bound,
While loose its ruffled hair flew in the breeze ;
A dagger fast it grasp'd ; and, at each sound,
Would start, and stop, then glide among the trees,
While slow I trac'd its steps, tho' trembl'd both my knees.

VII.

Deep thro' the turnings of a darksome vale,
Where blasted trunks hung from th' impending steep ;
Where oft was heard the owl's wild dreary wail,
Its course I follow'd, wrapt in silence deep.
At length it paus'd ; fear thro' my frame did creep,
While still I look'd, and softly stealing near,
Heard mournful groans, as if it seem'd to weep ;
And intervening sighs, and moaning drear,
Till thro' the night's sad gloom these words broke on my ear :

VIII.

'Curst be the hour that to existence brought
Me, wretched me ! to war with endless woe !
Curst be the wretch, and curst the barb'rous thought
That bade me stretch the bleeding beauty low !
Still from her breast the purple torrents flow,
Still, still I hear her loud for mercy crave ;
See ! hark ; she groans, alas, some pity shew !
For love, for Heav'n, for mercy's sake ! oh save !
No ; see her mangled corse floats o'er the midnight wave.'

IX.

'O earth ! O darkness ! hide her from my sight :
Shall hell, shall furies rack me ere I die ?
No, this shall sink me in eternal night,
To meet those torments that I ne'er can fly.

Ye yelling fiends that now around me hie,
Exult and triumph in th' accursed deed !
Soon in your flaming gulphs ye shall me spy :
Despair ! attend, the gloomy way to lead,
For what I now endure no hell can e'er exceed.'

X.

He said ; and, gazing furiously around,
Plung'd in his heart, the dagger's deadly blade ;
Deep, deep he groan'd, and, reeling to the ground,
(I rush'd to rescue thro' the entangling shade ;)
Flat on the mossy sod I found him laid,
And oft I call'd, and wept, and trembl'd sore ;
But life was fled, too late all human aid :
And while his grasp the shining dagger bore,
His lifeless head lay sunk in blood and clotted gore.

ALEXIS' COMPLAINT.

Of joys departed, never to return,
How painful the remembrance !

BLAIR.

'TWAS where smooth Cartha rolls in winding pride,
Where willows fringe young Damon's garden side,
And o'er the rocks the boiling current roars,
Murm'ring to leave these peaceful, flow'ry shores ;
There, sad and pensive, near an aged thorn,
Sat lone Alexis, friendless and forlorn.
Pale was his visage, lost to joy his ear,
Involv'd in grief, he shed the ceaseless tear.
Poor hapless swain, alas ! he mourn'd alone,
His dearest friend, his kind companion gone.
Each list'ning bush forgot in air to play,
Round gaz'd the flock, mute hung the people'd spray ;
Sad Silence reign'd, while thus the youth distrest,
Pour'd forth the sorrows of his burden'd breast :

O'er all the plain the mournful strains pervade,
O'er all the plain a solemn sadness spread,
Nor wak'd an echo but to murmur 'dead !"
Thus sung the hapless swain—' Short is the span
Of fleeting time, allow'd to feeble man !
No sooner born, he fills the air with cries,
No sooner known, than pale he droops, and dies.
To-day he laughs the dancing hours away,
To-morrow lies extended, lifeless clay ;
While o'er the silent corpse each weeping swain
In anguish sigh, but sigh or weep in vain.
Such was thy fate, Horatio ! from this shore
Too sudden torn, ne'er to revisit more.
The rigid debt, alas ! thou now hast paid,
Thee on the couch relentless Fever laid ;
Thy heaving breast with dread disorder wrung,
And 'plaints, still trembling from thy feeble tongue ;
And scarce a soul thy frequent wants to ease,
Or soothe each moan, or whisper to thee peace ;
While I, far distant, on a foreign plain,
Exulting rov'd, unconscious of thy pain.
Oh ! had I known the pangs that tore thy breast,
Had some kind pow'r but whisper'd, "he's distrest,"
Soon had I measur'd back my lonely way,
And sought the bed where poor Horatio lay ;
Kiss'd from thy face the cold, damp, deadly dew,
And groan'd my last, distracted, long adieu.
' That dismal hour ne'er from my thought shall go,
When black appear'd the messenger of woe ;
O'er all my soul a gloomy horror came,
And instant trembling, shook my feeble frame.
Thy dying strains I read, still yet I hear
The solemn counsel sounding in my ear ;
Words that shall tremble on my latest breath,
And only leave me when I sink in death.
Frantic with grief, twice fifty miles I sped
O'er sev'ring seas and gain'd his silent bed ;

Each weeping friend confirm'd my gloomy fear,
That earth had clos'd on all I held most dear !
Yes, mute he lies beneath yon rising sod,
While his lone cot, of Peace the late abode,
Now grim and drear, to tott'ring ruin falls,
Loud blasts wild howling through the naked walls ;
His flow'rs torn up, his garden bare and waste,
And I lone left, a solitary guest.

'Sad change indeed, ye once lov'd scenes ! where now
The growing bliss I felt at each fond view ?
Where all that sweetness that perfum'd each flow'r,
That bless'd our walks and wing'd the passing hour ?
For ever fled ! fled with that pride of swains,
Whose presence grac'd these now forsaken plains !
When he appear'd each warbler rais'd his note,
Each flow'r blow'd fresher midst the peaceful spot ;
Ev'n while sweet Cartha pass'd the smiling scene,
She smoother flow'd, and left the place with pain.
Thrice happy times ! when hid from Phœbus' beam,
From that green shade we angl'd in her stream ;
Or wanton, stript, and from the hanging shore,
Exulting, plung'd her pearly depths t' explore,
Tore from their rocky homes the pregnant dames,
And to the sun display'd the glob'lous gems.

'But now no more amid the peaceful night,
Beneath pale Luna's azure-thronèd light,
We'll leave the noisy town and slowly stray
Where shadowy trees branch on the moon-light way ;
There wake the flute, harmonious, soft and shrill,
While Echo warbles from the distant hill.
Gone are those times, for which, alas ! I mourn,
Gone are those times, nor shall they e'er return ;
Gone is my friend, and ev'n forgot his name,
And strangers rude, his little mansion claim.
New schemes shall tear those blooming shrubs away,
And that green sod turn down to rugged clay ;
Where rich carnations burst the pond'rous pod,

Where pinks and daisies fring'd the pebbly road ;
Where glowing roses hung the bended spray,
Where crimson'd tulips rose, neat rang'd and gay ;
Where all these bloom'd beneath their guardian's eye,
Hogs shall inhabit, and foul dunghills lie.
Then, oh ! adieu, ye now unfriendly shores,
Another swain now claims your flow'ry stores ;
A surly swain, puff'd up with pride immense,
And see ! he comes, stern to command me hence.
Thou hoary thorn, adieu ! ere 'tis too late,
Yon lifted ax seems to announce thy fate.'
Thus spoke the youth ; then rising, ceas'd his strain,
And, wrapt in anguish, wander'd o'er the plain.

DEATH—A POEM.

Thy gloomy walks, O Death ! replete with fears,
With 'scutcheons hung, and wet with widows' tears ;
The groans of anguish and of deep remorse,
The gloomy coffin and extended corse,
Be now my theme.—Hence, all ye idle dreams,
Of flow'ry meadows and meand'ring streams,
Of War's arousing roar—since none are brave
Save those bold few, who triumph o'er the grave.
O Thou, first Being ! Thou, Almighty Pow'r !
Who metes out life, a cent'ry or an hour ;
At Whose dread nod the Spectre wields his dart,
Uprears his arm and stabs the quiv'ring heart.
Assist my feeble pen (since I and all
Must soon before that grisly monarch fall)
To mark his frowns, but learn alone to dread
That awful stroke that tends to death indeed.
When God descended first to form our earth,
And gave each plant and ev'ry creature birth,

When trees arose at His supreme command,
In order rang'd, or scatter'd o'er the land ;
Then the clear brook in murm'ring measure flow'd,
The zephyr whisper'd and the cattle low'd ;
The voice of Music warbl'd through each grove,
From morn to morn, and ev'ry song was love.
The lamb and tyger wanton'd o'er the green,
The stag and lion join'd the mirthful scene ;
The eagle thirsted not for streams of gore,
And the swift hawk had ne'er the warbler tore ;
The meanest insect, starting from the ground,
At pleasure sallied to its mazy round,
Return'd at night to its abode, a flow'r,
Nor felt nor fear'd a mightier creature's power ;
For all was peace, and harmony, and love,
Through the deep ocean and the tuneful grove.
Such was the world, ere man, its sovereign lord,
Or beauteous woman, paradise explor'd :
Ah ! hapless pair ! too soon they broke the bounds,
They sinn'd—they fell—and felt Sin's deadly wounds.
Then rush'd to being Death, and frowning dread
Stalk'd o'er the world, and heapt his way with dead.
The herbage wither'd, in the sun and shade,
Trees shook their leaves, and drooping flow'rs decay'd ;
Each creature felt his power ; and, while they pin'd,
Groan'd out their last to the loud howling wind ;
Yet still a following race did those succeed,
And hoar Time glutted Death with piles of dead.
Thus, for five thousand years the world has roll'd,
Rocks now are mould'ring, ev'n the heav'ns grow old ;
And soon that day shall come when Time shall cease,
And usher in eternal pain or peace.
Yet how important is that awful day,
That lays us breathless, pale, extended clay ;
When from our lips the ruddy glow shall fade,
When the pulse ceases to emit its tide ;
When, sadly pond'ring o'er our lifeless corse,

Our weeping friends regret Death's cruel force ;
Then mounts the soul to God, and there receives
Its fixèd doom, and shouts for joy, or grieves
Through all eternity, prolongs the strain
Of endless joy ; or yells in endless pain.
Death sometimes sends his cruel page, Disease,
To rob our nights of rest, our days of ease.
Unwelcome guest ! and yet he proves no foe,
He weans our passions from the trash below ;
Each pang of anguish urges to prepare,
Ere Death approach with stern relentless glare ;
And, if unready, we are caught by Death,
He throws us howling to the gulph beneath.
With sudden steps sometimes the foe appears,
And calls to judgment in our shudd'ring ears.
We start alarm'd, survey our guilty past,
Bend down to pray, and, bending, breathe our last.
Then fix'd is fate, for as we fall we lie ;
We live in death, or sinking, doubly die.
Should these sad scenes not rouse us to concern,
Our state to weigh, and danger to discern,
Ere that dread period, when we leave this shore,
And time and means are given us here no more.
Death's stare may startle ev'n the purest saint,
And at the change his soul perhaps may faint ;
But in that hour these cheering words he hears,
And this sweet promise flows upon his ears :
'I am thy friend, on me thy burden lay,
And through Death's vale I'll gently pave thy way.'
Thrice welcome words ! rejoic'd, he spurns this earth,
Where nought but sorrow reigns, and foolish mirth ;
To life saints usher, when on earth they die,
And when they leave us join the song on high.
On Cartha's banks, beside a sloping dale,
That gently open'd to the western gale ;
In homely cot, of neat, inviting form,
Nigh where old Cruikston braves the howling storm,

Horatio liv'd—the gen'rous and the kind,
The villain's terror and the poor man's friend ;
Each neighbour's joy he shar'd, and adverse growl,
For heav'n-born pity dwelt within his soul :
Well knew the poor his house ; for from his door
None e'er return'd, but blest his bounteous store ;
Their sad complaints he heard—sigh'd when they griev'd,
And scarce he heard them till his hand reliev'd ;
Belov'd by all he liv'd, sedate, though gay ;
Pray'r clos'd his night and usher'd in his day.
But nought exempts from death : pale he was laid,
His heaving breast by weeping friends survey'd.
Beside his couch I sat ; he, sighing, took
My hand in his, then spoke with dying look ;
His trembling hand methinks I feel, and spy
The drops that started in his swimming eye :
'Farewell, my friend ! for now the time is come,
That solemn points me to my silent tomb ;
Oh ! were my life to spend, each breath I'd prize,
For sins on sins now start before my eyes.
Yet, He who is my hope, His cheering voice,
Soft calls me hence, to share eternal joys—
Oh ! seek His gen'rous aid.—Here fail'd his breath,
He sigh'd and slumber'd in the arms of Death.
Such was his end, and such the bliss of those
Who taste the stream that from Immanuel flows.
This cheers the gloomy path, and opes the gate
Where endless joys their glorious entrance wait,
Through boundless heav'ns, amid His beams to rove,
There swell the song of His redeeming love.
What though misfortunes in this life abound,
Though ills on ills and wants on wants surround ;
Though all we hold most dear on earth are torn
Harsh from our grasp and to a distance borne ;
Tho' friends forget us, tho' our en'mies growl,
And earth and hell affright the trembling soul :
Lift up your heads, ye poor ! the time draws nigh

When all these mis'ries shall at distance fly ;
When songs of praise shall be your blest employ,
Your highest glory, your eternal joy ;
Triumphant treading an immortal shore.
Where sin and sorrow shall assault no more.

APOLLO AND THE PEDLAR.

A TALE.

Dark hangs the drowsy murm'ring moonless night,
Clouds wrap each twinkler from the useless sight ;
Hous'd is each swain, worn with the day's long toil,
Wielding the flail or turning o'er the soil ;
Lone now the fields, the banks, the meadows all,
Save where frogs croak, or noisome lizards crawl.
Seen from the hill, Edina's turrets glow
With beaming lamps, in many a glittering row,
That glad the sight ; while slow-approaching near,
Mixt sounds and voices crowd upon the ear ;
Hoarse pye-men bawl, and shake the ceaseless bell,
Boys sport, dogs bark, and oyster-wenches yell.
See ! yon black form plac'd at the well-worn porch,
One arm sustains a tarry flaming torch ;
With echoing voice and grim distorted looks,
He hoarsely roars, 'An auction here of books.'
The trotting chairman and the thund'ring coach,
The blazing windows and sly whore's approach,
The jostling passengers that swarm each lane,
Form to a stranger a surprising scene.
'Twas at this time, with keen-tooth'd hunger pin'd,
Plain Ralph the pedlar wander'd in a wynd.
This Ralph,—'tis storied,—bore a curious pack,
With trinkets filled, and had a ready knack

At coining rhyme ; o'er all the eastern plain
Well was he known to ev'ry village swain.
Where'er he lodg'd, on mountain, moor, or dale,
The cottage fill'd to hear his wondrous tale.
Oft, at the barn, they'd list, and here poor Ralph,
In uncouth phrases, talking to himself ;
Or mark him wand'ring lone, 'twixt late and soon,
With mutt'ring voice, wild gazing to the moon.
Drawn by the sight of certain skinny food,
He sally'd down and often gazing stood ;
And such blest visions here he did descry,
That Want sat gnawing in his restless eye.
Here tripe lay smoking on the loaded board,
Piled high and thick, a most delicious hoard ;
The fragrant stream in wavy columns rose,
And fed incessant his enraptur'd nose.
No longer fit to bear the glorious sight,
He buys, then scampers with exulting flight ;
Resolv'd that night to soar his rank above,
Gape o'er his spoil, and feast with nectar'd Jove.
Here let us leave him, while with soaring flight,
We gain Olympus and the plains of light :
There, for his sons, see great Apollo's care,
How low their station or how poor soe'er,—
Alike to him's the pedlar and the peer.
High on a throne of burnish'd gold, in state
And awful pomp, the mighty Thund'rer sat.
His flowing robe in dazzling glory shone,
Inferior gods hung hov'ring round his throne ;
With rapt'rous songs the heav'ns resounding rung,
Sweet Echo warbling while the seraphs sung.
When, lo ! approaching with green laurel'd brows,
Before the throne divine Apollo bows ;
An anxious look his glorious face oppress'd,
While bending low, he thus the god address'd :
'Almighty potentate ! all-conquering Jove !
Who form'd these heav'ns that boundless spread above

Yon distant earth, and all the worlds that roll
In circling dance ; whose nod sustains the whole,
Whose powerful arm swift hurls the tempest forth,
Whose frown strikes terror through th' astonish'd earth ;
Bids yon vast sea in swelling mountains rise,
And uproar horrid, foaming to the skies,
Then smiles, and smooth the glassy surface lies.
'Oft hast thou lent me a propitious ear,
And made my sons thy most peculiar care :
By thee inspir'd, they soar beyond the sun,
And sing the wonders that thy arm hath done.
Now stoop in pity to the dang'rous state
Of one poor bard, born to a hapless fate.
Thou knows his danger : see, how swift he flies,
Nor know'st the snare that for his ruin lies.
Soon will he reach his home ; and, sad to tell,
Glut the vile tripe and revel o'er the smell ;
But still there's time, still we may him retard,
Here stand I ready to obey thy word.'
Jove gave consent ; when down the empyrean height,
The cheerful god directs his rapid flight ;
Swift past the stars, heav'n's regions he forsook,
Light flew behind, and darkness he o'ertook.
The num'rous lamps Edina's streets that line,
He first espies in sparkling squadrons shine.
A moment, dubious o'er the scene he stops,
Then swift, unseen, in B——'s close he drops,
Assumes a porter's shape, conceals his wings,
And through the close in hurrying fury, springs ;
Down hurls poor Ralph, crash went the shivered bowl,
And greasy streams along the pavement roll.
As when some tyger, to his haunt from day,
Returns, blood-foaming, with the slaughter'd prey,
Grim pleas'd that there, with undisturbèd roar,
He'll glut and revel o'er the reeking gore ;
Glares in wild fury o'er the gloomy waste,
Now growls terrific o'er its mangled breast ;

Now drags relentless, down the rugged vale,
And stains the forest with a bloody trail :
When, lo ! a champion of the savage race,
The shaggy lion, rushes to the place,
With roar tremendous seizes on the prey;
Exasp'rate see ! the tyger springs away,
Stops short, and maddens at the monarch's growl,
And through his eyes darts all his furious soul ;
Half-will'd, yet half afraid to dare a bound,
He eyes his loss, and roars and tears the ground ;
So looked stern Ralphus o'er the flowing coast,
To see his hopes, his tripe and labour lost ;
In rage he kick'd the fragments, when, behold !
Forth from the tripe a monstrous worm unroll'd
Its lazy length, then snarling wild its crest,
In accents shrill the shudd'ring youth addrest,
'I am disease ; curs'd be the unknown he
Who mark'd my purpose of destroying thee:
Had it succeeded, hear this, trembling hear,
Next morn had seen thee floating on a bier.'
It spoke, and grinn'd, when Ralph, with vengeful speed,
A rock's huge fragment dash'd down on its head.
Deep groan'd the wretch in death, Ralph trembling stole
One backward glance, then fled th' accurs'd bowl.

MATTY, A SONG.

While Phœbus reposes in Thetis's bosom,
While, white thro' the branches the moonlight is seen ;
Here, lonely, I rove, near the old hawthorn's blossom,
To meet with my Matty, and stray o'er the green.

Nor hardship, nor care, now my bosom harasses,
My moments, from fame, and its nonsense are free ;
Ambition I leave to the folly of asses,
For Matty is fame and ambition to me.

The great may exclaim, and with fury enclose me,
But fools, or the rabble, shall growl now in vain ;
Their madness, their malice, shall ne'er discompose me,
Since Matty commends, and delights in my strain.

And kind is the lovely, the charming young creature ;
Sweet beauty and innocence smile in her cheek ;
In raptures I wonder, and gaze o'er each feature,
My bosom unable its transports to speak.

When lock'd arm in arm we retire from the city,
To stray through the meadow or shadowy grove ;
How oft do I wake her compassion and pity,
While telling some tale of unfortunate love.

Her innocent answers delight me to hear them,
For art or dissembling to her are unknown ;
And false protestations she knows not to fear them,
But thinks that each heart is as kind as her own.

And lives there a villain, who born to dissemble,
Would dare an attempt to dishonour her fame ;
May blackest confusion, surrounding, assemble
And bury the wretch in distraction and shame.

Ye Pow'rs ! be my task to protect and behold her,
To wander delighted with her all the day ;
When sadness dejects, in my arms to enfold her,
And kiss, in soft raptures, her sorrows away.

But, hush ! who comes yonder ? 'tis Matty my dearest,
The moon, how it brightens, while she treads the plain !
I'll welcome my beautiful nymph, by the nearest,
And pour my whole soul in her bosom again.

TO DELIA.

ON HER INSISTING TO KNOW WHO WAS THE SUBJECT OF A CERTAIN PANEGYRIC.

Beauteous maid ! no more enquire on
Who thus warms my raptur'd strain ;
Here I'll strive to paint the fair one,
Though, alas ! I strive in vain.

Tall and graceful is her stature ;
Loose and dazzling is her dress ;
Cupids sport in every feature,
And in ev'ry jet-black tress.

Mild she's as the dewy morning,
When exulting warblers sing ;
As the Summer beams adorning,
Modest as the blushing Spring.

She talks—my soul is held in capture,
When she smiles, 'tis matchless bliss ;
She sings—and, oh ! I'm all in rapture :
Gods ! was ever joy like this ?

Were my treasures high as heaven,
Vast as earth and deep as hell ;
Richest gems from India riven—
All I'd give with her to dwell.

Would you wish to see this Venus,
This most sweet of all that's fair ?
Ne'er with guesses rack your genius ;
Look your glass—you'll see her there.

THE CRUELTY OF REVENGE.

A TALE.

What rising passions through my bosom range,
When beauteous Susan sings the 'Moor's Revenge.'
Thus runs the tale—'Far from the noisy court,
'Midst lonely woods, was wealthy Don's resort.
A worthy lady blest his gen'rous arms,
And two young boys, with all their winning charms.
Possessed of these, and of each other's hearts,
They scorn'd the world and all its cheating arts.
Domestic cares, her lord, her smiling boys,
Were all her pride, the source of all her joys;
His, thro' wild woods, to hunt the leopard fleet,
Bear home the spoils and lay them at her feet.
When morning rose, equipt, he cours'd the plain,
And sought the chase, a Moor his only train;
Him from dire chains his master's bounty freed,
Behind his lord to curb the stately steed.
Indulg'd in sloth, the gloomy villain grew
Each day more heedless, and more haughty too.
He now ev'n dares his orders to deride;
His lord rebuk'd him, and chastised his pride.
With madd'ning rage his sparkling eye-balls roll,
And black revenge employs his furious soul.
High on a rock, amid the gloomy wood,
Secure from foes their ancient castle stood;
A wide, deep moat, around the fabric soak'd,
And strong high walls the midnight robber mock'd;
One path alone led to its dizzy height,
By day a bridge, a bolted gate by night.
One morn, as forth they took their early road,
And, thro' dark vales and deep'ning forests trod,
Urg'd by revenge, the Moor back sudden springs,
Secures the gate, and forth the children brings;

His lord alarm'd, spurs swiftly o'er the plain,
Fast finds the gate, and views with shudd'ring pain
His beauteous babes, from their fond mother tore,
Dash'd down the rock, and reeking in their gore ;
While his poor spouse, beneath a lifted knife,
In loud lamentings deep implor'd for life.
'Thou fury, stop !' the raving husband cries ;
'I scorn thy threats,' th' infernal Moor replies ;
'A blow thou gave—now for thy rashness feel ;'
Then in her breast he plung'd the deadly steel,
And bounding headlong down the impervious rock,
His mangled cor'se in bloody fragments broke.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF 'THE SAILOR AND LOUSE.'

Hail ! thou whose great aspiring soul
Can range, no doubt, from pole to pole,
Creation's ample house ;
Yet deigns to memorate the name,
And roll in the records of fame,
Thy bosom foe, a—Louse.

Transporting bard ! how didst thou light
On such a tale to fire thy sight,
Such beauties to express ?
How cou'dst thou to our raptured view,
Discover such a scene ? so new !
Forgive me if I guess.

Perhaps in some dark, dirty den,
Long had'st thou pin'd and chew'd thy pen,
When (wond'rous inspiration !)
The grey inhabitants of hair,
That itch'd thee ceaseless here and there,
Claim'd all thy contemplation.

Impatient to be found in verse,
Around thy hulk, thick-throng'd and fierce,
The restless creatures hurry'd ;
Till thou for want of nobler theme,
Was forced t' immortalize their name,
On pain of being worry'd.

VERSES,

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE SPANIEL, MALICIOUSLY POISONED.

How soon are blessings snatch'd away !
Our friends around us smile to-day,
But oft ere morning's early ray,
Salute the shore ;
We see them stretch'd, pale, lifeless clay,
To please no more !

Poor Cupid !—fondest friend I knew ;
To me, how kind ! how matchless true !
Whose frolics oft my laughter drew,
Tho' grief deprest ;—
By Death's envenomed steel pierc'd through,
Has breath'd his last.

But had the traitor, void of art,
Produc'd the death-denouncing dart,
And calmly aim'd it at his heart,
Still panting warm ;
One piteous look had staid the smart,
And fix'd his arm.

Yet think not since his debt is paid,
I mourn the dear departed shade:
No—'neath yon apple tree he's laid,
To rise again ;
Nor shall the youth or infant maid,
Escape his pain.

Each year when Spring her reign resumes,
Then Cupid from his bed of glooms,
Shall spread the scarlet-tinctur'd blooms,
In glorious view ;
While bees amid the rich perfumes,
Rove murm'ring through.

When Autumn comes, serene and slow,
And ruddy berries clustering glow ;
When with ripe fruit the loaden'd bough,
Bends to the swaird ;
Then Cupid swells the lov'liest show,
In Johnny's yard.

And though in apples now he rise,
Yet swift and keen his arrow flies ;
For soon as e'er your ravish'd eyes
Gaze on his growth,
The blushing cheek and wond'rous size,
Wou'd bless your mouth.

TO A SEALED LETTER.

Now little folded pregnant leaf,
On thee for once my joy, my grief,
My hopes and fears await ;
Now shall Misfortune cease to growl,
Or black Despair assault my soul,
And fix my hapless fate.

Oh ! may some angel, guardian aid !
In robes celestial, sweet array'd,
Unknown, unseen descend ;
And while thou opens on his eyes,
Soft whisper the poor poet's sighs,
And bid him be a friend.

Then shall the Muse outstretch her wing,
And fir'd with joy, exulting sing
The bounty of the giver;
Yet if stern Fortune so ordain,
That all my flatt'ring hopes are vain,
Here, sorrow! dwell for ever.

ON A DEPARTED DRUNKARD.

Borio lies beneath this table,
Bacchus, view the sight and weep;
Spite of all thy art was able,
Porter's lulled him fast asleep.

Silent now the tongue of thunder,
Dormant lies the arm of brass;
Every sentence sunk our wonder,
Every action crown'd the ass.

Morpheus! curse on thy intruding,
Blest was he ere thou appear'd;
Snuff in vain 'gainst thy deluding,
All his fiery forces rear'd.

See! he wakes—his eye-lids glimmer—
He struggles, faltering, to get free;
Ah! he sinks—come, push the brimmer,
Jolly god! 'twixt thee and me.

TO DR. TAYLOR, PAISLEY.

WRITTEN WHEN SICK.

When dread Disease assaults our trembling breath,
Wrings every nerve and paves the way for death;
Raves through our vitals, merciless to save,
Boils in each vein, and points us to the grave;

Rack'd with the pain, despairing at the view,
We fly for help to pitying Heaven and you.
Oft have I thought, while health flow'd in my breast,
Ere sleepless nights my weary heart opprest ;
That should pale sickness sternly me invade
I'd scorn her rage if Taylor lent his aid.
Rous'd at the name, lo ! disappointed Death,
In vain wild-wrenching to dislodge the breath,
Starts from the lonely couch, grasps up his dart,
And sullen-shrinking owns thy healing art.
Amid those numbers that implore your care,
That hope, by you, sweet health again to share ;
Here I unhappy stand, with sadness prest,
And pin'd by ills that bind my lab'ring breast ;
But should these woes that now I'm forc'd to bear,
Fly from your touch, and with them ev'ry fear ;
Should your blest skill expunge this threat'ning pain,
And I resume my former health again,
This grateful heart your goodness shall revere
Next that Almighty God, Whose hand you are.

EPISTLE TO MR. J—— B——.

WITH P. ——'S POEMS.

With wond'rous delight I've now por'd o'er the pages,
Your goodness was pleas'd to remit me a while ;
Which, tho' they have seen near a couple of ages,
Still flow in a simple, smooth beauty of style.
Wit here and there flashes, the reader alarming,
And Humour oft bends the pleas'd face to smile ;
How sweetly he sings of his Chloe so charming ;
How lofty of William's dread conquests and spoil.

And, oh ! how the heart with soft passion is moved,
While Emma pours out her fond bosom in song ;
In tears I exclaim, Heav'ns ! how the maid loved,
But ah ! 'twas too cruel to try her so long.
But quickly young Laughter extirpates my mourning,
To hear the poor Doctor haranguing his wife ;
Who stretch'd upon bed, lies tumultuously turning,
And pants to engage in sweet Venus's strife.

In short, my good friend, I esteem him a poet,
Whose mem'ry will live while the luscious can charm ;
And Rochester sure had desisted to shew it,
If conscious that P——r so keenly could warm.
So nicely he paints it, he words it so modest,
So swiftly he varies his flight in each line ;
Now soaring on high, in expressions the oddest,
Now sinking, and deigning to grovel with swine.

The Ladle, O raptures ! what bard can exceed it ?
' His modesty, sir, I admire him for that'—
Hans Carvel most gloriously ends when you read it,
But Paulo Purganti—how flaming ! how fat !
Ten thousand kind thanks I return for your bounty ;
For troth I'm transported whenever I think
How Fame will proclaim me aloud through each county,
For singing like P——r of ladles and stink.

ODE.

'Spring returns, but youth no more.'

Loud roaring Winter now is o'er,
And Spring returns with fragrance sweet ;
The bee sips nectar from each flow'r,
And frisking lambs on hillocks bleat.

The little birds chant on each bough,
And warbling larks, ascending sing ;
Chearful, amid the sun's bright glow,
They sweep around on sportive wing.

How pleasant, now, abroad to rove,
To view the fruit-trees as they bloom ;
To pluck the flow'rs that deck each grove,
Or wander thro' the yellow broom.

Yet, 'midst the pleasures we enjoy,
What painful cares harass our breast ;
Ah ! were we freed from this annoy,
How peaceful calm our minds would rest.

The shady bow'rs, the waving woods,
With seeming joy we may explore,
Stand listening to the falling floods ;
Yet still the weight increaseth more.

Oh ! when will come that happy day,
When all-perplexing care will fly ?
Ne'er till we pass the narrow way,
And dart triumphant thro' the sky.

ODE.

Now night her star-enamell'd robe,
O'er half the dreary, darken'd globe,
In solemn state has hung ;
Lone now the distant, murm'ring flood,
And lone the thicket, grove and wood,
Where warblers lately sung.

The distant town, behind yon steep,
Now silent lies, and sunk in sleep,
Dark, solitary, sad ;
No voice, no sound, can reach my ear,
Save shepherd's dogs, who haply hear
The midnight traveller's tread.

Amid this calm, this silence deep,
I wander here, to sigh, to weep,
And breathe my hopeless flame ;
To rocks and woods I still complain,
To woods and rocks, alas ! in vain
I sigh Matilda's name.

O Love ! thou dear, distracting bliss,
Assist my bosom to express
Those pains, those joys I feel ;
Joy, that enraptures while I gaze,
And pain, that tortures, while the blaze
Of love I must conceal.

Sweet is her form, her features meek,
And bright the crimson of her cheek
Beyond the rose's glow ;
Her's is the heart, with softness blest,
And her's each worth that warms the breast
Of innocence below.

But ah ! for ever we must part !
Forget her then, thou throbbing heart,
Nor idly thus complain.
Truth, prudence, reason, all can teach
That Happiness, which mocks our reach,
But aggravates our pain.

HARDYKNUTE ; OR THE BATTLE OF LARGS.

A FRAGMENT—ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH VERSE.

Along the front of his high-wall'd abode
Deep-wrapt in thought, the stately hero strode ;
Thro' his bold breast revolving those alarms
That oft had rous'd and rush'd him on to arms ;
That thro' long seventy years would scarce allow
Seven years of peace to calm his aged brow.
In times he liv'd, when Briton's breach of faith,
Fill'd Scotia's plains with tumult and with death :
Nor fail'd his sword, still to their cost to show,
He stood their deadly, their determin'd foe.

High on a hill's steep top his castle stood,
Hung round with rocks, that frown'd above the wood ;
The spiry turrets tow'ring thro' the sky,
The glittering halls that caught the distant eye,
The wall's huge strength that war could ne'er annoy,
Foes view'd with terror, but each friend with joy ;
For oft, when night her murky shades o'ercast,
And lash'd the rain, and roar'd the howling blast,
The wand'ring knight here found a welcome home,
Forgot his woes, and blest the friendly dome.

Bold was the chief,—brave Hardyknute his name,—
And kind and courteous his endearing dame :
Peerless she shone, for chastity and charms,
When favouring Fate first gave her to his arms
Round all our sea-beat coasts no Fair was seen,
To vie with her, save Emergard the queen.
Full thirteen sons their nuptial blessings crown'd,
All heroes stout, for strength of arm renown'd ;
Rear'd to the field, how did their bosom glow,
Thro' War's loud uproar to pursue the foe ;
Till arm'd with death, and raging o'er the plain,
Nine nobly sunk amid th' illustrious slain.
Four still remain ; long may they fearless wield
The burnish'd sword, and shake the glitt'ring shield.

And since their names from shore to shore extend,
Since high their might and mighty their command,
Still may their courage prove their bright reward,
Their sov'reign's glory and their country's guard.
Tho' warlike deeds employ'd their youthful care,
Great was the love they bore to Fairly Fair.
Their sister she ; all softness, all delight,
Mild as the morn and beautiful as light.
Her girdle, circling round her slender waist,
Reveal'd a shape with fair proportion blest ;
Adown her breast the golden ringlets stray'd,
And every grace adorn'd the blooming maid.
But, ah ! what griefs her fatal beauty bred !
What streams of tears have for these charms been shed !
To young and old, to ev'ry friend unbless'd,
And sad as hist'ry's page has e'er express'd.
Bright Summer now roll'd on in splendid blaze,
And o'er the fields diffus'd his genial rays,
When Norway's king, stern, insolent, and vain,
Proud of his pow'r, and haughty with disdain,
Reach'd Scotia's shores with many a hardy knight,
Resolv'd for war, and burning for the fight.
The rumour spreading wide on wings of fame,
Soon to our sov'reign's ear the tidings came ;
As round the sumptuous board, in regal state
With noble chiefs, in brave array, he sat,
Circling in glitt'ring cups, the wines' deep red,
Red as the blood these heroes oft had shed :
'To horse, to horse, my royal liege ! to horse !
Your daring foes, led by th' insulting Norse,
Crowd all the strand ; full twenty thousand strong,
Pointing their spears in many a warlike throng.'
'Bring me my Mage, my dapple gray, in haste,'
Exclaim'd our king, while starting from the feast :
'A steed more trusty, 'gainst attacks more steel'd,
Ne'er bore Scot's chief or monarch, to the field.'

And go, my page, tell Hardyknute our prop,
Whose castle crowns yon rugged mountain's top,
To draw his sword, that sword foes dread to see ;
Call up his men, and haste and follow me.'
Swift flew the little page, fleet as the dart
Flung from an arm to pierce some warrior's heart ;
Till reach'd the ancient dome's surrounding walls,
Loud from the gate thus to the chief he calls :
'Come down, great Hardyknute ! 'tis war I bring,
Come down, my lord, assist your injured king.'
Fierce rose the warrior's soul ; a fiery glow
O'erspread his cheeks, and dy'd his dark brown brow ;
And keen his looks, and stern his visage grew,
As still they wont in dangers great to do.
Loose from his side a grass-green horn he drew,
And five shrill sounds forth from its circle blew ;
Wild shook the woods, the startled herds stood still,
And the loud echoes rang around each hill.
In manly sports his sons had spent the morn,
When in a vale, faint on the breezes borne,
They heard their father's war-arousing horn.
'That horn,' they solemn said, 'ne'er sounds in peace.
Some nobler deeds demand our sports to cease.'
Then up the hill they sped, with hostile fire,
Rush'd through the gate, and join'd their warlike sire ;
Who thus address'd, with majesty and grace :
'Last night, my sons, I hop'd that free from strife,
In peace and rest I'd close my eve of life ;
Well might my age this weary arm acquit
From martial feats, for years like yours more fit ;
But now, since Norse, in haughty fury boasts
T' enslave our land, and dares t' insult our coasts ;
Fame ne'er shall say, that Hardyknute, at call,
E'er feared to fight, or gloriously to fall.
'Robin of Rothsay, bend thy trusty bow,
Unerring still thy whistling arrows go ;

Full many a daring eye, and visage gay,
They've shut in death, and chang'd to palest clay.
Bold Thomas, take thy lance, no weapon more
Thy arm requires to swell the tide of gore.
If thro' the ranks its fury thou display,
As on that great, that memorable day,
When Westmoreland's fierce heir thy rage did feel,
And, trembling, own'd the terrors of thy steel.
Malcolm, despatch! thy path thou canst pursue,
Swift as the stag, that flies the forest through;
My fearless forces, summon to the field,
Three thousand men, well train'd to sword and shield;
Bring me my courser, harnessing, and blade:
(With dauntless look the agèd hero said)
Knew foes the hand that bears it to the fight,
Soon would the boldest seek inglorious flight.
Farewell, my dame! for peerless good thou art,
Farewell! he said, and prest her to his heart;
To me more fair, in age, you now appear
Than maids whose beauty oft hath reach'd my ear;
My youngest son shall with you here remain
To guard our tow'rs, and ease your anxious pain;
Each night to shut the silver bolts, that keep
Your painted rooms, and watch you while asleep.'
So spake the chief, and, mounting, seized the reins,
While his broad army mov'd along the plains.
  O'erwhelmed with grief and sad foreboding woe,
Stood his fair spouse to see the warrior go;
The gushing tears,—a melancholy scene!—
Bedew'd her comely cheeks and bodice green,
Fast streaming down, uncheck'd and unconfined;
Her silken cords with glitt'ring silver twin'd,
And apron sew'd with curious diceings rare,
The beauteous work of her own Fairly Fair.
  Meantime his march th' undaunted chief pursued,
O'er moors and hills, thro' vales and many a wood;

Till to a grove he came, where, near the way,
A wounded knight in lonely sorrow lay,
Stretched on the grass ; forlorn he seem'd and faint,
And, moaning deep, thus pour'd his sad complaint ;
'Here must I lie, alas ! here must I die
By cruel Treachery's false beguiling eye.
Fool that I was a woman to believe,
Whose faithless smiles were formed but to deceive.'
Him Hardyknute surveying, thus addrest,
(For pity still found shelter in his breast :)
'Ah, hapless knight ! were you my hall within,
On softer silk your weary head to lean,
My lady's care would sooth that piteous moan,
For deadly hate was still to her unknown ;
With kind regard she'd watch you all the day,
Her maids thro' midnight would your grief allay,
And Fairly Fair with soft endearing art,
Delight your eye and chear your drooping heart.
Arise, young knight, and mount your stately steed,
The beauteous day beams bright o'er hill and mead ;
Choose whom you please from midst my faithful train,
To guide your steps along the pathless plain.'
With languid look and cheeks in sorrow dy'd,
The wounded knight thus mournfully reply'd :
'Kind, generous chieftain ! your intent pursue,
Here must I stay, here bid the world adieu ;
To me no future day, however bright,
Can e'er be sweet, or fair the mildest night ;
But soon, beneath some tree's cold-dropping shade,
My cares in death for ever shall be laid.'
In vain he sought to soothe the stranger's wail,
With him nor tears, nor pleading cou'd prevail ;
With fairest words brave Hardyknute to gain,
And reason strong strove courteously in vain.
Onward again he march'd his hostile band,
Far o'er Lord Chattan's wide-extended land ;

When, fir'd by foes to draw his deadly sword,
Immortal deeds still mark'd that worthy lord.
Of Pictish race, by mother's side, he came,
A race long glorious in the lists of Fame ;
When Picts ruled Caledon, and sought his aid,
Lord Chattan saved their crown and claimed the princely maid.
Now with his fierce and formidable train,
A hill he reach'd that overlook'd the plain,
Where wide encampèd on the dale, for fight,
Norse' glitt'ring army hugely lay in sight.
'Yonder, my valiant sons ! in haughty state,
Those raging robbers our arrival wait,
On Scotia's old, unconquer'd plains to try
With us their fate : be victors now or die !
Implore that mighty Pow'r with pious faith,
Who on the cross redeem'd our souls from death,
Then bravely shew, amid the war's fierce blood,
Your veins still glow with Caledonian blood.'
He said, and forth his shining broad-sword drew,
While thousands round unsheath'd in glorious view,
Blaz'd to the sun, a bright, refulgent throng,
While loud from wing to wing, war-horns resounding rung.
Adown the hill, in martial pomp array'd,
To meet his king, in haste his march he made.

* * * * * *

OSSIAN'S LAMENT.

FROM MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

Hard by a rock that from the mountain rose,
Where aged trees hung o'er their withered boughs ;
Low on the moss, long lost to joy and peace,
Old Ossian sat, the last of Fingal's race ;
Sightless his aged eyes, his visage pale,
And white his beard flow'd in the waving gale ;

Silent he list'ned to the northern breeze
That chearless whistled thro' the leafless trees ;
Grief in his soul began afresh to bleed,
And thus he mourn'd in deepest woe the dead.
'How, like the monarch of the waving wood,
Long beat by winds and lash'd by tempests rude ;
How hast thou fall'n before the roaring gust,
With all thy branches round thee in the dust !
Where now is Fingal the renownèd king ?
Where Oscar brave, my son, young, fresh as Spring ?
Where all my race so fearless once and gay ?
All, all alas ! lie mouldering in the clay.
Here as I sit, to wail their hapless doom,
Around I grope and feel each warrior's tomb ;
While, far below, the river's rushing sweep
Pours hoarsely roaring down each rocky steep.
'Ah ! while thy once-known currents past me roll,
What, O lone river ! say'st thou to my soul ?
Back to my mind, worn with Misfortune's blast,
Thou bring'st the sad remembrance of the past.
'Rang'd on thy banks the race of Fingal stood,
Strong as the lofty, black, aspiring wood ;
Keen glanc'd their steely spears with fiery rage,
And bold was he who durst that wrath engage ;
Amid the chiefs great Fillan did appear,
And Oscar ! thou my noble son was there ;
There Fingal stood, unknown to trembling fears,
Strong in the white, the hoary locks of years ;
Full rose his sinewy limbs, firm fell his tread,
And wide and fair his ample shoulders spread ;
Soon as the terrors of his wrath arose,
Beneath his arm how sunk his dying foes !
'Gaul, son of Morny, came forth from his place,
The tallest, hugest of the human race ;
High as an oak upon the hill he stood,
His voice loud-roaring like the roaring flood ;

"Why reigns (he cries in proud contempt) alone
The mighty Corval's feeble, tim'rous son?
Unfit is Fingal's slender arm to save,
He ne'er support to his poor people gave;
But here I stand enthron'd in terrors now,
Fierce as a whirlwind on the mountain's brow;
Strong as a storm that roars amid the sea,
Yield son of Corval, coward, yield to me!"
'Forth Oscar stood, his breast with rage did glow,
(My son, my noble son would meet the foe!)
But Fingal came, high-moving thro' the host,
And smil'd to hear the haughty vaunter's boast;
Around each other hard their arms they threw,
And fierce the fight, and dread the combat grew;
Madly they struggled o'er the trembling ground,
And deep their heels plough'd up the earth around;
Loud crack'd their bones. As where white billows rave,
The boat leaps light from dashing wave to wave;
Long toil'd the chiefs the doubtful field to gain,
And fell, with night upon the sounding plain.
'Thus two huge oaks before the tempest's sweep,
With mingled boughs, roll crashing down the steep;
Bound was the son of Morny, mute with shame;
The hoary, agèd hero overcame.
'Fair, with her golden locks of glossy show,
Her polish'd neck and rising breasts of snow;
Fair, as the spirits of the hill appear
When from the cliffs they charm the list'ning ear;
Or when to view, light as the morning's breath,
At silent noon they glide along the heath;
Fair as the arch o'er heav'n's wide dome displayed,
So fair came Minvane the delightful maid.
"Fingal," she softly said in accents sweet,
"Loose me my brother from his conqueror's feet.
Oh loose my Gaul,—my race's hope alone!
For all but Fingal tremble at his frown."

"Shall I (reply'd the King) thy suit deny,
Thou lovely daughter of the mountain high?
No, free thy brother take, and welcome go.
Sweet Minvane! fairer than the northern snow."
'Such, Fingal, were thy words, sweet in my ear,
But now no more shall I these accents hear;
To wail my friends, and mourn their hapless doom,
Here sit I, sightless, by the dreary tomb;
Wild thro' the wood I hear the tempest roar,
But see my friends and hear their voice no more;
Ceas'd is the cry of hunters from afar,
And hush'd, for ever, the loud voice of War.'

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears
The sound of something purring at his heels. BLAIR.

MAN toils a pilgrim through this weary wild,
This land of serpents, this abode of cares;
And ah! what past, what future horrors dire,
In grim succession start upon his view!
Ills, that surveyed by Fancy's staring eye,
Swell to a size enormous, while the soul,
O'ercome and fainting at their dread approach,
Shrinks from herself; anticipates their pangs,
And sinks beneath imaginary woes.
Thrice happy he! beyond expression blest!
Who though by fate condemned to ceaseless toils,
Beneath hard Fortune's bleak inclement sky,
Feels but this moment's pain! and tho' he sees
Advancing clouds of ills, yet still enjoys
The present sunshine; hopeful that the storm,
Though hung in blackest frowns, may soon disperse,
Or roll unbroken o'er his peaceful head.

Late through a far-extended lonely moor,—
Whose gloomy sides and dark recesses, oft
Had prov'd the haunt of midnight ruffians fierce,—
Old Ralph, benighted, trod. A pedlar he,
Of honest fame ; unlike those ragged swarms,
That ceaseless pouring from a neighb'ring isle,
On Scotia's shores intrude with baggage, base
And undeserving as the backs that bear them :
But sober he and grave, and large the load
That lay unwieldy on his shoulders wide,
And stoop'd him half to earth. A goat's rough skin
Inwrapt the costly stores. Scissors and combs,
And knives and laces long ; sharp-pointed awls,
And pins arrang'd in many a glitt'ring row ;
Strong Shetland-hose, and woollen night-caps warm ;
Clasps, bonnets, razors, spectacles, and rings,
With nameless more, that here the Muse forbears
To crowd into her strain. But what avail'd
This world of wealth ? That fail'd alas ! to purchase
A bed of straw for its neglected owner.
From farm to farm, from cot to cot he strays,
Imploring shelter from th' approaching night,
And black-suspended storm. Full oft he vow'd to leave
Whole rows of pins, nor crave one scanty meal.
Vain were his vows, and sad he trudg'd, till night
Descending dreary o'er the dark'ning waste,
Conceal'd each human dwelling from his view,
Nor ought of sound assail'd his listening ear,
Save the wild shrieks of moor-cock from the hill,
Or breeze that whistled mournful o'er the heath.
The dreadful tales of robbers' bloody deeds,
That oft had swell'd his theme while nightly stretch'd
Beside the list'ning peasant's blazing hearth,
Now crowded on his mind in all their rage
Of pistols, purses, stand ! deliver ! death !
Trembling he stumbled on, and ever rolled
His jealous eyes around. Each waving shrub

Doubl'd his fears, till, horrible to thought !
The sound of hasty steps alarm'd his ear,
Fast hurrying up behind. Sudden he stopt,
And stooping, could discern, with terror struck,
Between him and the welkin's scanty light,
A black gigantic form of human shape,
And formidably arm'd. Ah ! who can tell
The horrors dread that at this instant struck
Ralph's frozen frame. His few gray rev'rend hairs
Rose bristling up, and from his aged scalp,
Up-bore the affrighted bonnet. Down he dropt
Beneath th' oppressive load, but gath'ring soon
A little strength, in desperation crawl'd
To reach some neighb'ring shrubs' concealing shade.
So speeds the hurrying crab, when eager boys
Uprear th' incumbent stone, and bare expose
Himself and haunt unto the open day.
Approaching nearer to the bushes' gloom,
Along the heath, upon his breast, he stole,
With arms expanded, grasping for his hold :
As when to gain some herb's inviting leaf,
The weary snail, supporting her own shell,
And stretching forth her horns, with searching care
Moves cautious on. Meantime, scarce had he reach'd
The o'erhanging furze, when to his startled view
The stalking form advanc'd. Huge, huge it seem'd,
And in its brawny grasp held something black,—
A bloody sword, no doubt, of dreadful size ;
Before the gloomy spot where Ralphus lay,
Frowning it stood ; and look'd, and stood, and look'd ;
And look'd, and stood !————
As if it sought but one directing glance
To thunder through his heart the deadly shot.
With horror petrify'd the pedlar lay
Squat on the heath, and shook through every nerve,
Till nature giving way, with one deep groan,
At once his senses sunk into a swoon.

Happy for Ralph, I ween, that at this time
The soul deserted her endanger'd clay,
Ere mighty cries for mercy had reveal'd
The spot he held, and forc'd him to resign
His purse, his budget, or his precious life.
How long he lay entranc'd, can ne'er be told
By human tongue ; yet this we know, that life
Again revisited his wan, cold corpse,
And trembled on his lip. The purple tide
Resum'd its wonted course, and to the night
Again he op'd his weary, languid eyes,
While Recollection, settling on her throne,
Inform'd him where he was. Around he threw
His fearful look upon the dreary waste,
Where nought was seen to stir except the bent
That idly bended on the sighing blast ;
While safe, and resting on his bruisèd back,
The bulky budget press'd him to the earth.
'Good heav'n be praised !' with lifted eyes he said,
'That here my budget lies, and I am safe !'
So said, he rose, but with him also rose
Some doubts about his safety. O'er the heath,
With throbbing breast, he bent his pathless way,
And long he trod, and oft he gaz'd around
For some kind hut to shield him from the night.
At length, descending a rough, rocky steep,
A glimmering light from some lone cottage near,
Beam'd on his gladdened view. Soon to the door
His way he found, and entering, could perceive
A group assembled round the ruddy hearth.
Bent o'er the fire a hoary rustic hung,
Wrinkled with age, and seemed as if he'd been
The last survivor of the former age.
Upon the floor, engag'd in sportive play,
Three prattling infants sat ; while, wrapt in peace,
Their frugal mother plyed the murm'ring wheel.
To her Ralph straight apply'd, and wishing peace,

Besought the shelter of their humble roof,
To rest till dawn of day his weary limbs ;
For far, far distant from each friend he stray'd,
And cold and dreary was the gloomy night.
The jealous matron for a while survey'd
His decent form ; then pointing to a chest,
While kind compassion melted in her eye—
'Repose,' she said, 'your load, and freely share
That fare and shelter we ourselves enjoy.'
Scarce had poor Ralph obey'd, and scarce sat down,
To ponder pensive on the danger past,
When noise announc'd some wanderer at the door ;
Soft rose the latch, and instant usher'd in
A feeble, shiv'ring, small, decrepid thing ;
One drooping hand sustain'd the pond'rous goose,
Whose level, burning bases, oft, alas !
Unpitying, scorches the gray wand'ring brood
That, numerous, lurk amid th' enclosing seams ;
A rod the other grasp'd, that serv'd to explore
His darksome path along the midnight mud,
Nor fail'd to act a useful part by day.
A sound of joy now through the cottage rose ;
Each laughing infant ran to meet his sire
With shouts of joy. Aside the matron put
Her well-worn wheel, and anxiously enquir'd
From him the cause of his unusual stay.
A fear-begotten, wild, expressive look
He just return'd the partner of his cares,
When seated softly in his rev'rend chair,
With solemn voice and sighing thus began :
'If ever Satan visited this earth,
This night, this dreadful night I have him seen.'
'Heav'n be our guide !' exclaim'd the trembling wife,
The children crowded nearer to the hearth,
And while the hoary swain star'd in his face,
The ghostly taylor thus his tale renew'd :—
'Dark was the night ere thro' the rustling wood,

Groping my way, I gain'd the level moor ;
There, as I trod along, methought I heard
Some rumbling noise before me on the heath,
As stones confin'd within a coffin make ;
Approaching nearer, plainly I beheld
(If e'er these eyes were capable of sight)
A monstrous rolling bulk, three times as large
As any ox that ever graz'd the hill ;
Within my view it kept, till vent'ring near,
And stopping short to guess what it might be,
With two deep groans it vanish'd from my sight.

'Feeble as death I fled, and soon I reached
The cottage on the hill ; but ere my tongue
Could tell the sad disaster, flat I fell
For dead upon the floor. With much kind care
They brought me back to life ; these last two hours
There pale I sat, my vigour to regain.
But never, never, shall I e'er dispute
The dread existence of those wandering fiends ;
This night these eyes have witnessèd such horrors,
As would have terrify'd and put to flight
The priest himself, and boldest man on earth.'

He ceas'd, and Ralph, with looks that sparkl'd joy,
Explain'd the mystery dread. A burst of mirth,
In laughter loud, convuls'd their ev'ry nerve ;
Forth from his shaggy budget Ralphus drew,
In gleesome mood, his pipes ; the swelling bag
Awoke the warlike yell and sounding drone ;
The hoary swain sat smiling in his chair,
Up sprung the host and flung around the floor ;
The wondering yonkers laugh'd to see their sire,
And mirth and music echoed thro' the cot.

SONG.

TUNE.—'Her sheep are all in clusters.'

YE dark rugged rocks, that recline o'er the deep,
Ye breezes that sigh o'er the main;
Here shelter me under your cliffs, while I weep,
And cease, while ye hear me complain;
For distant, alas! from my native dear shores,
And far from each friend now I be;
And wide is the merciless ocean, that roars
Between my Matilda and me.

How blest are the times when together we stray'd,
While Phœbe shone silent above;
Or lean'd by the border of Cartha's green side,
And talk'd the whole evening of love;
Around us all nature lay wrapt up in peace,
No noise could our pleasures annoy;
Save Cartha's hoarse brawling, convey'd by the breeze,
That sooth'd us to love and to joy.

If haply some youth had his passion exprest,
And prais'd the bright charms of her face;
What horrors, unceasing, revolv'd thro' my breast,
While sighing I stole from the place.
For where is the eye that could view her alone,
The ear that could list to her strain;
Nor wish the adorable nymph for his own,
Nor double the pangs I sustain?

Thou moon! that now brightens those regions above,
How oft hast thou witness'd my bliss!
While breathing my tender expressions of love,
I seal'd each kind vow with a kiss.

Ah ! then, how I joy'd, while I gaz'd on her charms !
What transports flew swift through my heart !
I press'd the dear beautiful maid in my arms,
Nor dream'd that we ever would part.

But now from the dear, from the tenderest maid,
By Fortune unfeelingly torn ;
'Midst strangers, who wonder to see me so sad,
In secret I wander forlorn ;
And oft when drear midnight assembles her shades,
And Silence pours sleep from her throne ;
Pale, lonely, and pensive, I steal thro' the glades,
And sigh 'midst the darkness my moan.

In vain to the town I retreat for relief,
In vain to the groves I complain ;
Belles, coxcombs, and uproar, can ne'er soothe my grief,
And solitude nurses my pain.
Still absent from her whom my bosom loves best,
I languish in mis'ry and care ;
Her presence could banish each woe from my breast,
But her absence, alas ! is despair.

Ye dark rugged rocks, that recline o'er the deep ;
Ye breezes that sigh o'er the main ;
Oh, shelter me under your cliffs, while I weep,
And cease, while ye hear me complain.
For distant, alas ! from my native dear shores,
And far from each friend now I be ;
And wide is the merciless ocean, that roars
Between my Matilda and me.

ELEGY.

Lean not on Earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart,
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear,
On its sharp point Peace bleeds and Hope expires. YOUNG.

BENEATH a range of elms, whose branches throw
A gloomy shade upon the path below ;
There, scarcely shelter'd from the evening wind,
A youth, slow-wandering, pensively reclin'd ;
Sunk were his eyes, his visage deadly wan,
Deep, deep, he groan'd, and thus in grief began :
Blest were those times that now, alas ! are fled,
When health and plenty wanton'd round my head ;
When all my griefs were sunk in downy rest,
And peace and pleasure dwelt within my breast ;
Then smiling swains assembled in my train,
Hung on my arm, delighted with my strain ;
Prest, when I spoke, with eager warmth my hand,
And begg'd the blessing but to be my friend,
Extoll'd my worth and pointed to a store
Of wealth and joy when all my toils were o'er ;
My verse, they said, would cease not to inspire
While time remain'd, or mortals to admire.
Dear, dear to me were Friendship's clasping arms,
But dearer far the young Lavinia's charms.
Friendship, if real, our distress may share,
But Love can soothe, can sweeten every care.
Sweet were the hours that fann'd our mutual flame,
And soft the strain that breath'd her charming name.
Her face, her form as Beauty's self were fair,
For every grace and every charm were there.
Our thoughts were guileless, pure our growing flame,
Our minds, our wishes, and our hearts the same.
No fears could damp, no foes our hopes destroy,
But each young moment brought an age of joy.
These were the times that promis'd bliss in store,
But these, alas ! will visit me no more.

Ah, why should beings frail as bark can be,
Trust the smooth calm of Life's uncertain sea,
That, rising, roars around the helpless crew,
And whelms their hopes for ever from their view.
Death, whose dread frown can chill the boldest heart,
Spread his cold horrors o'er my dearest part ;
Thrice pale Lavinia, panting by my side,
Moan'd out my name in accents faint, and dy'd !
O where shall anguish fit expression find
To paint the woes of my distracted mind,
When all I lov'd, and all I wish'd to have,
Sunk from my arms into the yawning grave.
  Kind is the world and eager to befriend
While health and success on our steps attend ;
But let the tempest of Misfortune roar,
We hear its offers and its vows no more.
'Twas now, while ruin growl'd around my head,
That all my worth and all my prospects fled ;
Health, comfort, peace, and with them every friend,
Whose heart could soothe, or pity, or defend ;
Ev'n hope itself, Fate calls me to forego,
And nought remains but a whole world of woe.
  O Death ! thou friend, thou sovereign cure indeed,
When wilt thou bid this bosom cease to bleed.
To thee I look, to thee distrest and wan,
To seal those sorrows that thy arm began ;
Life wrings my soul with agonising care,
And earth can give no comfort but despair.
  Here ceas'd he sad, and heav'd the deep-felt sigh,
While fast the tears stole down from either eye ;
Bleak blew the wind, the darkness blacker grew,
And slow the youth with feeble pace withdrew.

ELEGY.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

Thou dearest object of my soul on earth,
Thou kind, young sharer of my joys and woe ;
Forgive, while here I pour my sorrows forth,
E'er life's last current from its fountain flow.

The hour arrives with heaven's supreme behest,
Advancing death in awful pomp I see ;
Disease slow writhes within my troubled breast,
And past are all the joys of life with me.

Farewell, ye pleasing scenes of fond delight,
Farewell ye hopes that promised once so well ;
Ye charms that shot through my enraptur'd sight,
Ye days of peace, ye nights of joy, farewell.

No more with thee the drousy town I'll leave,
To tread the dews, and breathe the sweets of morn ;
Nor fondly wish the dear return of eve,
To meet thee blushing near the lonely thorn.

The eyes that gaz'd unwearied on thy charms,
The heart that wont at sight of thee to leap ;
A few sad hours will finish its alarms,
And seal their orbs in everlasting sleep.

When this weak pulse hath number'd out its date,
When all my hopes and all my fears are o'er ;
When each young friend shall pensive tell my fate,
And death's black train stand mournful at my door.

Then, oh ! Lavinia, while thou dost survey
The pale chang'd features once to thee well known ;
The limbs that flew thy dictates to obey,
The arms that oft enclasp'd thee as their own.

Check not the tear that trembles in thine eye,
Nor stop the sigh that struggles from thy heart ;
These are the rites for which I'd rather die,
Than all the pomp of marble and of art.

Lavinia, oh ! thou dear, thou precious name !
That opes each wound, and tears my trembling heart ;
Wilt thou vouchsafe one poor request I claim,
To breathe one wish, one prayer e'er we part ?

O round thy head may heaven its blessings strew !
May angels waft each comfort to thy cell ;
Pure be thy peace—thy tears, thy troubles few,
Thou kindest maid, thou dearest friend, farewell.

TO THE HON. WILLIAM M'DOWAL, OF GARTHLAND,

ON HIS RETURN FROM PARLIAMENT, JULY, 1791.

Welcome once more, from scenes of pomp and noise,
To rural peace and undisturbèd joys ;
Welcome ! the blessings of the poor to share,
That smiles and tears of gratitude declare.
Smiles, from the soul that undissembled dart,
And tears, warm-streaming from th' o'erflowing heart.
Blest be the arm ! when Famine from his den,
Led on by fools and deep-designing men,
Advanc'd, grim-threat'ning, to deform those plains,
Where wealth and peace and boundless commerce reigns ;
Blest be the arm that scourg'd him from our shore,
And bade our hopes to blossom as before.
The warrior sheath'd in steel and drench'd in blood,
May scatter death where towns and hamlets stood ;
May see around the flaming horrors rise,
And hear, well-pleased, expiring wretches' cries ;

These to his savage bosom may convey
A short-liv'd joy that darkens with the day ;
But he, whose gracious and assisting hand
Spreads wealth and pleasure o'er a smiling land ;
Bids cities rise, internal troubles cease,
And pours the balm of liberty and peace ;
To him the peasant, whistling o'er the soil ;
The yellow fields, the reapers' rustling toil ;
The noisy bustling town, the crowded port,
Where mingling nations with their stores resort ;
These to his heart a tide of rapture roll,
That warms, sublimes, and dignifies the soul.
To you, M'Dowal, whose unbounded heart
Exults, to all those blessings to impart ;
To you each bosom heaves with grateful sighs,
For you the warmest of our wishes rise ;
That Heaven, indulgent, may for ever shed
Health, peace, and pleasure round your honor'd head,
Long, long, to rise amid your humble swains,
The hope, the guard, and glory of our plains.

EPIGRAM.

I ASK'D a poor fav'rite of Phœbus t'other night,
Whom to see, I had toil'd seven proud stories' height ;
If his wit could inform me what cause can be for it,
That poets incline so to live in a garret ?
'There are many,' quoth he, 'don't you know that sly reynard
When trac'd from the hen-roost, the fold or the vineyard,
How by turnings and doubling he endeavors to fleece
Each hound of its aim, then repose him in peace ?
So we, (such you see are the terms of Apollo)
Still in dread of the Bailiff or Dun's horrid hollo ;

Mount, winding and circling through a labyrinth of stairs,
To our own airy regions of hunger and cares.
'Another, moreover, might likewise be given—
We're nearer Apollo, the Muses, and Heaven ;
From whence, when the patch from its pane is unfurl'd,
We can spit with contempt on the rest of the world ;
And, living on air, sure 'tis well understood,
That the higher the garret the purer the food.'

EPIGRAM.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

If cares can quench the poet's fire,
And damp each cheerful-rising thought ;
Make Wilson drooping drop the lyre,
Ere he perhaps a theme has sought ;

Sure if there liv'd a friendly swain,
Mild, merry, generous to the poet ;
Inspiring joy, expelling pain,
To please inclin'd, and kind to show it.

Can words tell how my heart would leap,
How throb to meet a swain so true !
Exclaim you, with affection deep,
'Lives such a swain'?—he lives in you.

THE RAKE: AN EPIGRAM.

Tho' Floris revell'd, subtile as a fox,
Thrice in six weeks poor Florio caught a pox;
The next six weeks brought weeping to his door,
Three pregnant wenches and a brimstone whore.
Mad at the sight, and tortur'd with the evil,
He drove the black assembly to the devil.
Well, here his griefs would end! Ah, piteous tale
Six following weeks beheld him in a jail;
The next six saw him, e'er that time flew by,
Roar, curse, blaspheme, pine, mortify and die.
Blest hadst thou been, O Florio! blest indeed!
Nor yet condemn'd among the common dead,
Had Fate withheld (to lengthen out thy days,)
Such fierce temptations from thy eager gaze,
And gracious given thee, to grasp the trick,
A longer patience, * * * *

TO THE CURIOUS.

AN ENIGMA.

What Samson embrac'd, when revenge for his eyes,
Provok'd the huge warrior to tumble down legions;
What oft, thro' the night, from some ruin'd church cries,
Harsh-voiced as a native of Pluto's pale regions;
The female whose folly all mankind impeach,
That e'er she was form'd to embitter enjoyment;
The little emphatical main-spring of speech,
Whose pleasure is toil, and whose ease is employment.
Pick out the initials of each of their names,
And *his* who destroy'd, and then bowed down to witches;
Which done, a known title your notice then claims,
Of a parcel of poor insignificant wretches.

PRAYER.

ADDRESSED TO JOVE, THE GOD OF THUNDER, DURING THE LATE HOT WEATHER.

God of thunders, clouds and rain !
Hear, nor let us pray in vain ;
In this sultry hot September,
Jove, thy worms of earth remember ;
See us panting, blowing, sweating,
Chok'd with dust, fatigu'd with fretting ;
Roasted up, as brown's potatoes,
Stung by flies, and curst musquetoes ;
Sleepless nights, for ever turning ;
Drench'd in sweat from night to morning ;
Drinking grog to quench the fire,
Still the more we drink, the drier.
  See our meadows, fields, and pastures,
Bare and brown as blist'ring plaisters ;
See our melons, pears, and peaches,
Shrivelled up like skins of witches ;
Streams and ponds, and creeks a-drying,
Millers groaning, fishes dying ;
Frogs extended stiff as pokers,—
Dead, alas ! are all the croakers ;
Tenor, treble, bass and chorus,
Blood and wounds himself no more is.
  See the clouds of dust ascending
O'er the burning road contending ;
There, the wet and foaming steed,
Panting, lashed to cruel speed ;
Feels in ev'ry vein the fires,
Staggers, tumbles, and expires.
  See these strangers faint and sweating,
Landed from the shores of Britain ;
(Blessèd shores ! where temp'rate gales,
Health and verdure never fails ;
Round whose airy cliffs, sea-driven,

Sweeps the purest breath of Heaven :)
See them clad in coats of woollen,
Panting for some shade to cool in ;
Looking round with restless gaze,
Through the sultry, sick'ning blaze :
On each parchèd field they meet,
With'ring in the torrid heat,
With a sigh—that fate should lead 'em
To such burning shores of freedom.
  See our cits with tun-like bellies,
Melted down almost to jellies :
See our mowers, mason-tenders,
See our smiths, like salamanders ;
See—but, gracious Pow'r, forgive us,
Thou see'st all, and can'st relieve us ;
God of thunders, clouds, and rain,
Hear, nor let us pray in vain !
From the wat'ry western regions,
Call Thy clouds in gloomy legions :
Tow'ring, thick'ning, moving horrid,
O'er the day's affrighted forehead ;
Swift athwart the low'ring deep,
Sudden let the lightning sweep ;
Loud the bursting thunders roar,
Flashes blaze, and torrents pour ;
Dark'ning, blazing, roaring, pouring—
Till this earth has got a scouring ;
Till each stream, and creek, and current,
Swells and roars a raging torrent ;
Till each freshen'd field, and every
Hill and dale, wear Nature's livery ;
And cool buxom breezes winnow,
Bracing ev'ry nerve and sinew.
  God of thunders, clouds, and rain !
Hear ! nor let us pray in vain ;
And till age has made us hoary,
Thine shall be the praise and glory.

HYMNS.

I.

WHERE'ER I turn my weary eyes,
Surrounding sorrows wait ;
For vain are all the passing joys,
And fairest smiles of Fate.

Full oft, thro' life's perplexing maze,
We chase some distant gain ;
Death comes—we leave the mad pursuit,
And sigh—that all is vain.

And is all vanity below ?—
Religion mild replies,
'No other joys, save those I give,
Can make thee good or wise.'

II.

YE dazzling stars above,
That deck the midnight sky ;
Say, whence the mighty pow'r that thus
Suspended you on high.

Wide o'er the vast expanse
Your glitt'ring numbers roll ;
And thus, methinks, in solemn strains,
You whisper to the soul :

'For thee, from age to age,
Here silently we shine ;
To lift thy thoughts from things below,
And lead them to divine.'

III.

Glad Morning now unfolds her wing;
And shakes the dews of night away ;
The birds, from airy branches, sing,
To hail the near approach of day.

How sad to them when Sol retires !
How welcome his returning rays !
When love their every breast inspires,
To chant the great Creator's praise.

Come then, my soul ! that Pow'r adore,
While light, and life, and time remain ;
Soon will my day of life be o'er,
And death's descending darkness reign.

IV.

Slow sinks the sun
Amid the ruddy main ;
While silence seals
Each closing eye to rest ;
The weary bird
Steals softly to its nest ;
While, from the town,
The sounds of labour cease
And all around
Is universal peace.

Now while the moon
Begins her nightly course ;
While mild the air,
And silent sleeps the breeze ;
And shadows stretch
Beneath the branching trees ;
There, musing deep,
Let Contemplation stray ;
Far from the noise
And discontents of day.

V.

Why fails my courage now?
Why tremble I at death?
Why sweats my throbbing brow,
To yield that trifle—breath?
Alas! some pow'r within
Incessant seems to say;
That I, in deepest sin,
Have trifled life away.
Oh! save me from the deep,
That life I may renew;
Suspend the blow, but keep
Death ever in my view.

VI.

Again the fading fields
Announce wild Winter nigh;
Each shed the harvest shields
From the inclement sky.
Low low'r the clouds
And o'er the plain,
Fast pours the rain
And swells the floods.

Loud o'er the lonely height
The lashing tempest howls;
And, through the tedious night
Wild scream the wailing owls;
While round the shores
Of Albion wide;
In foaming pride,
Old Ocean roars.

VII.

To Him who bids the tempest roll,
Or lulls the noontide blaze;
In joyful anthems let your soul
Proclaim His boundless praise.

Where'er yon glorious orb of day
Dispels the dreary night;
Where'er his bright refulgent ray
Dispenses life and light:

In one triumphant chorus high,
Let all unite around;
Till loud along the vaulted sky,
The lofty song resound.

SONGS.

MY LANDLADY'S NOSE.

O'ER the evils of life 'tis a folly to fret,
Despondence and grief never lessen'd them yet;
Then a fig for the world let it come as it goes,
I'll sing to the praise of my landlady's nose.

My landlady's nose is in noble condition,
For longitude, latitude, shape, and position;
'Tis as round as a horn, and as red as a rose,
Success to the hulk of my landlady's nose.

To jewellers' shops let your ladies repair,
For trinkets and nick-nacks to give them an air;
Here living curbuncles, a score of them glows
On the big massy sides of my landlady's nose.

Old Patrick M'Dougherty when on the fuddle,
Pulls out a segar, and looks up to her noddle ;
For Dougherty swears, when he swigs a good dose,
By Marjory's firebrand, my landlady's nose.

Ye wishy-wash butter-milk drinkers so cold,
Come here, and the virtues of brandy behold ;
Here's red burning Ætna ; a mountain of snows,
Would roll down in streams from my landlady's nose.

Each cavern profound of this snuff-loving snout,
Is furnish'd within, sir, as well as without ;
O'er the brown upper lip such a cordial flows—
O, the cordial brown drops of my landlady's nose.

But, gods ! when this trunk with an uplifted arm,
She grasps in the dish-clout to blow an alarm,
Horns, trumpets, conches are but screaming of crows,
To the loud thund'ring twang of my landlady's nose.

My landlady's nose unto me is a treasure,
A care-killing nostrum, a fountain of pleasure ;
If I want for a laugh to discard all my woes,
I only look up to my landlady's nose.

CONNEL AND FLORA.

Dark lowers the night o'er the wide stormy main,
Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful again ;
Alas ! morn returns to revisit our shore ;
But Connel returns to his Flora no more !

For see, on yon mountain, the dark cloud of death
O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on the heath ;
While bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,
He lies, to return to his Flora no more !

Ye light fleeting spirits that glide o'er yon steep,
O would ye but waft me across the wild deep,
There fearless I'd mix in the battle's loud roar,
I'd die with my Connel, and leave him no more !

WASHINGTON : DIRGE.

He's gone ! for ever gone and lost
Our country's glory, pride, and boast ;
In vain we weep—in vain deplore,
Our Washington is now no more.—
That guiding star, whose radiant form,
In triumph led us thro' the storm
While blackest clouds did round us roar,
Is set—to gild our sphere no more.

O'er regions far remote and nigh,
The fatal tidings swiftly fly ;
Each startled bosom heaves with woe,
And tears of deepest sorrow flow.
The young, the aged, wise, and brave,
Approach in solemn grief his grave ;
In silent anguish to bemoan,
Their hero, friend, and father gone.

JEFFERSON AND LIBERTY.

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

Air—'Willie was a wanton wag.'

The gloomy night before us flies,
The reign of terror now is o'er ;
Its gags, inquisitors, and spies,
Its herds of harpies are no more.

CHORUS.

Rejoice ! Columbia's sons, rejoice,
To tyrants never bend the knee ;
But join, with heart, and soul, and voice,
For Jefferson and Liberty.

Hail ! long expected, glorious day ;
Illustrious, memorable morn !
That freedom's fabric, from decay,
Rebuilds for millions yet unborn.

His country's glory, hope, and stay,
In virtue and in talents tried ;
Now rises to assume the sway,
O'er this great temple to preside.

Within its hallowed walls immense,
No hireling bands shall e'er arise ;
Arrayed in tyranny's defence,
To crush an injured people's cries.

No lordling here, with gorging jaws,
Shall wring from Industry her food ;
No holy bigot's fiery laws
Lay waste our ruined fields in blood.

Here, strangers from a thousand shores,
Compelled by tyranny to roam ;
Still find, amidst abundant stores,
A nobler, and a happier home.

Here Art shall lift her laurelled head,
Wealth, industry, and peace divine ;
And, where unbounded forests spread,
Shall fields and lofty cities shine.

From Europe's wants and woes remote,
A friendly waste of waves between ;

Here plenty cheers the humblest cot,
And smiles on every village green.

Here, free as air's expanded space,
To every soul and sect shall be,
That sacred privilege of our race,
The worship of the Deity.

These gifts, great Liberty, are thine
Ten thousand more we owe to thee ;
Immortal may their memories shine,
Who fought and died for Liberty.

What heart but hails a scene so bright ?
What soul but inspiration draws ?
Who would not guard so dear a right,
Or die in such a glorious cause ?

Let foes to freedom dread the name ;
But should they touch this sacred tree,
Thrice fifty thousand swords shall flame,
For Jefferson and Liberty !

O'er vast Columbia's varied clime,
Her cities, forests, shores, and dales,
In rising majesty sublime,
Immortal liberty prevails.

From Georgia to Lake Champlain,
From seas to Mississippi's shore ;
Ye sons of freedom loud proclaim,
The reign of terror is no more.

Rejoice ! Columbia's sons rejoice,
To tyrants never bend the knee ;
But join, with heart, and soul, and voice,
For Jefferson and Liberty !

Part III.—Poems hitherto uncollected, or for the first time printed.

(Q 2)

NOTE.

In the Preface and Contents, the sources of the Poems in this section are given. Thither, the Reader is referred. These hitherto uncollected or unknown Poems are of very much greater extent and interest than at this late day could have been expected, especially those recovered from the American periodicals. 'The Spouter'—so strangely lost sight of—takes precedence from its length and importance.—*G.*

Poems hitherto uncollected, or for the first time printed.

THE SPOUTER.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women only players;
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

SHAKESPEARE.

INTRODUCTION.

WHERE is the place that mair o' life ye'll learn,
Than 'hint the scenes in some auld kintra barn,
Where two-three hungry, ragged, Spouter blades,
—Wha'd better stuck through life to spools or spades,—
Driven by stern want, the fell remorseless jaud;
Mang kintra folk do ply their kittle trade?
  There ye may see a lang horn shottle chiel,
On whose pale face, hunger is painted weel,
As Dick the Third shout for "a horse! a horse!"
To meet young Richmond, an' the invading force:
Or else some sniftering, snivelling, ill-clad loon,
Wha wadna hae the heart a cat to droon;
As stern Macbeth, rampauging through his part,
An' for his crown stab Duncan to the heart.

Anither chiel, wha ilk day thumps his wife,
There, on the stage, acts Romeo to the life;
While whimpering Juliet for a maid is ta'en,
Although last week she bore a bastard wean,
And couldna tell, though it wad saved her life,
Wha her a mother made before she was a wife.
  Or turn to Comedy: wha e'er wad think,
The chiels were hovering on starvation's brink;
Wha e'er wad think, to hear their ready joke,
That they were suffering 'neath affliction's stroke;
Or wha wad think yon funny, tumbling clown,
Wha raises laughter to the auld and young,
Beneath the fun and humour o' his part,
Concealed crushed spirits, and a breaking heart:
Yet sae it is, for down his pen he laid,
Fired by ambition for to try the trade,
At whilk great Garrick had got sic a name,
And whilk he thoucht wad lead even him to fame;
But noo he tumbles, to a score or twa
O' kintra bumpkins, in some aul' barn wa',
And sees himsel' gaun to an early grave,
Fell want and dissipation's ready slave.
  A' that, and mair, hae I richt aften seen,
When through the kintra wi' my pack I've been;
But what has brought it now just to my min',
Is an affair that happened here short-syne:
Upo' ae caul', bleak, blustry winter-day,
A Spouter blade, to our town took his way;
A lang ill-leukin' vagabond, I trow,
Dressed in a ragged coat that had been blue;
And wi' a bundle owre his shouther hung,
Tied to the en' o' a thick knotty rung;
While, by his side, trampèd a wee bit laddie,
Whose claes were like his master's, gyan duddie.
And as they slowly trudged along the street,
Plashing through dirt an' wat, wi' ill-shod feet;
Ilk aul' wife left her wheel, to rin and see

Wha that lang raggy ne'er-do-weel could be;
And as in twas and threes they gathered roun',
Wonnerin' what broucht sic gangrels to the town,
Some shook their heads, an' said—"Eh! sirs, I fear
It's for nae guid, as we owre soon will hear."
While ithers said that—"We should thankfu' be
We ne'er had been broucht to sic misery;
But aye had haen a shelter owre our head,
An' ne'er could say that we hae wantit bread;
While some puir creatures haena where to lay
Their heads, nor yet as much as for a meal would pay."
After the Spouter had gaen out o' sight,
An' the auld wives had settled a' things right,
In a short time I had forgot him clean,
The same as if he never here had been;
When, leukin' frae the winnock, there I saw
His raggy callan, batterin' on the wa'
Big prentit bills—an' rinnin' out wi' speed
That I might his "announcement" quickly read,
I saw them headed "Wondrous novelty!"
In twa-inch letters, an' then "Come an' see!"
He then set forth his name was Mr. Main,
An' he had come direct frae Drury Lane,
Where baith their Majesties, the king an' queen,
Had aft wi' his performance pleaséd been;
And that he now was on his kintra tour,
That he might show the warl' his great power,—
Whilk was allowéd in the acting line,
By every ane, to be great an' sublime.
He then on the "Nobility!" did call,
"Gentry" an' "Public," too, "in general;"
To come that night to William Watson's barn,
(This was in writing) where that they would learn
From certain pieces that he would recite
In the said barn, at eight o'clock that night,
The various passions of the human mind;
An' that a' those who might be sae inclined,

Would likewise hear some sangs, divinely sung
By Master Sprat; whase praises had been rung
Through a' the lan'; (a great deal mair was said,
Whilk noo has slippet clean out o' my head:)
Then ended wi' "The charge is just a penny,
So be in time, for the place wont hold many."
Ye wad hae thought the whole folk i' the town,
By this time 'bout the bills were gathered roun';
An' as in crowds, they stood, an' at them read,
'Twas odd to hear the droll remarks they made.
Ane said he "wonnert the great Mr. Main,
Should lea sae gran' a place as Drury lane;
That he, an' a bit raggy chiel, thegither
'Might wanner through the lan' in sic like weather:"
While an auld wife said, "Bairns, tak' my advice,
An' gang na near the place, gif ye be wise;
For I can tell you wha ere sets a fit,
Within the barn, is bookit for the pit
Whilk has nae boddam; whare the wicked's soul,
'Mang burning brumstane lies, to roar an' howl,—
As Reverend Mr. Thump-the-Deil did say
In his discourse the tither Sabbath day.
Ye needna giggle, callans, it's as true
As I'm this precious minute telling you;
An' mair than that, ye'll maybe hae heard tell
What happened to a lad ca'd Andrew Bell,
Wha ance to Glasgow, to the warehouse gaed
(The chiel being a weaver to his trade).
Weel, in that town I trow he saw a sicht
That filled him mony a day wi' muckle fricht.
Some freens had gat him to gae to the Play,
In place o' doucely in the house to stay;
When in the nicht he waukent wi' the smell
O' brumstane, as I've heard him aften tell;
An' turnin' roun', what think ye that he saw?
Just the black Devil stan'in' at the wa',
Haudin' out in his han' a muckle book;

On whilk puir Andro did nae sooner look,
Than Clootie gied the puir lad a bit wink,
And pointed to his name—written wi' red ink ;
As muckle as to say, at last, my chiel,
Ye hae been fairly gruppit by the Deil."
She then gaed on to tell us, that if we
Gaed to the barn this nicht, we'd maybe see
Some o' her words ere lang wad come to pass :
An' then she shook her head, an' said—"Alas !
Sic unbelievin' times were never seen,
They werena like the guid aul' times that ance had been."
But, faith, to me her lecture was in vain,
It didna keep me back frae Mr. Main ;
For aff I set, an' comin' near the door,
There stood the Spouter, wha did loudly roar
To "Be in time, an' come right quickly in,
For I am just a-going to begin ;
An' if you do not soon secure your places,
The door, ere long, will be shut in your faces.
An' if ye miss this opportunity,
The like of it ye ne'er again may see ;
For I can tell you, 'tis not every day
Such a famed actor will a visit pay
Unto your town, for——" here I stopped his speech
By haudin' out a penny in his reach ;
An', walkin' in, sat down before a screen
That in its day had ance a bed-mat been ;
Although wi' dirt an' patches 'twas sae covered,
What it had been could scarcely be discovered.
As soon as I had cast aroun' my een
I scarcely could believe what there was seen,
For that whilk had been made for to appear,
When in the bill, a "brilliant chandelier,"
Was just a girr, that frae the laft hung down
Wi' cannels here an' there stuck on't a' roun' ;
An' in place o' the instrumental ban',
Whilk was to have been unequalled in the lan',

Before the screen, wi' a bit fiddle, sat
His raggy laddie, ca'd Adolphus Sprat ;
An' scruntit "Owre the hills an' far awa,"
In tones far waur than sharpenin' a saw ;
An' I but tell the truth, whan I allege,
Ere lang he had set a' our teeth on edge.
"Stop that damn'd fiddle !" roared a kintra lout,
"Or by the Lord ! ye'll hae to let me out ;
I never heard sic scraichin' a' my life,
The soun' gangs through an' through ane, like a knife."
"Up wi' the hippen !" cried anither chap,
An' then wi' feet and hands began to rap.
"What are ye chirtin' at ?" anither cries,
"I want you to sit up," the first replies ;
"Ye hae as muckle room as ony twa
In that place there—between you an' the wa'."
But "Silence, silence," ilka ane did roar
As Mr. Main cam' in, an' shut the door ;
An', loutin' down, creeped in behind the screen,
Whare he was hid frae the spectators' een.
Ere lang the tingle o' a bell was heard,
An' when the screen was drawn up, there appeared
The Spouter, wi' his arms on his breast crossed,
As if in deep reflection he was lost.
An' coming forret, he made a low bow,
Saying—"Gentlemen an' ladies, I will now
Begin the night's performance with some rhymes
Made on a circumstance of bye-past times ;
Where an attempt is made, for once, to show
What dire effects of misery an' woe,
Such bloody feuds oft brought upon the Land."
So saying, the Spouter raiséd up his hand ;
An' while he towards the audience took a lamp,
Broucht down his richt foot wi' an awfu' stamp,
And thus began :—

THE SIEGE.

"To horse! to horse! my merry men,
Why sit you feasting there?
When, from within yon dungeon's wall,
Your captive friends for vengeance call
In accents of despair."

"What mean those words," bold Stanley said;
"What mean those words I hear?
What mean those words you now have said?
Where be those friends who call for aid,
While we sit idling here?"

"Within the cursed castle walls,
Of your fierce enemy;
Full fifty of your bravest men,
Are lying—who this day were ta'en,
And I alone got free."

Up started brave Lord Stanley then,
Saying, "By the blessed rood,
He for this deed shall sorely pay,
Ere yonder sun has set to-day,
With his heart's dearest blood.

"And now my friends, to arms! to arms;
And let us quick to horse;"
And soon five hundred men amain,
Were hurrying onwards o'er the plain;
In sooth a goodly force.

And coming to the castle strong,
Lord Stanley loudly calls:
Deliver up to me those men
Which you took prisoners, and then
Shut up within these walls."

The warder answered him with scorn :
"Your men you ne'er will see ;
For ere the sun has reached his height,
All those ta'en prisoners in the fight
Their punishment shall dree."

"Archers, advance !" Lord Stanley cried ;
And from each ready bow
The arrows speedily were sent,
Rattling against the battlement,
Then dropping down below.

Those in the castle now began,
From loopholes in the wall,
To shoot on the invading force ;
And soon from off his gallant horse,
Many a brave knight did fall.

"Attack the gate !" again he cried,
And soon each willing hand
Made the blows rattle thick as hail ;
To force the gate they could not fail,
Nought might such force withstand.

When from the castle's lofty top—
Oh ! horrible to view !—
The gory heads and mangled limbs
Of those who'd prisoners been within,
Down on the foe they threw !

Who, struck with horror at the sight,
Turned round, and fled away ;
And long and grievously did mourn
At their disconsolate return,
And what they'd seen that day.

As soon's the Spouter had got through his piece,
Some cried hurra! an' ithers hissed like geese.
"Saves! that's an awfu' bluidy tale," says ane,
"Do ye think ere sic cruelty was done?"
"Aye was't, man" said his neebour, "mony a time
I've heard it tell't though ne'er before in rhyme.
It happened, man, no far frae whare we are:
But guidsake! what's the matter wi' the girr,
That it's gaun up an' down at sic a rate?
I see it's that wee blastit sinner Pate.
I say, Pate, keep yer fingers aff that string,
An' silence there, the callan's gaun to sing."
As Master Sprat, began fu' loud to roar,
A sang nane o' us e'er had heard before,
About "Young Jeannie," when—"Oh! damn young Jeannie,"
A fellow cried, "come gie us something funny;"
Anither said, "Man, Jock, let him alane;
I say, my laddie, just begin again,
An' pick as short a ane, as e'er ye can;
For I can tell ye what it is, my man,
Gif that yer singing be ought like yer fiddling,
The best that we can say o't, is—it's middling."

YOUNG JEANNIE.

A SONG.

Young Jeannie, when the owlets flew,
Oft went to meet her lover;
Where bonnie flowers were bathed in dew,
And timorous cowered the plover.

As roun' gaed time, young Jeannie hied
To hear young Johnnie's story;
An' aft her tender heart it sighed
O'er tales o' love an' glory.

But far frae her young Johnnie's gane,
Forsaking his young dearie ;
And now she wanders out alane—
Heartbroken, sad, an' eerie.
Ahint yon clouds the wan moon peeps,
A-chasing o' the gloamin' ;
An' casts dark shadows o'er the steeps
Where beauteous Jeannie's roamin'.

When Master Sprat had squeakit owre his sang,
Wi' cheers an' ruffin' the aul' barn-wa's rang.
An' down he sat, an' up his fiddle took,
And—while he owre his shouther cast a look—
Began "The Weaver's March" wi' a' his micht ;
When some cried out—"Man ! ye're no playin' richt,
That's near about as like 'God Save the King,'
I'll tak' my aith, as ony ither thing."
While ithers took his part, saying—"Stop yer bletherin',
The callan's doing unco weel, considerin' ;
But, wheesht, ye bitches, there's the Spouter's bell !
An' let us hear what he's now got to tell."
When, in he cam', an' screwin' up his face
Began an' tell't the weaver's waefu' case ;
To be a warning to a' love-born chiels
Never to lea their wark to grunt amang the fiel's :—

THE FORLORN WEAVER.

On Cartha's fair banks, 'neath a tree,
That threw its broad branches around,
A weaver, most piteous to see,
Disconsolate lay on the ground :
He sighed for his Sally so fair,
Who off with another had gone,
And left the poor swain in despair,
At his cruel fortune to mourn.

"Ah, why should I live now!" he cried;
"Ah, what signifies life now to me!
When she, who should have been my bride,
Is married to Willie M'Gee:
I'm sure if the weather was hot,
I would end all my woes in the Linn;
So I'll e'en muse upon my sad lot,
Till ance that the summer comes in.

"Then down to the river I'll go,
With my pockets well filled with old leads;
And hurried on by my woe,
Soon lie a cold corse 'mang the reeds.
Then will the false fair one sad mourn
That her cruelty drove me that road;
And shed bitter tears, as I'm borne
Along to be laid 'neath the sod."

So saying, he chanced to look round,
And, seeing his faither draw nigh,
He raiséd himself from the ground,
And heaved up a heart-bursting sigh,—
Saying, "Ah! he is bringing a stick
To drive me away to the shop;
So I'd better myself take off quick—
'Twould be folly here longer to stop."

And then the poor swain said,—"Alas!"
And ran swiftly along Cartha's side;
When, stumbling among the long grass,
He fell headlong into the deep tide.
When, in accents of horror, he cried—
"Help! help! or I'll quickly be drowned!"
And hurrying down to the side
We drew the poor mortal on ground.

Where—streaming with water—his head
He hung like a penitent thief ;
And, shaking and shivering, thus said
In a voice of deep sorrow and grief—
"From this day, a promise I make
That I'll ne'er talk of drowning again ;"
And then, giving his head a guid shake,
He scamperéd home o'er the plain.

While he was rantin' owre the weaver's woes,
Loud roars of laughter aftentimes arose:
An' when the waefu' tale was a' gane through,
An aul' man near me said "Think ye that's true?"
"I dinna ken, what do you think yoursel'?"
Said I, as down the screen before us fell.
"I think it's true," quo' he, "for weel I min'
Something gae like it, that I saw langsyne.
A tailor chiel (I'll ca' him Willie Goose,
To tell his richt name wad be o' no use)
Had been sair slichted by a bonnie lass ;
An' soon as e'er he heard o't, the puir ass
Baith said and swore that he wad tak' his life,
Either by hanging, drowning, or a knife.
Sae up he jumpit, on his bonnet pat,
An' hurried aff to a bit nice quait spat;
Whare, neath some sauchs, the water ran fu' deep,
The banks at that place being gayen steep;
An' jumpit in, thinkin' he was his lane,
But twa three o' us after him had gane ;
Partly to see the fun, partly to save
The silly callan frae a watery grave.
Weel, soon as ever he had jumpit in
(I'm sure the water scarce had wat his skin),
He roared for help as loud as he could shout,
An' struggled hard's he could for to win out.

An' down we gaed, an' made him promise fair
That he wad do the like o' that nae mair ;
An' then I helped to draw him out mysel'—
But isna that the ringin' o' the bell ?
Sae I will tell you a' the rest again,—
We'll stop an' hearken, now, to Mr. Main."

Weel, up the screen was haurlet in a crack,
An' in he cam' an' gied "Rabbie's Mistak'."
An, Lord ! sic laughin' ran frae wa' to wa',
To hear how Rabbie doitert through the snaw
Armed wi' a muckle gun, out ower his shouther,
An' loaded weel wi' pocks o' lead an' pouther ;
An' how at last the puir unfort'nate tumphy,
Wi' a lead bullet, murdered his ain grumphy,—
The bodie being sae blin', he didna ken
His ain sow frae a maukin in the glen.

Then Master Sprat got up again to sing
Some verses made on the return o' Spring ;
(An' while he sang, he played upon the fiddle),
But had to stop ere he got to the middle ;
For sic a hissing soon was raised at him—
I ne'er in a' my life heard sic a din.
Whistlin' through fingers, yells, an' awfu' squeels,
Maist made ane think they were a core o' deils
Let loose frae Hell, the laddie to torment,—
Sae aff the stage by them he soon was sent.

"A stage to let !" then out a fellow cried,
An' in cam' Mr. Main, wi' warlike stride ;
As if he'd been some auld grim mail-clad knight,
Ready to join his faes in deadly fight ;
An' makin' us a bow, began to gie
This waefu' tale o' woe an' cruelty :—

THE RIVALS.

Lone, on the side of a high towering hill,
From whose mist-shrouded top pours many a rill ;

Near where fierce Calder, down the craggy steep,
Brawls to the Loch, with wild impetuous sweep;
There, safely sheltered from the howling storm,
Stood a neat cottage of inviting form;
Where lived a soldier, home from war's alarms,
With his fair daughter, rich in beauty's charms.

Round her fair form her golden ringlets strayed,
And every grace adorned this charming maid;
But, oh! sad grief her matchless beauty bred,
And streams of blood in deadly strife was shed!
For though she lived retired, her only care
To please her father, and his love to share.
Yet many a fierce encounter oft was fought
By fiery rivals, who her hand had sought.

The Lord of Semple loved this blooming flower,
And oft had wished he had her in his power
Safe in the Peel, his stronghold on the lake,
Where he would her his wife by force soon make,—
Although he knew, she'd said she'd share the board
Of Fulton, Authenbathie's noble lord;
Who oft in secret wooed the mountain maid,
And of his hand, an offer oft had made.

One night, when the moon shone o'er hill and glade,
The Lord of Semple, in full pomp arrayed,
Passed quickly round yon distant murmuring flood,
Intent to burn the cottage in the wood.
And when he orders gave his men to burn
The cot, he swiftly o'er the plain did spurn
With the two bravest of his valiant men,
And onwards hurriéd by Calder glen;

To where the maid her lover ofttimes met
When the bright sun far in the west had set;
And there alone, retiréd in the shade,
He found her waiting, and thus to her said—

"Oft have I stooped to woo thee for my bride,
Yet thou my love and passion didst deride;
But, now, I come to woo and win by force!"
So saying, he bound her fast upon a horse:

And said—"My gallant men, the path is wide;
Be quick, and gain the river's western side!"
Quick flew the horses o'er the distant plain,
Then crossed the bridge, and the loch side they gain.
There, from the beach a fisher's boat they take.
And speedily crossed the calm and placid lake;
And in the Peel secure the maiden bound,
Where nought but water did the place surround.

When Fulton came and found the cottage burned,
He swiftly o'er the plain his charger spurned;
And, madly dashing past yon glittering rill,
Quickly attained the summit of the hill:
When, looking to the Peel, there met his view
His bride, and off in swift pursuit he flew,—
And quickly found a boat, and crossed the lake,
To conquer or to die for his love's sake.

Young Fulton's boat had scarcely crossed the flood
When Castle Semple's lord before him stood,
And drawing near him, in derision said—
"Come ye, young man, to claim yon beauteous maid?"
Then forth he drew his sword, a glittering sight,
And in a posture stood, prepared for fight;
Then rose young Fulton's wrath; a fiery glow
O'er-spread his face, and crimson dyed his brow.

When from the Peel, a wild and dismal cry
Shot on their ears, and rung along the sky;
Then swift as lightning, Fulton drew his blade,
And cried, "I come! I come unto thy aid!"

Then fiérce the warriors fought in deadly strife,
Each in his turn aimed at his rival's life;
Till both their footing missed, and, with a shock,
Plunged headlong o'er the black and rugged rock
Into the dark, deep, wide encircling flood,
Dying the lake's clear surface with their blood;
The maid this seeing from the tower on high,
Threw herself down as quick as arrows fly;
For in dire madness, she had ta'en a leap
O'er the blood-stained rock, and rugged steep,
Into the blood-dyed water of the lake:
And thus she perished for her lover's sake.

To cheer us up, after this tale o' wae,
Master Sprat cam' an' gied us "Hogmenae,"—
A funny sang made on some cheery blades,
Wha for ae nicht had left their noisy trades
To hae a spree, an' drink the auld year out;
An' faith they had richt sport, ye needna doubt:
For ane ca'd Brodie, cryin' out "Nae clash,"
Fell aff his seat wi' a most awfu' crash;
An' ane ca'd Andrew sang wi' a' his micht
"Hummle dum tweedle," an' "Blythe was the nicht,"—
Till ilka ane, wi' drink an' fun grown weary,
Gaed stauchrin' hame, richt blithe an' unco cheery.
"Encore! encore!" then roun' the auld barn rang
As soon as Master Sprat got owre his sang;
An' some began to cry for Mr. Main,
While ithers roared "Come, gie's that sang again!"
Till, forced wi' cheers an' ruffin' to come back,
He rattled owre this new sang in a crack:—

OWRE STEEP ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

A SONG.

Owre steep rocky mountains, bleak, barren, an' wild,
Sae wearied, I dannert alane;
When a bonnie young lassie, wha saw my sad wae,
Conveyed me awa to her hame.
Wi' bonnie green heather her cottage was thatched,
Green thrashes were strewed on the floor;
While the wild honeysuckle her winnock crept roun',
An' shaded the seat at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a rural repast,—
Fresh fruits frae the wood richly dressed,—
While frae her black e'e sweet glances she cast,
Love slyly crept into my breast.
I tauld her I loved her; she modestly said,
In accents both sweet and divine,
"I hae rich anes rejected, an' great anes denied,
Yet tak' me, dear laddie, I'm thine."

Her air was sae modest, her voice was sae sweet,
An' rural, yet sweet were her charms;
I kissed the red blushes that glowed owre her face,
An' clasped the dear maid in my arms.
Now blithely together we watch our ain sheep,
By the side o' yon clear wimplin' stream;
An' resting on each other's bosom we sleep,
In cheerfu' bless'd, happy, sweet dreams.

Together we stray owre yon green heathery braes,
An' range through the wild grassy fen;
Or rest by the side o' some clear gushing rill,
That rins down to wild Calder glen.
To pomp an' great riches she ne'er was inclined,
But is glad in her humble descent;
So cheerfu' we live in our ain rural cot,
Bless'd, happy, an' always content.

This second sang was scarcely at a close,
When frae his seat a kintra fellow rose;
But hardly had he oped his mouth to speak,
When a boss turnip rattled owre his cheek.
"Wha threw that turnip! curse yer blood!" he cries.
"Sit down, ye bitch!" anither ane replies;
"For, gi he dinna keep out o' my licht,
I'm damn'd, my man, but I'll gie you a fricht."
"Come, stop your bletherin' there, ye graceless loon,
For, see! the Spouter's coming: quick, sit down!"
The folk aroun' them cried; as Mr. Main
Cam' walkin' in, to gie a tale again.

THE BENIGHTED PEDLAR.

A TALE.

Cauld blew the blast, an' on the plain
In torrents fell the blatterin' rain,
As a puir packman chiel,
Wha on the muir had tynt his road,
Gaed trudgin' 'neath his heavy load,
In search o' some bit biel,

Whare he micht shelter frae the wet,
Or aiblins a nicht's lodgin' get;
For since the break o' day,
Bendin' aneath his heavy pack,
He'd trampit on wi' wearied back
Alang his lanesome way.

When, standing in a dreary spot,
An auld half-ruined shepherd's cot
The weary pedlar saw,
Whilk had fac'd mony a windy blast
Since it had haen a traveller last
Within its totterin' wa's.

For aff its rugged rafters black,
Mony a fierce storm had tirred the thack
An' left them stanin' bare;
While the auld, broken, shattered door,
Torn aff its hinges, on the floor
Kept out the blast nae mair.

The wearied pedlar hurried in,
A' wat an' drookit to the skin,
Syne threw his burden down;
An' having quickly struck a licht,
Ere lang a bleezin' fire shone bricht,
On the black wa's a' roun'.

When having dried his dreepin' claise,
The broken door he up did raise,
Syne laid him down to rest;
When he fan' something awfu' caul,
That seemed to freeze his verra saul,
Pressin' upo' his breast.

He started up in awfu' fricht,
An' by the fading fire's dull licht,
He saw near whare he lay:
A fleesome-looking spectre stan',
Haudin' an ell-wan' in his han'
Wi' face a' pale as clay.

Its throat was cut frae ear to ear,
An', as the pedlar glowered wi' fear,
It fixed on him its e'e;
Syne pointed to the cottage door;
When out the frichted chiel did roar—
"In Gude's name, wha are ye?"

It answered—"I'm a packman's ghost.
I on this muir my road ance lost,
An' soucht a lodgin' here ;
When i' the nicht, withouten dread,
They took my life—a bloody deed !—
That they micht get my gear.

"Sae rise, my frien', an' fallow me,
An' I will let you the place see
Whare they my banes hae laid."
"I'm much obliged to you, indeed ;
But I wad just as soon no heed,"
The tremblin' pedlar said :

"For, sir, ye see I'm wearied sair
Wi' trampin' a' day owre the muir,
Carryin' a heavy pack."
But, seeing that the ghost looked glum,
He added—"Weel a weel, I'll come
Gif ye'll let me soon back."

The ghost then glided to the door,
An' silently moved on before
The frichted pedlar chap ;
Wha trudged behin', cursin' his lot
That had brought him to sic a spot,
To meet wi' this mishap.

At length, they reach'd a rocky height,
'Neath whilk the water, shining bright,
Clear in the moonbeams lay ;
When the ghost said—"Amang these stanes
Down at the bottom, lye my banes,
Jump down for them, I say."

"Lord!" quo' the pedlar, turning round,
"If I did that I wad be drowned,
I wad, I do declare."
"What's that to me!" the ghost replies;
"Jump down this moment, damn your eyes!
An' don't stan' chatterin' there.

Do ye think I've nae mair ado,
Than stan' a' nicht listening to you,
Ye thievish neer-do-weel?
I winna swear; but, by the Lord,
Gif ye don't jump down, tak' my word,
My vengeance ye will feel."

The pedlar then for mercy cried,
An' then, to melt the ghost's heart tried;
But it was labour lost:
For liftin' him up by the hair,
He whirlèd him roun' in the air;
Syne in the hole him tossed.

When he set up an awfu' yell
As through the air he downward fell:
An' waukened wi' a scream.
When he was lyin' in the cot,
For he had never left the spot:
It had been but a dream.

As soon as Mr. Main got through this tale
O' dreams, an' packman, an' a spectre pale,
Young Master Sprat got up again an' sang,
And faith he routed at it loud an' lang,—
But what it was about I dinna min',
For twa three fellows had kicked up a shine,
An', wi' their dinsome swearin' loud an' lang,
No ane cou'd hear a word o' the bit sang.

Then in the Spouter cam' upo' the board,
An' in an instant, quietness was restored.
When he soon gied us "Eppie an' the Deil,"—
A tale about an auld wife an' her wheel;
Wha, ae nicht daunerin' hame out owre the heicht,
Gat frae aul' Clootie a most awfu' fricht:
For, in her wrath, she said—"I wish the Deil
Wou'd flee awa' wi' this aul' curséd wheel;"
And faith, nae sooner had she said the word,
Than frae the clouds the Devil downwards spurred,
An' whuppit Eppie's wheel awa wi' speed,
Whilk made the auld wife stan' an' stare wi' dread:
"Gie's back my wheel!" she cried; and, as she spak',
The Devil flung it down upo' her back.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" the Spouter said
When he an end o' Eppie's tale had made:
"Allow me to express my gratitude
In a few words, before that I conclude;
For the great kindness you have shown to me
In coming my performances to see."
Ruffin' an' cheers now owre the audience rang
As he continued,—"I will, with a song,
This night's performance close, ere it be late;
When Master Sprat, to heighten up the treat,
Will sing the chorus." He then made a bow,
An', turnin' round to Master Sprat, said—"Now,
We will begin." Then Master Sprat upsprang,
An' syne they both began the followin' sang:—

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKE'S SONG.

I sport amidst the storm,
As o'er the lake it sweeps;

And raise in glee my elfin form,
Frae the wide-spreading deeps;
In mist and spray,
At dawning day
When the sun gives place to evening grey.

Chorus.

Then hark! hark! hark!
To my fairy song;
As I dart like a spark
The clouds among;
In sovereign sway,
Till break of day
Chanting with glee my wild war song.

I glory in the yelling breeze,
The lightning's vivid light—
As it darts among the rending trees
In the dark lonely night;
In flashing fire,
O'er tower and spire,
Telling, with vengeance, Heaven's dread ire.
Then hark! hark! hark!
To my fairy song, &c.

I dance upon the rainbow's rim
As o'er the lake it hings;
And sweep along in shadows dim,
Waking the echo's rings;
With my wild song,
In numbers strong,
As it rings through the valley so loud and long.
Then hark! hark! hark!
To my fairy song, &c.

In fearless speed, I cleave the sky
In wild majestic liberty,
And, in freedom, I spring on high
A thing of dread and mystery ;
Who, when is seen,
Is like a dream,
Or a passing breeze o'er a valley green !
Then hark ! hark ! hark !
To my fairy song, &c.

When Luna sheds her silver light
Over yon rugged steep ;
'Tis then I take my airy flight,
And o'er the valley sweep ;
And spring on high
With cheery cry,
Till I the dark blue ocean spy.
Then hark ! hark ! hark !
To my fairy song, &c.

Oh ! when the thunders ring along,
And lightnings fierce descend ;
'Tis then, with glee, I raise my song,
As the forest trees loud rend ;
And mount on high
'Midst the revelry,
And fly with glee through the dark'ning sky !
Then hark ! hark ! hark !
To my fairy song, &c.

O ! how I love to hear !—but hark !
What's that towers o'er yon height ?
I see ! see ! 'tis the early lark
Hailing the morning's light ;
So I cannot stay,
But must hie away,

For see! how fast comes the sun's bright ray!
Then hark! hark! hark!
To my fairy song, &c.

As soon as they had finishéd the sang,
We a' got up, an' hurried aff fu' thrang;
An' as we trudged alang, many a remark
Ane to anither made 'bout the night's wark.
Some said they thocht that it was gyen queer
To hear a dead man's ghost baith curse and swear;
And that they didna think that it was fair
To lift the frichted packman by the hair,
An' syne to fling him o'er into the stream.
"Hoot!" quo' anither, "wasna it a dream?
An' weel ye ken that, aftimes i' the nicht,
Folk dream o' things that whyles gie them a fricht;
'Twas but the tither nicht I dreamed mysel'
The Deevil haurlet me awa to hell."
This raised a laugh; an' ilk took his ain way,
Determined for to hear a full account next day.

CONCLUSION.

Next day arrived; but ah! the nest had flown,
For Mr. Main and Sprat had left the town,
An' (in their hurry) had forgot to pay
The debt they had contracted yesterday.
An' Willie Watson swore like any Turk
That it had been a thievish piece o' wark;
An' if he could the Spouter get, that he
The inside o' a jail wad let him see.
Although puir Willie said to us,—"I trow,
To sic a rascal 'twad be nothing new;
For weel-a-wat it isna his first trick,
Nor yet the first time he has 'cut his stick.'

But aff o' this, there's ae thing that I'll learn,
An' that's I'll ken again wha gets my barn ;
An' mak' them always pay the cash before
They ever set a nose in at the door.'
An' then poor Will began an' swore again,
What he wad do when he got Mr. Main ;
When some auld wives said, "Man, ye should think shame,
For ye hae nae ane but yersel to blame,
For they wha mak' an' meddle wi' sic crew,
Aye meet with something they hae cause to rue."
An' Willie clawed his head an' said, "Atweel,
They wad need a lang spoon wha sup kail wi' the deil."

THE INVITATION. *

ADDRESSED TO MR. C[HARLES] O[RR].

> How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
> A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
> Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
> And, since he cannot conquer, learns to fly.
>
> GOLDSMITH.

FROM Schuylkill's rural banks, o'erlooking wide
The glitt'ring pomp of Philadelphia's pride,
From laurel groves that bloom for ever here,
I hail my dearest friend with heart sincere,
And fondly ask, nay, ardently implore
One kind excursion to my cot once more.
The fairest scenes that ever blest the year,
Now o'er our vales and yellow plains appear :
The richest harvests choke each loaded field,
The ruddiest fruit our glowing orchards yield :
In green, and gold, and purple plumes array'd,
The gayest songsters chant in ev'ry shade.

* Compare with the earlier-given abbreviated sketch of this verse-letter, pp. 190-192. The present is as Wilson himself published it in America.—*G.*

O, could the Muse but faithfully pourtray
The various pipes that hymn our rising day !
Whose thrilling melody can banish care,
Cheer the lone heart, and almost soothe despair ;
My grateful verse should with their praises glow,
And distant shores our charming warblers know ;
And you, dear sir, their harmony to hear
Would bless the strain that led your footsteps here.
When morning dawns, and the bright sun again
Leaves the flat forests of the Jersey main,
Then through our woodbines wet with glitt'ring dews
The flower-fed Humming-Bird his round pursues,
Sips with inserted tube the honey'd blooms,
And chirps his gratitude, as round he roams ;
While richest roses, though in crimson drest,
Shrink from the splendour of his gorgeous breast.
What heav'nly tints in mingling radiance fly !
Each rapid movement gives a diff'rent dye ;
Like scales of burnish'd gold they dazzling show,
Now sink to shade, now furnace-bright they glow.
High on the waving top of some tall tree,
Sweet sings the Thrush to morning and to me ;
While round its skirts, 'midst pendant boughs of green,
The orange Baltimore is busy seen.
Prone from the points his netted nest is hung,
With hempen cordage, curiously strung :
Here his young nestlings safe from danger lie,
Their craving wants the teeming boughs supply ;
Gay chants their guardian, as for food he goes,
And waving breezes rock them to repose.
The white-wing'd Woodpecker, with crimson crest,
Who digs from solid trunks his curious nest,
Sees the long black snake stealing to his brood,
And screaming, stains the branches with its blood.
Here o'er the woods the tyrant Kingbird sails,
Spreads his long wings, and every foe assails ;
Snaps the returning bee with all her sweets,

Pursues the Crow, the diving Hawk defeats,
Darts on the Eagle downwards from afar,
And 'midst the clouds, prolongs the whirling war.
Deep in the thickest shade, with cadence sweet,
Soft as the tones that heaven-bound pilgrims greet ;
Sings the Woodrobin, close retir'd from sight,
And swells his solo 'mid the shades of night.
Here sports the Mocking-Bird with matchless strain,
Returning back each warbler's notes again ;
Now chants a Robin, now o'er all the throng
Pours out in strains sublime the Thrush's song ;
Barks like the Squirrel, like the Cat-bird squalls,
Now "Whip-poor-will" and now "Bob White" he calls.
The lonely Redbird, too, adorns the scene
In brightest scarlet through the foliage green ;
With many a warbler more,—a vocal throng
That, shelter'd here, their joyous notes prolong
From the first dawn of dewy morning grey,
In sweet confusion, till the close of day ;
Ev'n when still night descends serene and cool,
Ten thousand pipes awake from yonder pool,—
Owls, crickets, tree-frogs, kitty-dids resound,
And flashing fire-flies sparkle all around.
Such boundless plenty, such abundant stores,
The rosy hand of Nature round us pours,
That every living tribe their powers employ,
From morn to eve, to testify their joy ;
And pour from meadow, field, and boughs above,
One general song of gratitude and love.
Even now, emerging from their prisons deep,
Wak'd from their seventeen years of tedious sleep,
In countless millions, to our wondering eyes
The long-remember'd locusts glad arise ;
Burst their enclosing shells, at Nature's call,
And join in praise to the great God of all.
Come then, dear sir, the noisy town forsake,
With me awhile these rural joys partake ;

Come, leave your books, your pens, your studious cares,
Come, see the bliss that God for Man prepares.
My shelt'ring bow'rs, with honeysuckles white,
My fishy pools, my cataracts invite ;
My vines for you their clusters thick suspend,
My juicy peaches swell but for my friend ;
For him who joins with elegance and art
The brightest talents to the warmest heart.
Here as with me at morn you range the wood,
Or headlong plunge amid the crystal flood,
More vig'rous life your firmer nerves shall brace,
A ruddier glow shall wanton o'er your face,
A livelier glance re-animate your eye,
Each anxious thought, each fretting care shall fly ;
For here, through every field and rustling grove,
Sweet Peace and rosy Health for ever rove.
Come, then, O come ! your burning streets forego,
Your lanes and wharves, where winds infectious blow ;
Where sweeps and oystermen eternal growl,
Carts, crowds, and coaches harrow up the soul ;
For deep majestic woods, and op'ning glades,
And shining pools, and awe-inspiring shades,—
Where fragrant shrubs perfume the air around,
And bending orchards kiss the flow'ry ground ;
And luscious berries spread a feast for Jove,
And golden cherries stud the boughs above.
Amid these various sweets, thy rustic friend
Shall to each woodland haunt thy steps attend ;
His solitary walks, his noontide bowers,
The old associates of his lonely hours ;
While Friendship's converse, gen'rous and sincere,
Exchanging every joy and every tear,
Shall warm each heart with such an ardent glow,
As wealth's whole pageantry could ne'er bestow.

Perhaps (for who can Nature's ties forget ?)
As underneath the flowery shade we sit,

In this rich western world remotely plac'd,
Our thoughts may roam beyond the watery waste ;
And see, with sadden'd hearts, in Memory's eye,
Those native shores, where dear-lov'd kindred sigh ;
Where War and ghastly Want in horror reign,
And dying babes to fainting sires complain.
While we, alas ! these mournful scenes retrace,
In climes of plenty, liberty, and peace ;
Our tears shall flow, our ardent pray'rs arise,
That Heaven would wipe all sorrow from their eyes.
Thus, in celestial climes the heavenly train
Escap'd from Earth's dark ills, and all its pain,
Sigh o'er the scenes of suffering man below,
And drop a tear in tribute to our woe.

A—— W——N.

Gray's Ferry, July, 1800.

THE PILGRIM—A POEM.

Description of a voyage and journey from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, in the Spring of 1810. *

Adieu the social sweets of home !
The voice of friend ! the kindred eye !
Condemn'd through distant lands to roam,
I bless you with my parting sigh !

Through western forests, deep and drear,
Far from the haunts of Science thrown ;
My long laborious course I steer
Alone, unguided, and unknown.

"Farewell !" he cry'd ; the glistening tear
That gather'd fast on either eye ;
Dimm'd the last parting look so dear,
Till manlier feelings bade him fly.

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* Ord stupidly suppressed, although revealing that Wilson had sent with the letter, the poem of 'The Pilgrim.' See the Letters in Vol. I. p. 190.—*G.*

With gun across his shoulder thrown,—
O'er Alpine regions wild and vast,—
With gloomy haggard pines o'ergrown ;
The solitary PILGRIM past.

And now immur'd 'midst many a cliff
Ohio's princely flood appears ;
And snug within his little skiff
Our Pilgrim down the current steers.

No lucre-hunting wight was he,
Intent alone on greed of gain ;
The noblest charms he still could see
In Nature's scenes and living train.

The flood his gliding bark that bore
Whose stream a course majestic keeps,
Collects from various States its store,
And through a length of regions sweeps ;

Its flat rich banks few cities nigh,
Its rough indented mountains steep ;
Its smoking huts and headlands high,
Reflected downwards in the deep,

To him gave raptures every morn,
And as he clear'd each opening bend,
He hail'd the boatman's mellow horn,
And saw the floating arks descend.

The ducks that swarm'd each opening Run,
The eagles sailing high in pride,
Fell at the thunders of his gun,
And prostrate floated on the tide.

He gazed on each gigantic wood
That tow'r-like from the margin rose ;
He marked each tributary flood
That to this noble river flows.

And when the air was all serene
He sought some smooth and pebbly shore ;
Thence rang'd the lofty woods between,
Their deep recesses to explore.

He stooped each rising plant to view,
He cull'd each rare and curious ore ;
For all to him was great and new,
A vast, and an exhaustless store.

He listened to each warbling throat,
That twitt'red from the budding spray ;
And blest the red-bird's mellow note,
At dawning and at setting day.

When dark, tempestuous winds arose,
And driving snows obscur'd the air ;
Or when the dashing surges froze,
Upon his hands and clotted hair.

He scorn'd the shrinking soul of slaves,
He swept his oars and rais'd the song ;
And wrestled with the winds and waves
To bear his struggling bark along.

He saw the shaggy hills glide by,
He heard the snags and sawyers roar,
And when the rolling waves rose high,
He traced the steep and shelter'd shore.

When night descended grim and slow,
He sought the squatter's wretched shed ;
Where deaden'd round, in tow'ring show,
Vast pillar'd trunks their ruins spread.

There o'er the loose luxuriant soil,
That some few ragged rails enclose ;
Unhonoured by the hand of Toil,
A growth of weeds enormous rose.

His hut of logs, untrimm'd, unbeam'd
Where nail nor window-hole were seen ;
Without, a cavern'd ruin seemed,
But frown'd a fouler cave within.

One bed, where nightly kennel'd all,
Its foul and touz'led rags displayed ;
A broken chest, where kittens crawl,
A pot that pigs a shelter made.

The low, wet roof, unseam'd and rude,
Receiv'd the rain in many a rill ;
The chimney-sides all open stood,
The loosen'd floor was rattling still.

With tatter'd hat, and beard unshorn,
And face inlaid with dirt and soot ;
And hunting-shirt, defil'd and torn,
And feet unbless'd with shoe or boot ;

The squatter by his hearth unclean,
Sat with his hand-spike for a cane ;
And as the shivering pigs crept in,
He drove them through the logs again.

And as he scratch'd and chew'd his quid,
And listen'd to the Pilgrim's tale ;
Still would the grunting guests intrude,
And still the hand-spike would assail.

Close round a gaping circle press,
Of ragged children, plump and brown ;
To gaze upon the stranger's dress,
And hear the wonders of the town.

In buck-skin bag, with head of axe,
The mouldy coffer now is broke ;
The pork no store of cabbage lacks,
The hoe-cakes on the shingle smoke.

No cups from foreign Lands are seen,
No plates arrang'd, no table spread ;
Each dipp'd within the pot his tin,
And slic'd his bacon on his bread.

But Hunger, ravenous guest ! was there,
He wav'd his spell o'er every treat ;
And gave the rough and homely fare
A charm, that even the gods might eat.

And Toil, blest sinnewer of the poor !
Thy callous hand, and stubborn tread,
Still made the hardest cabin floor
Refreshing as the softest bed.

What though the wolves with mingling howl,
All night harangued their answering brood ;
And that vile hag, the big-horn'd owl,
More hideous, hollow'd through the wood.

Our Pilgrim as he dropt to rest,
Well-pleas'd would listen to their lay ;
And as the cabin planks he prest,
Snor'd chorus to their lullaby.

Soon as the dawn of morning broke,
The Pilgrim all his stores reshipt ;
And through the placid river's smoke,
With steady stroke serenely swept.

The red-bird whistled as he past,
The turtles deep, bemoan'd around ;
The screaming jays, in search of mast,
And rattling wood-peckers resound.

The turkey from the tallest trees,
Calls out the watchword to his train ;
Soon as the coming skiff he sees,
And seeks the mountain's side again.

The streaming ducks in rapid file,
Shoot o'er the surface of the flood ;
And pigeons darkening many a mile,
Roar like a tempest o'er the wood.

And now the source of morning beams,
High from the shaggy mountain's steep ;
Upon the Pilgrim's skiff it gleams,
And plays upon the glassy deep.

And where encircling mountains bend,
And vast primeval woods prevail ;
He sees the pillar'd smoke ascend
From Sugar Camp in shelter'd vale.

He heard the whistling rustic's noise—
The sounding axe—the artless song ;
The barking dog, the children's voice—
The charmer of the rural throng.

Fast by the river's shelt'ring side,
He moored his little skiff with care ;
Where piles of floating timber ride,
And form a shelter'd harbour there.

He climb'd the mouldering banks sublime ;
Struck with the forest deep and gray ;
Where scatter'd round by mighty Time,
The ruins of the former lay.

Here rose the sycamores immense,
And stretch'd their whiten'd arms around ;
From eating floods the best defence,
And hugest of the forest found.

The sugar trees erect and tall,
Arrang'd their stately thousands here ;
Whose trunks profusely yield to all
The sweetening beverage of the year.

The limpid sweets from every tree,
Drop in the wooden troughs below ;
Set by the entering augur free,
And through small tubes of elder flow.

Amid this maple-forest gay,
Where one prodigious log was reared ;
The kettles rang'd in black array
Above a raging fire appear'd.

With wooden pails from tree to tree,
The singing rustics walk'd their round ;
And with their mingling jokes and glee,
The deep and hollow woods resound.

A little hut with leaves bespread,
To shield the rustics from the night ;
With blankets for a transient bed,
And moss cramm'd in each crevice tight.

To see the thickening syrup done,
Is still the sire and matron's share ;
And when the evening shades draw on,
They leave it to the damsel's care.

Amid the fire-enlightened woods,
The wanton wenches laugh and sing ;
For well each lightsome lass concludes
Her hastening beau is on the wing.

With startling whoop, in laughing trim,
The hardy buckskins soon arrive ;
They fill the kettles to the brim ;
In feats of chopping wood they strive.

The lasses from the kettles neat,
Their vigorous sweet-hearts oft regale ;
With pliant lumps of sugar sweet,
Dropp'd in the cool congealing pail.

And while the blazing-fire burns high,
Within the hut the leaves are prest;
Where, snug as squirrels, close they lie,
And Love and Laughter know the rest.

"*Sweet is the sugar-season, dear!*"
The maids along OHIO sing;
"*Of all the seasons in the year,*
"*The sweetest season is the Spring.*"

IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN LEWIS.*

Far hence be each accusing thought!
Let tears of silent sorrow flow;
Pale Pity consecrate the spot
Where poor, lost Lewis now lies low.

This lonely grave—this bed of clay,
Neglected—dug the pathway near;
Unfenced from midnight beasts of prey,
Excites Affliction's bitterest tear.

The soldier brave, of dauntless heart,
The chief belov'd, the comrade dear;
Of honour'd worth the mortal part
Moulders in sacred silence here.

His was the peril, glory, pride,
First of his country to explore
Whence vast Missouri's currents glide;
Where white man never trod before.

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* See Letters in Vol. I., p. 211. Ord left out here also the Poem in honour of Lewis; and the relative context, as thus:— . . . "entering alone, my thoughts dwelt with sad but unavailing regret, on the fate of my unfortunate friend; and I endeavoured to give vent to the despondence of my mind in the following verses which I wished to dedicate to his memory."—*G.*

Her roaring cataracts he scal'd,
Her mountains of eternal snow ;
There his brave band the rivers hail'd
That westward to the ocean flow.

Subdu'd by boldness, and amazed
At daring deeds unknown before,
The hordes of Indian warriors gazed,
And lov'd them for the hearts they bore.

Far down Columbia's foamy steeps,
He led his brave, adventurous band ;
Plough'd the Pacific's billowy deeps,
And stood triumphant on the strand.

Twice fourteen months of peril past,
Again the Alpine snows they spurn ;
Their country opes to view at last,
And millions welcome their return.

The learned on Europe's distant Lands,
With joy the great arrival hail ;
And Fame on tip-toe ready stands,
To spread the wonders of their tale.

O sad reverse ! O mournful end
Of this high destiny so dear !
He, the lord-chieftian of their band,
Fell, friendless and unhonoured here !

The anguish that his soul assailed,
The dark despair that round him flew,
No eye, save that of Heaven, beheld,
None but unfeeling strangers knew.

Bereav'd of Hope's sweet angel form,
Griefs rose on griefs, and fear on fear ;
Poor Reason perish'd in the storm,
And Desperation triumphed here !

Fast pour'd the purple stream of life,
His burning lips one drop did crave ;
Abandon'd, midst this bloody strife,
He sank, unfriended, to the grave.

Unhappy youth ! here rest thy head,
Beloved, lamented by the brave ;
Though silent deserts round thee spread,
And wild beasts trample o'er thy grave.

Here reap that peace life could not give ;
But while thy own Missouri flows,
Thy name, dear LEWIS, still shall live,
And ages yet lament thy woes.

Lone as these solitudes appear,
Wide as this wilderness is spread ;
Affection's steps shall linger here,
To breath her sorrows o'er the dead.

The Indian hunter, slow and sad,
Who wanders with his rifle near ;
With solemn awe shall hither tread,
To mourn a brother-hunter here.

The pilgrim-boatman on his way,
Shall start the humble grave to view ;
"HERE LEWIS LIES !" he'll mournful say,
While tears his manly cheeks bedew.

Far hence be each accusing thought !
With his my kindred tears shall flow ;
Pale Pity consecrate the spot,
Where poor, lost LEWIS now lies low !

ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS.*

ADDRESSED TO THE ARTIST.

YES, it *is* he ! the hapless, well-known Burns ;
His look, his air, his very soul exprest ;
That heaven-taught bard whom weeping Genius mourns,—
For cold in earth his silent relics rest.

Through tears that ease the anguish of my heart,
I view this faithful image of my friend ;
And vainly wish, dear Lawson, that thy art
Could life once more to these lov'd features lend.

Who sees not here, in this expressive eye,
The independent soul, the ardent mind ;
The boundless fancy, Pity's generous sigh,
The heart to all but its possessor kind.

Alas ! I knew him when his country's pride,
Yet left dark Poverty's cold winds to brave ;
And those who then the friendly hand deny'd,
Now strew with flowers his green unconscious grave.

The dear, remember'd scenes we oft have seen,
The burnies, haughs, and knowes of yellow broom,
The hazel-glen, the birk-surrounded linn,
The blossom'd heather, and the hawthorn's bloom.

The simple tales of Scotia's hardy swains,
The loves and sports their circling seasons bring ;
Who now will celebrate in equal strains ?
What bard like Burns will ever, ever sing ?

O he was Nature's genuine warbler born,
Too early lost, from pensive Scotia tore ;
Death snatch'd him from us in life's early dawn,
Ere half the raptures of his song were o'er.

* Prefixed to Dobson's Edition of Burns's Works (New York).

Thus soars the thrilling lark at dawn of day,
Sweet to each list'ning swain her warblings flow ;
And thus the hawk sweeps down upon his prey,
And leaves the world in solitude below.

A. W.

Gray's Ferry, April 25, 1806.

A RURAL WALK.

The Scenery drawn from Nature.

The Summer sun was riding high,
The woods in deepest verdure drest ;
From care and clouds of dust to fly,
Across yon bubbling brook I past ;

And up the hill, with cedars spread,
Where vines through spice-wood thickets roam ;
I took the woodland path, that led
To Bartram's hospitable dome.

Thick tow'ring oaks around me rose,
Tough hiccories tall, and walnuts wide ;
Hard dog-wood, chinkspin, and sloes,
Were cluster'd round on every side.

Ten thousand busy hums were heard
From leafy bough, and herb, and flower ;
The squirrel chipp'd, the tree-frog whirr'd,
The dove bemoan'd in shadiest bow'r.

The thrush pour'd out his varying song,
The robin's artless notes unite ;
And loud o'er all the tuneful throng
Was heard, in mellow tones, "Bob White."*

* The quail, or partridge, of Pennsylvania.

My swelling heart with joy o'erflow'd,
To hear those happy millions raise
To Nature's universal God
Such voluntary songs of praise.

Whate'er mistaken Zeal may teach,
Or gloomy Melancholy spy,
Or vision-seeing prophets preach,
Or Superstition's fears supply ;

Where'er I view this vast design,
On earth, air, ocean, field, or flood ;
All—all proclaim the truth divine,
That God is bountiful and good.

Thus musing on, I past the rill,
That steals down moss-grown rocks so slow ;
And wander'd up the woodland hill,
Thick-spreading chestnut boughs below.

In yellow coat-of-mail encas'd,
With head erect, and watchful eye ;
The tortoise, at his mushroom feast,
Shrunk tim'rous as I loiter'd by.

Along the dark sequester'd path,
Where cedars form an arching shade ;
I marked the cat-bird's squalling wrath,
The jay in shining blue array'd.

And now, emerging on the day,
New prospects caught my ravished eye ;
Below—a thousand colours gay,
Above—a blue o'er-arching sky.

Rich waving fields of yellow grain,
Green pastures, shelter'd cots and farms ;
Gay, glittering domes, bestrew'd the plain :
A noble group of rural charms.

A wide extended waste of wood
Beyond in distant prospect lay ;
Where Delaware's majestic flood
Shone like the radiant orb of day.

Down to the left was seen afar
The whiten'd spire of sacred name,*
And ars'nal, where the god of war
Has hung his spears of bloody fame.

The city's painted skirts were seen,
Through clouds of smoke ascending high ;
While on the Schuylkill's glassy scene
Canoes and sloops were heard to ply.

There upward where it gently bends,
And Say's red fortress† tow'rs in view ;
The floating bridge its length extends ;
A living scene for ever new.

There market-maids, in lively rows,
With wallets white were riding home ;
And thundering gigs, with powder'd beaux,
Through Gray's green festive shades to roam.

There Bacchus fills his flowing cup,
There Venus' lovely train are seen ;
There lovers sigh, and gluttons sup,
By shrubb'ry walks, in arbours green.

But dearer pleasures warm my heart,
And fairer scenes salute my eye ;
As thro' these cherry-rows I dart
Where Bartram's fairy landscapes lie.

* Christ Church Steeple.
† The romantic country-seat of Dr. Benjamin Say, overhanging Gray's Ferry.

Sweet flows the Schuylkill's winding tide,
  By Bartram's green emblossom'd bow'rs;
Where Nature sports, in all her pride
  Of choicest plants, and fruits, and flow'rs.

These sheltering pines that shade the path,—
  That tow'ring cypress moving slow,—
Survey a thousand sweets beneath,
  And smile upon the groves below.

O happy he who slowly strays,
  On Summer's eve, these shades among;
While Phœbus sheds his yellow rays,
  And thrushes pipe their evening song.

From pathless woods, from Indian plains,
  From shores where exil'd Britons rove; *
Arabia's rich luxuriant scene,
  And Otaheite's ambrosial grove.

Unnumber'd plants and shrubb'ry sweet,
  Adorning still the circling year;
Whose names the Muse can ne'er repeat,
  Display their mingling blossoms here.

Here broad catalpas rear their head,
  And pour their purple blooms profuse:
Here rich magnolias whitening spread,
  And droop with balm-distilling dew.

The *crown imperial* here behold,
  Its orange circlet topp'd with green;
Not gain'd by slaughter or by gold,
  Nor drop of blood, nor thorn within.

* New Holland.

The downy peach, and clustering vine,
And yellow pears, a bending load ;
In mingling groups around entwine,
And strew with fruit the pebbly road.

Here tulips rise in dazzling glow,
Whose tints arrest the ravish'd eye ;
Here laurels bloom, and roses blow,
And pinks in rich profusion lie.

The genius of this charming scene,
From early dawn till close of day ;
Still busy here and there is seen,
To plant, remove, or prune away.

To science, peace, and virtue dear,
And dear to all their noble friends ;
Tho' hid in low retirement here,
His generous heart for all expands.

No little herb, or bush, or flower,
That spreads its foliage to the day ;
From snowdrops born in wintry hour,
Through Flora's whole creation gay.

But well to him they all are known,
Their names, their character, and race ;
Their virtues when each bloom is gone,
Their fav'rite home, their native place.

For them thro' Georgia's sultry clime,
And Florida's sequester'd shore ;
Their streams, dark woods, and cliffs sublime,
His dangerous way he did explore.*

* See Bartram's Travels, where the imagination is entertained with the most luxuriant description of these scenes, while the heart is charmed with the amiableness of the Writer.

And here their blooming tribes he tends,
And tho' revolving Winters reign,
Still Spring returns him back his friends,
His shades and blossom'd bowers again.

One flower, one sweet and faithful flower,
Worth all the blossom'd wilds can give ;
Forsakes him not tho' seasons lour,
Tho' Winter's roaring tempests rave,

But still with gentlest look and air,
Befriends his now declining years ;
By every kind officious care,
That Virtue's lovely self endears.

When Science calls, or books invite,
Her eyes the waste of age supply ;
Detail their pages with delight,
Her dearest uncle list'ning by.

When sorrows press, for who are free ?
Her generous heart the load sustains ;
In sickness none so kind as she,
To soothe and to assuage his pains.

Thus twines the honeysuckle sweet,
Around some trunk decay'd and bare ;
Thus angels on the pious wait,
To banish each distressing care.

O, happy he who slowly strays,
On Summer's eve these shades among ;
While Phœbus sheds his yellow rays,
And thrushes pipe their evening song.

But happier he, supremely blest,
Beyond what proudest peers have known ;
Who finds a friend in Anna's breast,
And calls that lovely plant his own.

The angry storms of awful Fate,
Around my little bark may roar;
May drive me from this dear retreat,
A wanderer on a distant shore.

But while Remembrance' power remains,
Their rosy bowers shall bless my view;
Sweet shades of peace! on foreign plains,
I'll sigh and shed a tear for yon.

Gray's Ferry, Aug. 10, 1804. A. W——N.

LAVINIA.

Softly through the check'ring trees,
Cynthia pours her mellow light;
While the gently-whisp'ring breeze,
Moves the genius of the night.

Spring-born May has spread her flow'rs,
Flora laughs in every grove;
Lightly dance the sportive hours,
And Nature's pulse beats high to love.

List! the ev'ning warbler's throat,
Yonder by the tinkling rill;
Sweet she trills her vesper note,
And echo answers, "whip-poor-will!"

Come, my fair, enjoy the scene,
Down the green walk let us stray;
Duller soul may doze within,
Come, Lavinia, come away!

How sweet at such an hour as this,
The zest of social bliss to prove;
To snatch unblam'd the melting kiss,
Warm from the conscious lip of love!

W.

BLOOMFIELD.

TUNE—*"My Sodger Laddie."*

Hurra, for sweet Bloomfield, that village . . .
Our church like a palace—our . . . . .
Sound the horn in its praises . . . . .
Our priest's house a palace . . . . .
Here bull-headed Ignorance gapes and is courted,
And pale Superstition with visage distorted.
Sweet Science and Truth, while these monsters they cherish,
Like the Babes of the Wood are abandoned to perish.

Here ten times a day they are singing and praying,
And "Glory to God," most abundantly paying;
Apply for your cash—that's a quite different story;
They lock up the clink, but to God give the glory.
Here old, withered witches crawl round every cabin,
And butter from churn are eternally grabbing;
Ghosts, wizards, seventh sons to cure the King's Evil—
One touch of their hand and 'tis gone to the Devil.

Sweet Venus ne'er lent to our females their graces—
Like ducks in their gait—like pumpkins their faces;
No heart-winning looks to ensnare or to charm us—
Their teeth like corruption, their breath—O enormous!
Here Slander, vile hag, is from house to house sweeping,
Still stabbing, and skulking, or whispering and peeping:
From Gibb's honest-heart with abhorrence discarded,
But lov'd by sweet Bloomfield, caress'd and regarded.

Here old Rosinantes, their bare bones uprearing,
Move past us as if Death's horrid steed were appearing;
Dogs snuff; turkey buzzards swarm round for a picking;
And tanners look out, and prepare for a sticking.
Here's the one-handed plough, like an old crooked rafter,
The Genius of farming surveys it with laughter.
Wo! Haw! hallows Hodge, as he's zig-zags a-shooting,
While travellers cry, "Lord, how those hogs have been rooting!"

There's the grim Man of God, with a voice like a trumpet,
His pulpit each Sunday, bestampt and bethumpit;

On all but his own pours damnation and ruin,
And heaves them to Satan for roasting and stewing.
Hail Bloomfield ! sweet Bloomfield, what village . .
Our church like a palace—our school like . . .
Sound the horn in its praises . . . . . .
The priest's house a palace . . . . . .

THE ARISTOCRAT'S WAR-WHOOP.

ADDRESSED TO ALL DESPAIRING TORIES.

TUNE—"*The Morgan Rattler.*"

DEAR chop-fallen feds, don't hang down your heads,
Rouse up and prepare,—the election approaches ;
Tho' Freedom prevail, let's never turn tail,
But snivel out curses, and groans, and reproaches.
No scheming or swearing you know we have stuck at,
And show them to-day
From the Hook to Cape May
That we're still something more than *a drop in the bucket.*

Hypocrisy's gown, let it wrap us around,
Sometimes looking mild as a lamb or a pigeon :
With holy grimace, and a sanctified face,
Denouncing the deists and groaning religion ;
Declaring aloud that the Democrat crowd,
If Jefferson is not deposed from his station,
Will grow in his fangs, like the *orang-outangs,*
Bereft of all senses and civilization.

To keep up the veil, let's drop the old tale
Of *order, good government*—rig'rous and martial ;
But whine and lament in the new Tory cant
Of *soldiers dismissed, and appointments so partial ;*
Let's swear to a man, that the whole is a plan
To grab to themselves all *the loaves and the fishes,*—
That curst sans-culottes may cut all our throats,
Or spare us, in mercy, to lick all their dishes.

As Heav'n's my judge, I owe them a grudge,
And vengeance and hate in my heart is a-hovering;
To think that such wretches, escap'd from the clutches
Of George, our most gracious, omnipotent Sovereign,—
To see his dominions, by Paine's curst opinions,
Cut up and controul'd by mechanics and farmers;
Without noble blood, and bespattered with mud,—
It drives me to madness, and well may alarm us.

O, England! thou glory and pride of a Tory!
Blest country, where riches and rank have the pref'rence;
Where crowds at the sound of "My Lord" kiss the ground,
Or sink, in his presence, with honour and rev'rence.
Where are you now, rabble, that dare not to babble,
Are ty'd neck and heels at the nod of their judges;
For all without riches are ignorant wretches,
Ordained to believe, and submit to be drudges.

But *here*, gracious heav'n! what insults are given!
Birth, title, and blood, they compare to diseases;
At *lordship* or *grace* they'll laugh in your face,—
Each claims to believe, read, and speak, as he pleases.
No chance, here, of starving the crowd undeserving
Of carpenters, shoemakers, printers, and binders;
Each saucy-fac'd cur bellows—"*How d'ye do, sir;*"
I answer—"————," and show them my grinders.

From courts and elections let's sweep the whole faction;
There's nought can be done while these lynxes are watching;
They prowl so for prey, that scarcely a day
But some thief of a Tory they're eternally catching.
Of *honest* Tom Pickering what squalling and bickering,
Some few tons of *Joes* all the breach of his trust is:
For scarce half-a-million to call a man villain!—
O tempora mores! what monstrous injustice!

Confound Johnny Adams, his X Y and madams,
His tubs and alarms, and his *itch to be doing;*
Like Endor's old hag let the cat out the bag,
And raised up a spirit that threatens our ruin.

Henceforth, let us try to be cautious and sly,
And screw ourselves in again smoothly and civil ;
Then each in his place, with *one coup-de-grace*
Let's send each Democrat dog to the Devil.

A SONG.

TUNE—"Jockey to the Fair."

A lad wha ne'er made love to ane,
Had spent lang weary nights his lane,
Had rowth o' gear, and house o's ain,
And beef laid in an a',
Lived at his ease, quite free from strife,
Yet, tired to live a single life,
Resolved at last to get a wife
To sleep wi'm, niest the wa'.

Ale-cap wi' lass he ne'er had kis't,
Nor road ere t' her mou' had mis't,
Nae blackfoot he sought to assist
To let him ken the way.
Yet hoo to seek, or whar to gang
To be soon ser'd, and no gang wrang,
Took up his thoughts; he thoughtna lang—
He had nae time to stay.

Sae down he sits wi' pen and ink,
And twenty names writes in a blink,
The best aye first, as he did think ;
Then aff gaes wi' his list
T' the first; then tells his story o'er.—
Says he, I hae got names a score,
And your's is placed them a' before,
Say, will you mak' me blest ?

Giff ye'll agree to be my nain,
I'll risk wi' you my purse and fame ;
Gin ye refuse, out through your name
My pen gaes wi' a dash.

But first I'll hae your "No" or "I,"
Some ane o' the score will not deny ;
Will ye accept, or sall I try ?
Quo' she—"Ye needna fash !"

DEACON GRUMBO THE MILLER.—A NEW SONG.

TUNE—"Dear Kathleen, &c."

Hark ! Grumbo's mill's a-going,
A-rattling and a-creaking,
While folks to church are flowing,
Yet Grumbo is a *Deacon.*
The stones are flying,
Grumbo's plying
Round the dusty hoppers :
This holy day,
That makes us pray,
To him brings in the coppers.

And yet old Grumbo still groans
Like some poor wretch in Limbo,
And prays, "Lord, dry up their millponds,
That none may grind but Grumbo."
Then night and day,
I'll sing and pray,
Nor ever more be grumbling ;
At meeting snore,
And praises roar,
To hear *my* mill a-rumbling.

I am for size and *much* sense,
Set up a *great* example,
With rattling box I catch pence
Within thy holy temple—
The reprobate
May sneer and prate,
And say, I worship Mammon,
But godly folks
Must fill their box,
And learn to save their Gammon.

'Tis true I grind one Lord's Day,
My Dutchman, Hans, the other ;
His creed accords with mine aye,
Grab all you can together.
But when grim Death
Shall come in wrath,
And we like pigs are squeaking,
Let Satan clutch
The dirty Dutch,
But, Lord, take Thou the *Deacon.*"

November 1, 1801. A. W——N.

THE DOMINIE.

Of all professions that this world hath known,—
From humble cobblers upwards to the throne,
From the great architects of Greece and Rome
Down to the maker of a farthing broom,—
The worst for care and undeserved abuse,
The first in real dignity and use
(If kind to teach, and diligent to rule),
Is the learned Master of a little school.
Not he who guides the legs, or fits the clown
To square his fists and knock his fellow down ;
Not he whose arm displays the murd'rous art
To parry thrusts, and pierce the unguarded heart :
For that good man, who, faithful to his charge,
Still toils the op'ning Reason to enlarge,
And leads the growing mind through every stage,
From humble A B C to God's own page,—
From black rough *pot hooks*, horrid to the sight,
To fairest lines that float o'er purest white ;
From *Numeration* through an op'ning way,
Till dark *Annuities* seem clear as day ;
Pours o'er the soul a flood of mental light,
Expands its wings, and gives it powers for flight,

Till Earth's remotest bounds, and Heaven's bright train,
Are trac'd, weigh'd, measur'd, pictur'd, and explain'd.
If such his toils, sure honor and regard,
And wealth of fame, will be his sweet reward ;
Sure, every mouth will open in his praise,
And blessings gild the evening of his days !
Yes ! *blest, indeed,* with cold ungrateful scorn,
With study pale, by daily crosses worn ;
Despised by those who to his labour owe
All that they read, and almost all they know ;
Condemned each tedious day, such cares to bear
As well might drive even patience to despair.
The partial parents taunt the Idler dull,
The Blockhead's dark, impenetrable skull ;
The endless sound of A B C's dull train,
Repeated o'er ten thousand times in vain.
Placed on a point, the object of each sneer,
His faults enlarge—his merits disappear.
If mild—"Our lazy Master loves his ease,
"He let's his boys do anything they please:"
If rigid—"He's stern, hard-hearted wretch,
He drives the children stupid with his birch ;
My child, with gentleness, will mind a breath,
But frowns and floggings frighten him to death."
Do as he will, his conduct is arraigned,
And dear the little that he gets is gained ;
E'en that is given him on the *Quarter-Day,*
With *looks* that call it *money thrown away.*
Great God ! who knows the unremitting care
And deep solicitude that Teachers share,
If such our fate by Thy divine control,
O give us health and fortitude of soul,
Such that disdain the murd'ring tongue of Fame,
And strength to make the sturdiest of them tame !
Grant this, O God ! to Dominie's distrest ;
Our sharp-tailed Hickories will do the rest.

A. W——N.

IV.—Notes and Illustrations.

NOTE.

The notes of Wilson himself have *W* added herein, being drawn from his own volumes and separate publications. Others are credited to their respective authors and editors. For the rest with *G* (and those intercalated within brackets) the editor is responsible.—*G.*

Notes and Illustrations.

I.—SCOTTISH POEMS.

Watty and Meg, or the Wife Reformed,—pp. 3-10.

The scene and 'characters' of the poem have led to considerable controversy as to their originals. In the *Paisley Magazine* (1828) Lochwinnoch is said to have furnished both. The account is as follows :—"After he published his poems in 1790, at Paisley, he wrote his last piece, 'Watty and Meg.' . . . . . This admirable poem was founded on a well-remembered scene from his rural and peaceful life at this interesting village. 'Mungo Blue' was really notorious in village scandal—Jamie Orr, called 'Smithie' from his small property. He had a joyous but a very short life. He went through his *subject* by drinking and other debaucheries. He kept a clachan changehouse at Lochwinnoch. This house was frequented by a Cyprean bevy, issuing from their bower at the Cruiks. Wilson alludes to them in his poem, as—

'Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye.'

'Smithie's' house was situated at the Kirk style, and the road to the east end goes round the 'gavel' of that house, as—

'Hame at length she turned the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout.'

In the same east end was the wretched domicile of Watty Matthie and Meg Love, the hero and heroine of this graphic poem. The truth and justness of the picture and prototype is very manifest by the whole poem. The 'flyting' of Meg is the same, and true in character to the life of Peggy Love." (Pp. 584-5.) Against this is

an account by "the Seedhills folk" in the edition of 1844 (Belfast), which must here be given, thus :—

"The original characters so finely pourtrayed in 'Watty and Meg' were acquaintances and neighbours of Wilson, all residing in his birth-place, the Seedhills of Paisley ; and he, in the portrait of 'Mungo Blue,' delineates a William Mitchell, who at that time kept the principal change-house in the Seedhills. [I would notice that in Hogmenae "—

'The table in Mitchell's was laid.'

See p. 10.] This house, the one in which the change-house scene, so graphically described in the poem, took place, is pointed out as the dwelling-house attached to the corn-mill. It was common in that place, as it is in all 'clachans,' for the folk to distinguish one another by nicknames, and he never received any other name than the one in the poem. He was the father of the man of the same name, to whom Wilson addresses some epistles ; and his wife's maiden name was the same as in the poem, Bessy Miller. 'Dryster Jock,' John Campbell, was a frequenter of the club held in 'Mungo Blue's,' and was employed, as his name indicates, in the corn mill at Seedhills. 'Pate Tamson' was, by real name, John Thomson, and superintended a large tan-work which is by the Seedhills, and still carried on ; and of course this accounts for the line—

'Jock was selling Pate some tallow.'

The hero and heroine were very intimate with Wilson. Meg, although somewhat of a shrew, possessed some good qualities, some of which we are happy to record,—as, being very careful and industrious ; and an anecdote is related of her worth, which redeems her not a little. She had at one time amassed, unknown to her husband, a small sum of money—her economical savings—and, as she was afraid of Watty getting it, she, for a place of security, lifted up a 'deal' of her floor, and hid her saved wealth, in bank notes, under it. One day, she required to settle the rent, and happy, ran to her Savings' Bank, and was astounded and horrified to find her notes a mass of rotten paper, crumbling into dust beneath her fingers. The soaking of water between the boards, when

she gave them the weekly allowance of scrubbing, had completely destroyed them. She ran to the Bank, and was refused gold in exchange; but Meg had recourse to her tongue, and called day after day, until by that forcible implement, she received full value. The hero of the poem—Watty Crawford—was rather more dissipated than he is represented; and in his debaucheries he was sadly annoyed by Meg, beseeching him out of his 'howfs.' He frequented the 'free-table,' which the recruiting parties of soldiers,—who sometimes visited the town,—opened to entrap the simple folks; and it was at one of these places that he borrowed the 'token' which glittered on his 'bonnet cheek,' mentioned in the last scene so feelingly and touchingly. This Walter Crawford actually had had recourse to this 'ruse,' and before Wilson wrote his poem in which he describes the incident. And it is a fact, that Meg, shortly after the poem appeared, said to her husband, 'D'ye ken what lang Sandy Wilson, the poet, has done? He has 'poemed' us.'" (Pp. 322-23.) There seems little doubt that Seedhills of Paisley, not Lochwinnoch, was the real scene of the poem. The paper in the *Paisley Magazine*, whence the first account is taken, which is entitled, "Some Incidents in the Life of Alexander Wilson, collected in the Parish of Lochwinnoch," on examination, proves to be incorrect in various points—as seen in our Memorial-Introduction—and in the face of it it looks improbable that, having then for years left Lochwinnoch, Wilson would return to it for scene or "characters." Besides, the Seedhills details are very much more graphic and congruous. It is not impossible that the poet worked in traits of other individuals. Few villages would have had difficulty in furnishing the same type of drunkard and scold. See more on "Watty and Meg" in our Essay in the present Volume.—*G.*

Page 3.—Motto:

"We dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake."—*Pope.*

From *The Wife of Bath*, v. 103: "They dream, &c."—*G.*

Hogmenae,—pp. 10-13.

The scene of this genuinely humorous Scottish song is laid in the Seedhills [of Paisley]. "Mine host," Mitchell [Stanza 1st],

father to William Mitchell, to whom Wilson wrote so many epistles, kept the "clachan change-house," the resort of "Pate Tamson" and "Jock Jabos," and where the change-house scene took place of "Watty and Meg," in which poem he is celebrated under the name of "Mungo Blue." [See note *in loco.*] The house in which he lived and where

> "Watty glad to see Jock Jabos,
> And sae mony neighbours roun',
> Kickèd frae his shoon the snawba's,
> Syne ayont the fire sat down,"

is in the Seedhills, and is the one where the pump-well, so celebrated for its peculiar kind of water, stands. [*Belfast Edition*, as before, p. 325.]—*G.*

The Disconsolate Wren—pp. 13-17.

The scene of this poem has been laid severally on the banks of the river Calder, near the 'Loups,' and 'the Garpel bank.' But in stanza first, line fourth, it is a 'burnie,' not a river, along whose 'flowing side' the Poet was walking; and certainly some of Gleniffer 'brae burns,' rather than the larger river, is more fitting. For the biographical significance of 'The Disconsolate Wren' see the Memorial-Introduction.—*G.*

Page 13.

> "Be not the Muse asham'd here to bemoan
> Her brothers of the grove."—*Thomson.*

From 'The Seasons,'—Spring, ll. 282-3.—*G.*

The Laurel Disputed—pp. 17-23.

There were seven speakers at this memorable debate on two of Scotia's most illustrious sons of song. A Mr. Cumming, by bribery, gained the promised prize.

> "A dawd o' gowd, on this same Fursday night,
> To him wha'd show, in clinking verses drest,
> Gin Ramsay's sangs, or Fergusson's were best."

Wilson's piece only, received the approbation of the audience, as being the poem highest in merit delivered; but not proving

Fergusson to have done most "honour to Scottish poetry." Picken, the friend of Wilson, also gave his opinion in a lengthened piece of blank verse, which was considered third in merit. Of the seven candidates on the question, all took the side of Ramsay but Wilson; and he only lost by 17 votes. Tickets of admission, which cost sixpence each, were bought and distributed in abundance, to secure a majority of votes, and Cumming alone purchased forty, which he presented to some ladies of his acquaintance. Wilson was too poor to purchase tickets, and although he had been able to do so, he was too proud and independent to stoop to such base means of acquiring either wealth or fame. He was often heard to repeat this story with feelings of bitter reproach and disappointment. "Honest, independent, wealth and fame, or none," was a sentence Wilson never lost sight of, and it may be considered as having been his motto through his enterprising and remarkable life. [*Belfast Edition, p. 319.*] But see Memorial-Introduction and Essay.

Rab and Ringan,—pp. 24-26.

The Loss of the Pack,—27-29.

See Memorial-Introduction for the facts and circumstances of these two poems.—*G.*

The Pack,—pp. 30-35.

The Insulted Pedar,—pp. 35-40.

See Memorial-Introduction as in preceding; and also for a sketch of the 'Packman' or Pedlar of Wilson's time.—*G.*

Rabby's Mistake,—pp. 40-41.

The *Paisley Magazine* (as before) says of this:—He wrote 'Rabby's Mistake' in Matthew Barr's workshop. The hero of it was Robin Stuart, at the Loch head. He was a tall, spare, and slender man, and likewise 'douce'—a character suitable to his elevated office, for he was a 'precentor' of the Kirk. He was a great reader of religious books. He was 'sand blin'.' Of course he committed the heroic exploit commemorated in this poem. This exploit happened in the Millbank Glen." (P. 584.) On this

account in the Belfast Edition (p. 317, as before) there are these remarks :—"The account has no probability about it at all ; for after giving the hero such good qualities—being wise, sober, and a precentor in the kirk, and short-sighted, it is inconsistent even to suppose that a man of such character would ever

'Set out in eager search for game,
Resolved to bring a maukin hame,
In triumph, ower his shouther,'

or have the least inclination to be a sportsman, it being quite evident to himself, that from his defective sight, he would make but a bad marksman ; and besides, such cruelty as he would consider the shooting of hares, is not in unity with his austere and blameless character. If the editor of that scarce and valuable (?) work, had given the following old Scottish nursery rhyme, as the source whence Wilson drew the plan of his humorous 'True Story,' it would have been more like the truth. The nursery rhyme was popular long before Wilson's time, and he must have known it :

'A Carrion crow sat on yon oak,
Watching a tailor shape a cloak :
"Wife," cried he, "bring me my bow,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow."
The tailor shot, and missed his mark,
And shot his ain sow through the heart.
"Wife ! bring me some brandy in a spoon,
For our puir auld sow is in a swoon."'

Perhaps this Critic does not make sufficient allowance for Wilson's waggery. The "douce" and grave, staid characters of good Robin Stuart the "Precentor," would make the grotesque misadventure (actual or supposititious) the more grotesque,—none the less certainly that the quoted rhymes were familiar to "the Paisley bodies" and the neighbourhood.—*G.*

Calamphitre's Elegy,—pp. 42-45.

Pronounced, Cal—am—phit—re [= er]. Various local celebrities have been chance-assigned as the subject of this satirical

"Elegy." It seems scarcely fair to preserve the guesses in absence of authority.—*G.*

Verses, occasioned by seeing two men sawing timber in defiance of a furious storm,—pp. 45-7.

See our Essay for Dr. Anderson's very noticeable 'Note' in accepting and publishing these "Verses" in the *Bee.*—*G.*

Elegy on an Unfortunate Tailor,—pp. 50-53.

"The father of Sannie Stewart (the present tonsor and peruquier of Lochwinnoch) was the manful actor of "The Unfortunate Tailor," who fell, one dark night, into the 'lade' or canal conveying to the old cotton mill, which was dug in the same year. He was fortunate to save his vital 'spark;' but he suffered a good drenching." [*The Paisley Magazine* (as before) p. 584.]

Elegy on the long-expected death of a wretched miser,—pp. 53-56.

"An heritor of the parish, Craig of the Fauldheads, near Auchinbathie, kept aloof from the society of the smuggler's family (see Memorial-Introduction on this), and the Poet, it is believed, had the account in his 'Elegy on the long-expected death of a wretched miser,' derived from hearsay only. Old Fauldheads, although he was rather niggardly, was considered an intelligent man, especially about country business, as laying out of roads, dykes, &c. He was a widower, and took unto himself another wife, Meg Duncan, from Beith, in 1784. Meg was young, and he was old; she was unchaste, and plundered her husband's 'gear'" [*Ibid.*, p. 584.] The 'F———s' (st. 1st) = Fauldheads, seems to verify this.—*G.*

Quotation-motto,—p. 53.

"Wealth he has none, who mourns his scanty store,
And midst of plenty starves, and thinks he's poor."—*Pope.*

I have failed to trace this in Pope.—*G.*

The Shark,—pp. 57-62.
Hollander, or Light Weight,—pp. 62-66.
Hab's Door,—pp. 66-69.

See Memorial-Introduction on these three poems, and their importance in Wilson's Life.—*G.*

Page 56.

"A whore's a pitfal, and a scold's a rod;
An honest wife's a noble work of God."

A parody of Pope's famous line "An honest man's the noblest work of God" (Essay on Man, IV., l. 248.)—*G.*

Page 57.—Quotation-motto :—

"Yes, while I live, no rude or sordid knave,
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave."—*Pope.*

From Imitations of Horace—1st Satire of 2nd Book, ll. 119-120. —*G.*

Page 62.—Quotation-motto :—

———"Unheard of tortures
Must be reserved for such, these herd together;
The common damned shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul."—*Blair.*

From "The Grave."—*G.*

Address to the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr,—pp. 70-75.

This 'Address' is interesting in relation to Burns.—*G.*

First and Second Epistles to Mr. James Dobie,—pp. 79-24.

Dobie was a versifier and antiquary belonging to Beith. If I err not, certain Scottish songs by him have a local celebrity still.—*G.*

An Epistle to Mr. Ebenezer Picken,—pp. 85-9.
Epistle to a Brother Pedlar,—pp. 89-91.

Picken was one of the minor poets of Scotland.—*G.*

First, Second, and Third Epistles, to Mr. Wm. Mitchell,—pp. 91-102.

William Mitchell was—it is believed—son of Mitchell or "Mungo Blue" of "Watty and Meg." Like Wilson, he was a Weaver, and like him also emigrated to America. On the First Epistle (page 93, line 18) "death that day," the Author notes—"The truth of this has been often fatally experienced by the inhabitants of these wild mountains."—*G.*

Second Epistle to Mr. James Kennedy,—pp. 102-104.

For the First Epistle see the English Poems, pp. 229-231. He was one of Wilson's early associates and most intimate friends in

Paisley. The name has since been magnified in a later "sweet Singer" of Ayrshire, of the same family, unless we are misinformed. On the date-place "Crail," the Author writes—"A small fishing-town, near Fifeness."

Second Epistle to Mr. Andrew Clark,—pp. 105-7.

For the first 'Epistle' see the English Poems, pp. 25-53. He was another of Wilson's friends, and like the others, is introduced into "Hogmenae," &c., &c.—*G.*

II.—ENGLISH POEMS.

The Foresters,—pp. 111-173.

See Memorial-Introduction and the "Letters," for reference to the composition of "The Foresters."—*G.*

The whole of the Notes on this poem are by Wilson himself. They are here brought together from the foot margins.

'The settler's cabin'—(line 11.)

A term usually applied in America to those persons who first commence the operations of agriculture in a new country, by cutting, clearing, and actual settlement. The varied appearance of the woods when these are rapidly going on, forms a busy, novel, and interesting picture.

'The Katydid'—(line 46.)

A species of Gryllus, very numerous and very noisy in the woods at that season.

'Meek-eyed Indian Summers'—(line 58.)

This expression is so well understood in the United States as hardly to require any explanation. Between the months of October and December there is usually a week or two of calm serene, mirky weather, such as here described, which is nonsensically denominated the Indian Summer. [I add—This corresponds with our English St. Martin's Summer in October and November.]

'Fertile Bucks'—(line 129.)

The country of Bucks, is a wide well-cultivated tract of country, containing nearly half-a-million of acres, and upwards of 30,000 inhabitants.

'Northampton's barren heights'—(line 140.)

Northampton is an oblong, hilly country, adjoining that of Bucks. It is crossed nearly at right angles by that remarkable range of the Allegany, known by the name of the Blue Ridge or Blue Mountain, which presents the appearance of an immense rampart, extending further than the eye can reach, with an almost uniform height of summit.

'Das Neue Callender'—(line 175.)

The New Almanac.

'Wastes of ground oak'—(line 237.)

This species of dwarf oak produces great quantities of acorns, which the bears, pigeons, grous, jays, &c., are extremely fond of. It grows to the height of about five feet, very close, and affords good shelter for the deer and bear.

'Enormous gap'—(line 249.)

This pass in the Blue Mountain is usually called the Wind Gap. The reader will find some curious conjectures on its formation, in Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia.*

'Assumed new forms'—(line 272.)

The effect of this deception was really astonishing. Nothing could be more evident to the eye—the shores, the waters, studded with numerous islands, seemed to disappear as if by enchantment.

'A panther's jaws'—(line 387.)

This animal, generally, though improperly, called by the above name, is *felis couguar* of European writers; and is considered as the most dangerous and formidable inhabitant of our forests on this side of the Ohio. They are still numerous among the mountains of Pennsylvania that border on the Susquehanna, and frequently destroy deer, calves, sheep, colts, and sometimes, it is said, horses and cows. They are bold and daring; and lie in wait in the low branches of trees for the deer, on whom they spring

with prodigious force, and soon destroy them. The one mentioned above had seized a calf in the evening, within a few feet of the girl who was milking; who, supposing it to be a large dog, gave the alarm, and attempted to drive it off. The old hunter, our landlord, soon drove him up a tree with his dog, where he shot him.

'O'er rising Pocano'—(line 394.)

A small spur of the Blue Ridge, and one of the few places in Pennsylvania frequented by the *tetrao cupido*, or pinnated grous.

'Tornado'—(line 398.)

These tornadoes are very frequent in the different regions of the United States. The one above alluded to had been extremely violent; and for many miles had levelled the woods in its way. We continued to see the effects of its rage for above 20 miles.

'Startled Bruin'—(line 416.)

At this season of the year great numbers of bears resort to the mountains in search of whortleberries, which they devour with great voracity. They are at this time very fat, and some are frequently shot that weigh upwards of 400 lbs.

'Shades of Death'—(line 428.)

A place in the Great Swamp, usually so called, from its loud, hollow situation, overgrown with pine and hemlock trees of an enormous size, that almost shut out the light of day.

'Of panthers' traps'—(line 437.)

Our host made himself very merry by relating to us an anecdote of one of his neighbours, living ten or twelve miles off, who, having fixed his large steel traps, in the evening, returned to the spot next morning, when, to his terror, he saw two panthers (*f. couguar*) surrounding a trap in which a very large one was taken by the leg. Afraid to hazard a shot, lest the surviving one who was at liberty might attack him he hurried home, loaded another gun and gave it to his wife, an intrepid amazon, who immediately followed him to the scene. Arrived within forty or fifty yards, the hunter presented to take aim, but was so agitated with terror

that he found himself altogether unable. His wife instantly knelt down before him, ordering him to rest the rifle on her shoulder, which he did, and by this expedient succeeded in killing the three.

'Wolves and wildcats'—(line 438.)

Felis Montano, mountain lynx. Another species is also found among these mountains, and appears to be the *f. rufa* of Turton. I measured one that from the nose to the insertion of the tail, was upwards of three feet.

'Fluttering partridge'—(line 460.)

This is the *tetrao Virginianus* of Linnæus. In the States of New England it is called the quail.

'Two pheasants'—(line 464.)

The bird here called a pheasant is the ruffed grous (*tetrao umbellus*) of European naturalists. In New England it is called the partridge.

'Dupont's best Eagle'—(line 495.)

A celebrated manufacturer of gunpowder on the Brandywine, whose packages are usually impressed with the figure of an eagle.

'Screams of horror'—(line 551.)

The massacre here alluded to, took place after the battle of 3rd July, 1778, which was fought near this spot. The small body of American troops were commanded by the brave, humane, and intelligent officer, Colonel Butler; the tories and savages were headed by another Colonel Butler, of a very different description. Were I disposed to harrow up the feelings of the reader, I might here enlarge on the particulars of this horrible affair; but I choose to decline it. Those who wish to see a detail of the whole are referred to the *Philadelphia Universal Magazine* for March 20, 1797, p. 390.

'Robins'—(line 625.)

Turdus migratorius.

'Crested wood-cocks'—(line 626.)

Picus pileatus, the great scarlet-crested black woodpecker; called also in some of the Southern States, the log-cock.

'Sailing eagle'—(line 642.)

Falco leucocephalus, the white-headed or bald eagle.

[Echo] 'Lessening die'—(line 970.)

This echo may be considered as one of the greatest curiosities of this part of the country.—After more than a quarter of a minute had elapsed, the sound was reverberated with astonishing increase, at least ten successive times, each time more and more remote, till at last it seemed to proceed from an immense distance. The word, or words were distinctly articulated; as if giants were calling to one another from mountain to mountain. When our guns were discharged at once, the effect was still more astonishing, and I scarcely believe, that a succession of broadsides from a train of seventy-fours, at like distances, in any other place, would have equalled it. The state of the atmosphere was very favourable; and the report roared along the clouds in one continued peal. This detached mountain stands near the line which separates New York from Pennsylvania, not far from the public road; is of a conical form, and may be between two and three hundred feet high.

'Defence . . . they fled'—(line 1132.)

In this expedition against the hostile Indians, which was committed to the management of General Sullivan, and crowned with the most complete success, the only stand made by the savages was at this place, 29th August, 1799. After a short skirmish they were driven from this their last hold, and pursued beyond the Gennessee river. Forty of their towns, and upwards of 160,000 bushels of Indian corn were destroyed. The remnant of the tribes took refuge in Canada; and thus an immense extent of the most fertile country of the United States was laid open to the enterprise of our active and industrious settlers. The white population of these parts of the State of New-York, settled since, may be fairly estimated at three times the number of all the Indians within five hundred miles of the place.

'Huge loaded arks'—(line 1163.)

These vessels are constructed of oak and pine plank, and built in

the form of a parallelogram ; they are flat-bottomed, and capable of containing many thousand bushels of wheat each ; sometimes droves of oxen compose part of their cargoes. On arriving at their place of destination, and the cargo disposed of, the arks are sold to the lumber dealers, and taken to pieces with little trouble.

'Columbia's harbour'—(line 1172.)

The town of Columbia, on the north-east bank of the Susquehanna, at Wright's Ferry, ten miles from Laurister, is the great depot for those immense stores of wheat, flour, lumber, &c., brought down the river for an extent of more than three hundred miles. The bridge, which it is in contemplation to erect over the Susquehanna, near this town, will be an additional source of prosperity to this thriving and populous place.

'Chesapeake's capacious bay'—(line 1196.)

In a matter-of-fact poem, such as this, I need hardly observe, that the above is literally true. The proprietor of part of this meadow assured me, that with his spade he could, at pleasure, send the waters either into the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, or the Chesapeake Bay. A species of salmon, common to the river Susquehanna and to the lake Ontario, has been frequently known to pass from one to the other by this communication.

'To the god'—(line 1217.)

Hunger.

'The sugar camp'—(line 1266.)

In passing among these stately and noble trees, which grow here in great luxuriance, it is an object of regret to observe how unmercifully their trunks are cut and gashed with the axe ; many of these notches are so deep, that the trees have either been killed or overthrown by the first storm of wind. It is well-known that all the chopping is unnecessary ; and that a small auger-hole is equally efficient, nowise injurious to the tree, and may be done in one tenth part of the time.

'A scene of sheltered sweet repose'—(line 1282.)

This Indian town, Catherine, situated near the head of the Seneca Lake, in one of the most delightful and romantic spots

imaginable, containing a great number of houses, with large orchards and extensive corn fields. It was totally destroyed in 1779, by the troops under the command of General Sullivan, who, entering the place at night, found it nearly deserted of its inhabitants. One miserable old squaw alone remained, who, from extreme old age, was incapable of walking, and looked like "the last survivor of the former age." The General ordered a hut to be erected for her, with provisions for her subsistence; but she did not long survive the catastrophe of her nation.

'This sweet vale'—(line 1339.)

Catherine's Creek, which forms the head waters of the Seneca Lake, and falls into its southern extremity. From this lake to the landing, a distance of about five miles, the creek is navigable for large loaded boats. The country between this place and Newtown, on the Susquehanna, is nearly level; and the distance, in a direct line, is probably not more than twenty miles. The practicability of uniting these two waters by a canal, at a comparative small expense, and the immense advantages that would result from the completion of such an undertaking, have long been evident to all those acquainted with that part of the country.

'Gigantic walnuts'—(line 1345.)

Some of these trees, owing to the richness of the soil, grow to an enormous size. I measured one that was thirty feet in circumference.

'The hawk'—(line 1347.)

The fishing hawk, or osprey, differing considerably from the bird of text known in Europe.

'Canvas backs'—(line 1367.)

These celebrated and justly esteemed ducks appear to be the *anas ferina* of Linnæus. From the great abundance of their favourite food (the roots of the Valiseneria Americana,) in the tide waters of many of our large rivers, it is probable that their flesh is much more delicious here than in Europe.

'The Lake'—(line 1409.)

The Seneca Lake. This beautful sheet of water is about 40 miles

long by from one and-a-half to three miles in breadth. The shores are generally precipitous, consisting of a brittle blue slate in which many curious impressions of marine shells are perceivable. In a short search I found upwards of twenty.

'Moss-white storks'—(line 1447.)

Ardea alba of Linnæus. These are only summer birds, and very transient visitants in these Northern regions.

'A hawk'—(line 1149.)

The white-tailed eagle (*falco fulvus*) so much sought after by Indians of North America, for its quill and tail feathers, with which they plume their arrows, ornament their calumet, and adorn their dresses. It inhabits from Hudson's Bay to Mexico.

'Summer ducks'—(line 1151.)

Called by some the wood-duck (*anas sponsa*), the most beautiful of its tribe in North America. They are easily tamed, and become very familiar. About thirty-five years ago, a Mr. Nathan Nicholls, who resided in Maryland, on the west side of Gunpowder river, succeeded completely in domesticating these ducks, so that they bred and multiplied with him in great numbers. In their wild state they build in hollow trees, and fly directly in, without alighting at the entrance.

'The Lake Cayuga'—(line 1612.)

This lake is about thirty-eight miles long, and from two to three and four miles in breadth. It is nearly parallel with, and about eight or ten miles east from the Seneca lake. The bed of the former is said to be thirty or forty feet lower than that of the latter, which flows into the Cayuga nearly at its outlet, and forms what is usually called Seneca River. The waters of both these lakes are extremely pure and transparent; are much frequented by wild ducks, and contain abundance of various kinds of fish, particularly salmon, and also suckers of a very large size. One of these last, which we purchased from a party of Indians encamped on the shore, measured upwards of two feet in length.

'Rocks and narrows'—(line 1675.)

These are passes on the high steep sides of the mountain over-

hanging the Susquehanna, and, in some places, will not admit more than one person abreast.

'The lighted bridge'—(line 1721.)

This bridge extends across the lake, which at this place is about a mile in width. It is built of wood, is laid on two hundred and fifteen trestles, each consisting of three posts, connected by girths and braces. The posts are sunk to hard gravel, which is generally about thirty feet from the surface.—The expense was twenty thousand dollars.

'Skunk'—(line 1785.)

The reader is not to imagine that this animal formed part of our trapper's game. It is never seen in this particular part of the country; and the trappers take advantage of this circumstance to circumvent their prey. In the lower parts of the State where this animal is abundant, there are people who collect the liquor with which nature has supplied it for its defence. This is put into small vials, sealed, placed mouth downwards in a pot of earth, and sold to the trappers. A drop or two of this precious aroma is put on or near the steel traps after they are set, and the strange and extraordinary odour is said to decoy other animals to the spot. Our landlord himself being furnished with a bottle of this *essence of skunk*, and his traps profusely saturated with the same, produced the effect alluded to.

'Queenstown'—(line 1873.)

This place lies on the Canada side of the Niagara river, seven miles below the Falls.

'Coming tempest'—(line 1901.)

These storms are very frequent on this lake; and the want of sea-room is also dangerous. A few days previous to our arrival at Oswego, a British packet called the 'Speedy,' with the judge-advocate on board, the judges, witnesses, and an Indian prisoner, and others to the amount of twenty or thirty persons, foundered in a violent gale, and every soul perished. No part of the vessel was afterwards found except the pump, which we picked up, and carried to Queenstown.

'The Ridge'—(line 1977.)

This singular ridge commences about the head of Lake Ontario, and, running in an easterly direction, loses itself in the country towards the Seneca Lake. The plain, extending from its base northwardly to the shores of the lake, is between two and three hundred feet lower than that extending from its top, south, to Lake Erie.

''Tis strange'—(line 2013.)

This will appear almost incredible to those who have heard it asserted that the noise of the cataract is frequently heard at the distance of forty miles. Both these facts, however, are actually true, and depend entirely on the state of the atmosphere, and current of the air.

'Hurrying clouds'—(line 2052.)

This train of black clouds extends along the heavens in the direction in which the wind blows, as far as the eye can reach, forming a very striking and majestic appearance.

'Tall ladder'—(line 2116.)

This ladder was fixed in an almost perpendicular position; not leaning on the brink, but fastened to a projecting root, in such a manner that, on descending, the steep was on our right hand and a tremendous abyss of 150 feet deep presented itself before us.

'Tremendous rocks'—(line 2132.)

These rocks being worn smooth by the perpetual action of the water, and lying upon a deep declivity, composed of loose masses of smaller ones, were displaced at every pressure of the foot, so that masses larger than milestones were easily launched down with a single kick, rendering it highly dangerous for more than one person to pass abreast.

'Fort Slusher'—(line 2144.)

The height of this fall is said to be 154 feet. The current above is much slower than in any other part of the river near the Falls, and the water drops here almost perpendicularly, presenting the appearance of an immense white curtain of foam.

'Horse-shoe'—(line 2151.)

These Falls are 12 or 14 feet lower than those of Fort Slusher on the American side; and the main body of the river rushes over at this place with indescribable violence and uproar.

'One last grand object'—(line 2158.)

The Great Pitch. Of the general appearance of this tremendous scene I find it altogether impossible for me to give any adequate conception.

'Shook as with horror'—(line 2181.)

This is literary true. In the house where we lodged, which is more than half-a-mile from the Falls, the vibration of a fork, stuck in a broad position, were plainly shewable across the room.

The Solitary Tutor,—pp. 173-178.

See Memorial-Introduction, and "Letters" on this.—*G.*

The American Blue-Bird and related Poems,—pp. 179-187.

See Memorial-Introduction and Essay on this group.—*G.*

Poetical Letters to William Duncan, his nephew,—pp. 187-190.

See as in last Note.—*G.*

Epistle to C. Orr,—pp. 190-2.

This gentleman is still alive (1844), and, we believe, following his profession of teacher of writing. He is a native of Paisley, and became acquainted with Wilson when he resided in Philadelphia, at the time he received this mark of esteem from his gifted friend the poet-naturalist. [*Belfast Edition*, as before, p. 324.] See the very much fuller text of these verse-letters as published by Wilson himself onward.

Lochwinnoch,—pp. 192-202.

The date and origin of this descriptive poem, his largest English poem written in Britain, is told in the following extract from a letter addressed to his friend Mr. David Brodie, dated from Edinburgh, Nov. 10th, 1789, the year before he published his volume of poems:—"Since I saw you, I have finished several pieces in English verse, particularly a poem entitled 'Lochwinnoch,' in which I have drawn the character of Mr. M'Dowall so as to please you, and perhaps himself."

"High o'er their proudest peaks, oft hid in showers,
The impervious Misty-law superior towers."—p. 77.

There is a curious anecdote connected with this mountain, at the period of the Rebellion in 1745, and presents rather a laughable picture of the fear which haunted the country people on that memorable and disastrous event. We copy from the *Paisley Advertiser*, 1832, what follows: "The farmers of the low lying lands near Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, drove their cattle to the Misty-law muir, as a place of security. When the procession had passed the Market-hill, the wife of John Allan, at the same mailing (farm-house), took a sudden fear, and mistook the trampling of the horses for that of the rebels. She quaked, and cried 'The Highland rabeatours (robbers) are here; we're a' ruined and ravished!" The women buried their rings and siller hearts in the peat ashes. The Sempills, of Belltrees, who resided at the Third-part, concealed their plate, and other valuable things, under the soil of the Barbowie, a farm opposite to Third-part, over the water, at Black Cart."

"Near the bleak border of these lonely moors,
Where o'er the brook the mossy margin lowers;
'Mid clustering trees, and sweet surrounding dells,
In rural cot, a rustic poet dwells."—p. 78.

The name of this individual was Hugh Brodie. He delivered a poetic essay on the rearing of potatoes, in January, 1769, before an Agricultural Society. It consisted of no less that sixty Sempilltonian stanzas; and, as a specimen, we quote the two concluding verses:—

"Much mair, indeed, I might advance,
Of various seasons, time, and chance,
An' o' a powerfu' governance,
Without control;
But wisdom, power, and Providence
Governs the whole.

"But some may think my verse not good,
By others not well understood;
Sae, least in speaking I intrude
Upo' your time,
I think it proper to conclude,
And stop my rhyme."

Belfast Edition, as before, pp. 314-15.]

Morning. Scene—A Barn,—pp. 202-5.

Author's Notes :—'Shepherd's clubs' (line 66)—a wild flower. Line 90, 'The fabric swells,' a large cotton mill lately erected there : line 98, 'Castlesemple'—the elegant country seat of the Hon. William M'Dowall, Member of Parliament for Aryshire : line 182, 'Misty-law'—a high mountain of that name, situated within a few miles of Lochwinnoch, commanding a beautiful and extensive view of the surrounding country : line 282, "bellying arch, erecting for raising the water to the Cotton Mill : line 288, 'the Peel'—the ruins of an old fortress.'—*W.*

This poem is supposed to relate to a great spate or inundation of the River Cart, which rose a considerable height, flooding the houses on its banks ; and the highest rock at the Seedhill Falls, denominated the "Hamels," was completely hid among the roaring waters, save its little round top, which was, on this occasion, likened to a man's bonnet. Stones in the Seedhills and in Marshall's Lane are seen, on which are inscribed these words :—"The height of flood, March 12, 1782." Damon's Dome is the name by which Wilson is pleased to designate the residence of his old comrade, Thomas Wotherspoon, with whom he lodged while a journeyman weaver in Paisley, and to whom he addressed a verse-Epistle.—[*Belfast Edition*, as before, pp. 310-11.]

"These are the themes"—(line 233).

Alluding to his speech on Farming.

THE KILBARCHAN FARMER'S SOCIETY.

"The Farmer's Society having a practice for several years past, that one of the Members on the Election day, should deliver a speech, by way of an oration; when on the first Friday of January

1769, Mr. Hugh Brodie, Longcraft, Parish of Lochwinnoch, delivered a speech in verse, upon Husbandry, whose abilities, in that amusement, are well known throughout the neighbourhood; and by desire of several people, I shall favour the reader with the following as a specimen."—(*Semple's History of Renfrewshire, pp. 115-16.*)

The Tears of Britain,—pp. 212-16.

See Memorial-Introduction on the place of this poem in the Life of Wilson.

Quotation Motto,—p. 212.

'Princes and Peers, &c.'

'The Deserted Village' of Goldsmith.—*G.*

Epistle to Mr. David Brodie,—pp. 217-8.

This was another of the 'innermost circle' of Wilson's friends. He was a schoolmaster in Quarrelton, a small village between Lochwinnoch and Paisley. He is one of the guests in 'Hogmenae,' &c. See the Letters (October 28th, 1811).

Thoughts in a Churchyard,—pp. 221-23.

Quotation Motto :—

'Earth's highest station,' &c.

From Young: 'Night Thoughts.' Night IV., ll. 99-100.

To the Famishing Bird,—pp. 224-26.

Ebenezer Picken, as before. See Epistles to him.

The Group,—pp. 227-29.

See Memorial-Introduction.

Epistle to Mr. James Kennedy,—pp. 229-31.

See 'Scottish Poems,'—pp. 102-4, and relative note.

Epistle to Mr. T. Wotherspoon,—pp. 231-32.

Another of Wilson's early associates and friends. See as in 'The Group.' On line 2nd, 'Wemys' castle,' the Author has this note :—'The beautiful seat of William Wemyss, Esq.; Member of Parliament for the County of Fife.—*W.*

Elegy on the Death of W. Wotherspoon,—pp. 233-35.

He died of a fever in 1788. 'He was a very amiable young man, well informed, fond of acquiring knowledge and following literary pursuits, and had received a liberal education, with the design of becoming a clergyman.' [*Belfast Edition*,—p. 310.]

The Monkey and the Bee,—pp. 239-40.

Groans from the Loom : a Song in imitation of 'Colin's Complaint,'—

pp. 242-43.

'Colin's Complaint,' by William Shenstone.

A Morning Adventure,—pp. 247-49.

This was written on a true 'mishanter.' It happened 'on a fine summer's morning,' in the elegant style of the ballad-monger craft, when Wilson took a walk with his friend, Robin Barr, brother of his landlord, and Johnnie Gilmore, on the Millhouse Road leading to the Wee Cloke. The dog with them was Matthew Barr's. The dog attacked a bull belonging to William Blackburn, of Little Cloke. The bull in the struggle fell over an upright and fearful 'cleuch,' called Raven's Craig, about sixty feet high, with the dog. Blackburn thus described the injury received by the bull in his own oratorical language :—'aw the hair and aw the hyde, Gude Almichtie, in his blessed wisdom had bestowed on the bull, ar tirrit aff be this dafferie of a wheen wabster dyvours.' He threatened them with the utmost rigour of the Law. Some of them, at least Wilson, left Lochwinnoch in consequence of this misfortune.' [*The Paisley Magazine* (as before), 584.] The closing statement as to Wilson's leaving is doubtful.

Epistle to Dr. Andrew Clark,—pp. 250-3.

See Scottish Poems, pp. 105-107. Dated 'Falkland,' whereon the Author adds this note—'A small town in Fifeshire, where our Scots Kings used sometimes to reside.' On line 49th, 'Lowmon' Hill,' he has the following :—A huge mountain that rises near Falkland.—*W.*

Alexis' Complaint,—pp. 262-5.

Alexis—Alexander Wilson himself. The 'Complaint' refers to the premature death of Wotherspoon. See Elegy, pp. 233-35 ; and

relative note. *G.* Author's notes. Line 1st, 'smooth Cartha,'—the river that passes through Paisley : line 42nd, 'That dismal hour, &c.,'—alluding to a letter which he wrote to the Author a few hours before he died.—*W.*

Death—a Poem,—pp. 265-9.

Page 267, bottom line, 'Cruikston' :—An old fortification near Paisley.—*W.* The residence of Mary, Queen of Scots, during her marriage with Darnley.—*G.*

To Dr. Taylor, Paisley,—pp. 279-80.

Of this local worthy, little has come down. In the Paisley Directory for 1785, his name appears as "Alex. Taylor, surgeon, Moss Row." An anecdote of him has been obligingly communicated to me by Mr. Semple, as follows :—"Alexander Taylor, surgeon, Paisley, who (then) lived at 87 High Street, facing New Street, being at his window, and observing a gentleman riding up New Street bearing a strong resemblance to the portrait of the poet Burns, he invited him into his house. The resemblance turned out to be the original. The doctor sent for Mr. Alexander Weir, and the three spent a very happy afternoon. Weir was a much respected merchant in Paisley. He was one of the two witnesses of the indenture of Wilson on 31st July, 1779. From the Records of the Society for the Reformation of Manners of the town, it appears that Dr. Taylor, in 1775, had got into trouble through having come into possession (by 'lifting') of the dead body of an infant, which was discovered semi-dissected in his surgery, and caused no little noise."—*G.*

Epistle to Mr. J——— B———.

With P——'s Poems,—pp. 280-1.

No doubt Peter Pindar's, *i.e.*, Dr. Wolcott's Poems.

Author's Note :—These Poems, well known in the literary world, were sent to the Author by a friend, with this sincere and warm recommendation, of being the most chaste and delicate productions he had ever met with. Some of the pieces, however, appearing scarce worthy of such a character, occasioned the above Epistle.—*W.*

Hardynute, of the Battle of Largs,—pp. 284-89.

The Author notes on the heading:—The Battle of Largs was fought on the 1st of August, 1263, between Alexander the III., King of Scotland, and Haquin the V., King of Norway, in their contention for the Northern and Western Isles. Haquin had already reduced Bute and Arran; and making a descent with 20,000 men on the Continent, was encountered and defeated by the Scots army at Largs, in Ayrshire; upon which he retreated to his ships, and his fleet being dissipated, and in part destroyed by a tempest, he returned to the Orkneys, from whence he had made the descent, and there, after a few days' illness, expired. At the close, he adds :— ☞ As the Author formerly proposed to publish this poem by itself, he only inserts part of it here as a specimen of the whole, which he hopes, in a short time, to present to the public.—*W.*

Ossian's Lament: from Macpherson's Translation, pp. 289-92.

The Author prefixed a Note, as follows, to this :—This Poem is inserted at the repeated solicitations of several gentlemen, who, having favoured the Author with a volume of these beautiful pieces, requested him to attempt the versification of any one of them he thought most interesting. The following was therefore chosen by the Author, as it cannot fail to affect every feeling mind. Those who are acquainted with that immortal Bard's works will see that the original thoughts are strictly retained.—*W.*

A Midnight Adventure,—pp. 292-7.

"This is the only piece Wilson has in blank verse, and certainly he cannot be considered to be at home in this style of poetry. It is not ascertained whether he is himself the frighted pedlar of this poem or not; but we think it relates to some other pedlar of his acquaintance, and is perhaps true, for the incident is highly probable. Wilson was often heard to say that he had no belief in supernatural personages; and he was known to be far from having the least tinge of that superstition so prevalent in Scotland in his life-time. However, he several times owned that he had been twice frightened, and his firmness a little shaken. One time, at night, he passed Arkleston wood, hurrying home to witness the death of one of his father's family. The cause of this fright we

are unable to tell; but the second may be told in the following manner:—"Wilson was residing at Queensferry at the time, and had, one fine clear night, convoyed a woman to her home, on the banks of the Forth, and was retracing his steps, when, at a stile he had crossed in going, he observed an old man, whose "locks were lyart and grey," sitting on a stone, glowering earnestly, as it seemed, at something in the distance. Wilson remarked that it was a fine evening, but received no answer; he spoke again—still no reply, nor even the slightest movement to indicate that he was conscious of the presence of Wilson; but still appeared, as before, gazing intensely, as if he endeavoured to penetrate the gloom spread before his eyes. The third attempt was made to arrest the attention of the old man, his silent companion, but still no reply. This was strange—who was he?—how came he there? None had been observed to pass on his way thither, nor was there any bush or knoll which could have afforded a hiding place; or how could this old man, aye silent! aye silent! have reached this lonely spot? He could not have walked as far as even the distance to the nearest human habitation; yet there he was, motionless and glowering. What was he? These and similar reflections rushed through Wilson's mind; and becoming more and more horrifying by his imagination, he felt a kind of suffocation creeping on him, and took to his heels, and never ceased running until he reached home. Wilson could never account for the presence of that lone old man in such a mysterious situation; but always said that although he was not a believer in supernatural beings, he was that night very much frightened." (*Belfast Edition, pp. 320-1.*)

Elegy,—pp. 300-1.

Quotation-Motto,—p. 300.

"Lean not on earth, &c."

Young's "Night Thoughts"—Night III., ll. 145-7.—*G.*

To the Hon. William M'Dowall, of Garthland,—pp. 303-4.

Whether ever Wilson received any benefit from this gentleman, does not appear. Probably he did; but no matter which way, it is truly honourable to Wilson to see so many fine compliments,

in his poems, to this deserving gentleman, of whose life the following is a brief sketch :—

William M'Dowall, third of Castlesemple, succeeded his father in 1786, and was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Renfrewshire in 1793; and remained in that office during life. He also represented the county in five different Parliaments, beginning in 1783, again in 1784, 1802, and in 1807, in which last he continued till the period of his death, the 2nd of May, 1810. He likewise was member for Ayrshire, in 1791; and in 1785 represented the city of Glasgow. He was of considerable service to his country, and possessed singular talents, and was much respected by all classes of society, for his benevolent and praiseworthy disposition. In the east gallery of the Paisley Abbey, placed underneath the fine arched window of stained glass, [removed on 20th September, 1873, to the south-west corner to made room for an organ], is a splendid monument to his memory, erected by the county of Renfrew, at an expense of £800. It is composed of beautiful white marble, and was designed by Flaxman, and executed by Gowans, of Edinburgh. [*Belfast Edition*, as before, p. 315.]

The following is the inscription :—

TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM MACDOWALL,
OF CASTLESEMPLE AND GARTHLAND,
HIS MAJESTY'S LIEUTENANT,
AND
IN FIVE PARLIAMENTS
THE REPRESENTATIVE
FOR
RENFREWSHIRE.

ERECTED BY THE COUNTY
A MEMORIAL OF ESTEEM FOR
HIS PRIVATE VIRTUES,
AND OF GRATITUDE FOR
HIS PUBLIC SERVICES.

MDCCCX.

Hymns,—pp. 309-12.

These hymns originally appeared in "The Psalm-Singer's Assistant by Robert Gilmour, teacher of music, of Paisley, 1791. Mr. Thomas Crichton, requested Wilson to furnish them.—*G.*

My Landlady's Nose,—pp. 312-3.

In his Letters Wilson writes of this, as popular (Letter XXVI.) See our Preface on it.—G.

Matilda: a Song—p. 314.

From "The Bee," in which it appeared as "Absence: an Ode," dated Paisley, January 9th, 1791, and signed, 'A. W——n.'—*G.*

Washington: Dirge,—pp. 314.

A rough autograph copy of this is among the Paisley Museum Wilson MSS.—*G.*

Jefferson and Liberty,—pp. 314-16.

This song as originally published in the American newspapers is dated Milestone, January 28, 1804, and signed simply 'A. W.' See Letter LXX., p. 154, for an interesting incident connected with this song. It was written for, and obtained the prize of a gold medal.—*G.*

The Spouter,—pp. 319-44.

Page 319, quotation from Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, ii. 7. Page 320, lines 37-8. This and other incidental allusions go to confirm the Wilson authorship of "The Spouter;" but in addition see our Preface. Page 331, *The Rivals:* line 439. It will be remembered that Wilson resided in his youth at Authenbathie. See Memorial-Introduction. Page 336, *The Benighted Pedlar.* This fits in with the other pedlar-poems. Page 340, lines 675-86. Here and elsewhere Wilson introduces quite naturally references to well-known poems by himself.—*G.*

The Invitation,—344-48.

Verse-quotation from Goldsmith: "The Traveller."—*G.*

The Pilgrim.—348-55.

I deem myself specially fortunate in recovering this long and characteristic poem. It is full of personal traits.—*G.*

In Memory of Captain Lewis,—pp. 355-57.

This is another of my American "finds," and shews Wilson's sympathetic nature.—*G.*

On seeing the portrait of Robert Burns,—pp. 358-9.

I regard this as perhaps biographically the most interesting of the hitherto unknown poems from America. See Memorial-Introduction on Wilson and Burns; also Letters XXIV., XXVI., &c., to one of the Publishers (Mr. Dobson) of the edition of Burns's Poems.—*G.*

Lavinia,—pp. 365-6.

Wilson had more love experiences than appears to be recorded. His letters reveal one passionate episode at least. See Vol. I., pp. 80-2., &c.—*G.*

Bloomfield,—pp. 366-7.

The Aristocrat's War-Whoop,—pp. 367-9.

These are from the roughly-written MSS. in the Paisley Museum. They refer to local American politics. On "Bloomfield," see Letter XXV., and severe satire-poem.—*G.*

A Song,—pp. 369-70.

See on *Lavinia* above.—*G.*

Deacon Grumbo the Miller,—pp. 370-1.

Probably a "Paisley body." From Paisley Museum MSS.—*G.*

The Dominie,—pp. 371-2.

This is also from America. Let the Reader turn to the engraving of Wilson's School-house (Vol. I., p. lv.) I am indebted to Mr. James Grant for the photograph whence the present engraving is taken. Elsewhere I hope to give a fuller account of the School-house, with account of a recent visit to it, and of a meeting with one of Wilson's pupils.—*G.*

IV.—Poems ascribed to Wilson.

NOTE.

The Publisher has sent me the annexed Poems which, he states, originally appeared in the Paisley *Weavers' Magazine*. They are reprinted exactly as first published; but they have to myself a look of forgeries adapted to familiar circumstances in Wilson's Life,—specially suspicious is "An Auld Scottish Sang." The critical reader must decide for himself.—*G.*

Poems ascribed to Wilson.

[A Correspondent from Johnstone has sent us some pieces of our talented townsman, the late Alexr. Wilson, which he says he received from an old acquaintance of the Poet, at present residing in Lochwinnoch. The pieces were never published, and certainly the style of the following Ode is very like Wilson's, and appears by the date affixed to have been written when the Poet was about eighteen. We shall always be happy to receive like favours.—*Ed. Weavers' Magazine.*]

ODE BY THE LATE ALEXANDER WILSON.

Grim low'rs the clouds o'er the wide spreading plain,
And loud howls the wind 'cross the steep Mistylaw;
While down to the Loch the fierce Calder amain,
Its brown water pours, deeply swell'd by the snaw.

Yet firmly beneath the fierce elements rage,
The Castle looks down on the bleak wintry scene;
While the old ruin'd Peil, like some grim hoary sage,
Seems a moral to man of the days that have been.

Ah me! what sad tales could its ruin'd walls tell,
What deeds of oppression, of war, and of strife;
When Barons of old in its chambers did dwell,
For shelter from those who oft sought for their life.

But, ev'n as those days of warfare have past,
And all is now peaceful and tranquil around,
So come shall the sunshine of summer at last,
To cheer the dull scene, and invig'rate the ground.

1784. A. WILSON.

SONG.

TUNE.—"*Mary weep no more for me.*

The sun had shone o'er loch and lea,
An' frae the north the fierce win' came;
When Mattie frae her straw-roof'd cot,
Gaed out to wander far frae hame.
An' as her bosom heav'd the sigh,
She said—she said, in her deep grief—
"I'll lay me on yon braes and die!
For nought can gie this heart relief.

Oh! saftly, O, ye breezes blaw,
That rage alang yon hills sae hie;
An' saftly rain fa' on the deep,
For my dear lad is far at sea.
Baith nicht an' day for him I sigh,
Alas! for me there's nought but grief;
"I'll lay me on yon braes and die,
An' gie this weary heart relief."

She wander'd far owre moor an' dale,
She wander'd deep, deep through the snaw;
She wander'd far by burn an' brae,
Till wi' fatigue she down did fa'.
Nae mair her bosom heaves the sigh,
Nae mair she says in her deep grief—
"I'll lay me on yon braes an' die,"
For death has now gi'en her relief.

A. WILSON.

AN AULD SCOTTISH SANG.

Owre the land as I travel, my finery to shew,
I ne'er harass my mind wi' sorrow or woe;
But blythely tak' the road, and while journeying alang,
Croon cheer'ly to mysel' an' auld Scottish sang.

And when frae some farm-town I'm ordered to depart,
I ne'er tak' their insult wi' sorrow to my heart;
But lea' them wi' contempt, weel knowing they are wrang,
Aye comfortin' my heart wi' an auld Scottish sang.

While I travel thro' the woods sae lanesome and drear,
It aye gi'es me pleasure my ain voice to hear;
An' sae aneath my pack, as I lightly trudge alang,
I wake the wild wood's echo wi' an auld Scottish sang.

Ae nicht in my rambles, a lodgin' I sought
Frae a lanely auld woman wha lived in a cot;
She ca'd me a thief, and made the door play bang,
Sae aff I set chaunting an auld Scottish sang.

Anither time I rappet at an auld cobbler's door,
When swearin', out he cam' wi' a most infernal roar;
Syne wi' a' his micht, a hammer at me flang,
Sae I tun'd him in his swearin' wi' an auld Scottish sang.

Anither time I travell'd when the snaw fell thick and fast,
An' caul frae the hills cam' the biten' norlan' blast;
I lost my pack wi' every thing that did to me belang,
Yet still kept up my heart wi' an auld Scottish sang.

Sae an auld Scottish sang's aye a pleasure to me,
Whether travelin' by lan', or sailin' by sea;
It cheers the dull road, an' mak's short what seems lang,
O, a blessing to me is an auld Scottish sang!

A. WILSON.

[This excellent piece is an illustration of Wilson's life, during the time he was a Packman, and a true description of the slights and privations to which the *modern* Packman is exposed. The sixth verse describes an event that occurred to himself, and which gave rise to one of his very best poems, viz.— "The Loss o' the Pack."—*Ed. Weavers' Magazine.*]

Glossarial Index to Poems in Vol. II.

NOTE.

It is believed that every Scottish or vernacular word has been recorded herein; but in the more common only example-references are given. A considerable number are local, and almost peculiar (in their use) to Wilson. Hitherto Glossaries to Wilson have been very imperfect, and until now without reference to the places wherein the word occurs—hereby rendering the whole semi-useless.—*G.*

Glossary.

A', all—ii. 3, 4, and often.
Aback, at a distance, aloof—91.
Abee, let alone—58.
Aboon, above—33, 41, and often.
Achertool, Auchertool, a Fifeshire village—78, 79.
Addie, Addison—20.
Adzooks, an exclamation—83.
Ae, one—8, 10, 13, and often.
Aff, out of—344.
Aff, off—19, 22, 26, and often.
Aff-hand, off-hand—73.
A-fiel', a-field—20, 21, 47.
Afore, before—29, 45, and often.
Aft, oft—7, 8, 10, and often.
Aften, often—7, 27, 33, and often.
Aftentimes and aftimes, oftentimes—97, 330, 343.
After't, after it—41.
Afward, offward—106.
Ahint, behind—328.
Aiblins, perhaps—21, 27, and often.
Aiken, oaken—42.
Ain, own—19, 22, 25, and often.
Air, early—8.
Airt, to guide—41.
Airns, irons—54.
Aith, oath—328.
Ait-farle, oat-cake—51.
Alang, along—13.
Ale-cap, ale-jug, or mug—369.
Allie, Allan—20.
Amaist, almost—24, 67.
Amang, among—14, 17, and often.
Ance, once—9, 11, and often.
An', and—15, 31, and often.
Andro, An'rew, Andrew—98, 107.
Ane, one—4, 25, and often.
Ane and a', one and all—6, 23, 32.
Aneath, beneath—33, 86, 336, 411.
Ane to ane, one to another—35.
Anither, another—3, 10, and often.
Antrin, occasional—20.
Araise, arose—17.
Aroun', around—83, 98, 323.
Asteer, astir—50, 53.
Athort, athwart—79.
Atweel, truly, indeed—104, 344.
Atween, between—42, 93, 99.
Aught, anything—26.
Aul', old—13, 16, and often.
Auld-farrant, old-fashioned, wise, 22, 89
Auld-Reekie, Edinburgh—19, 82, 105.
Awa', away, 3, 8, and often.
Awee, a little—14.
Aweel, very well—10, 96.
Aweel, well—21, 36.
Awfu', awful—64, 66, 90, 324.
Awfu-like, awful-like—24.
Awse, ashes—84.
Awsome, awing, terrifying—54.
Ay, yes—4, 8.
Aye, always—7, 10, 55.
Ayont, beyond—3.

Ban, curse, scold—48, 97.
Ban', band—323.
Bairns, children—43, 322.
Baith, both—8, 9, and often.
Bane-kame, bone-comb—18.
Banes, bones—12, 36, and often.
Band, bound—95.
Bang, to shut with a noise—411.
Bannock, oat-meal cake—3, 54, 97.
Barn, farm-building—319.
Bardie, poet—23, 32, 66, 80.
Barrowman, labourer—19.
Bashfu', bashful—24.
Basht, dashed—30.
Batterin, battering—321.
Batter't, beat—18, 103.
Bauchels, old shoes worn with heel down—6.
Baud, bawd—73.

Baul', bauld, bold—20, and often.
Bauldly, boldly—27, 82.
Bauldy, Archibald—20.
Bawbees, half-pence—89.
Beagles, police-men—50, 63, 88.
Beast o' Bethel, a minced oath in reminiscence of the Biblical Bethel—6.
Beating, thread used to repair defects in a web—68.
Beekin, basking—100.
Bedeen, immediately—18, 91.
Begoud, began—9, 13, 20, 105.
Belang, belong—411.
Bell, Isabella—24, 85.
Behin, behind—6, 338.
Beild, bield, biel, house shelter—35, 42, 44, and often.
Beinly, comfortably—15.
Ben, into—105.
Bendin', stooping—336.
Bent, filled-full—39.
Belly-flaught, suddenly and eagerly—38.
Bess, Bessie, Elizabeth—5, 52.
Bethankit, be thanked—36.
Beuks, books—20, 21, 78, 86.
Bien, comfortable—66, 88.
Bigget, erected—93.
Biggin, building—42, 86.
Billies, Willies, lads—18.
Billy, companion—97.
Binna, be not—98.
Birk, birch—53.
Birky, forward (young) person, cleverness implied—73.
Birring, whirring—19.
Bit, bit (littleness implied), 8, 107, and often.
Bitches, a word in a minced oath, in association with dog—69, 80, 88.
Biten', biting—411.
Bizzon, a fly—237.
Bizzing, buzzing—106.
Blackguard, scoundrel—48, 60.
Blackfoot, match-maker—369.
Blae, blue (from cold)—40, 43.
Blades, fellows—57, 319, 320, 324.
Blash, dash—94.
Blastit, blasted—327.
Blate, bashful—17, 24, 25.
Blatterin, blattrin, blattering, rattling—82, 90, 103, 336.
Blattert, blattered, rattled—94.
Blauds, large pieces—22, 24, 71.
Blaw, blow—26, 35, 73, 410.
Blawing, blowing—3.
Bleeze, blaze—47, 52, 61, 87.
Bleezin, blazing—49, 337.
Blether, nonsense—82, 87, 88.
,, bladder—39.
Bletherin' and blethering, speaking nonsense—336.
Blethert, spoke nonsense—87.
Blin, blind—44, 331.
Blinfu', blind-drunk—92.
Blink, an instant—13.
Blinkin', winking—48.
Blithsome, happy—19, 32, 57.
Blue, whiskey—53, 80, 98.
Bluid, blude, blood—12, and often.
Bluidy, bloody—327.
Blustry, blustering—320.
Blowt, to throw out with great force—39.
Blythe, glad—13, 88, 89, and often.
Blyther, more glad—20.
Bockit, vomited—21.
Bockin, bockan, vomiting—44, 90.
Boddam, bottom—322.
Bodie, body—53, 107, 331.
Bodle, small coin—60.
Bole, recess in the wall near fireplace—19.
Bonny, beautiful, lovely—14, 16, and often.
Bool, bully—45.
Bookit, engaged—322.
Bore, the action of a weaver turning round his beam with woven cloth upon it—45.
Bordert, bordered—32.
Borin, boring—19, 93.
Boss, empty—336.
Booze, indulge in strong drink—59.
Bottlie, bottle—107.
Bouncin', bouncing—83.
Bouster, bolster—34.
Bout, about—21, 322, 343.

Bout-gates, round about—27.
Bowlfu', bowl-full—13.
Bra', braw, large, fine—11, 43, 56, and often.
Brae, hill-side—14, 15, and often.
Brak, broke—5, 20.
Braid, broad—18, 25.
Branks, breeches—74.
Branchin', branching, budding—53.
Braw, bra'ly, well, nicely, handsomely—42.
Bree, brue, juice, sauce—11, 97.
Breeks, breeches—18, 39, 51, 55, 90.
Bricht, bright—337.
Brislt, bruised—62.
Brimstane, brimstone—69, 322.
Brither, brother—29, 43, 44, 49, 57.
Brewin', brewing—58.
Brecks, breeches—106.
Broad, table—3, 64.
Broucht, brought—321, 324.
Brock, badger—44.
Brod, tailor's sewing board—52.
Brogs, awl (for boring)—19.
Broomy, broom-clad—100.
Brooze, contest—87.
Brownie, in Folk-lore, a spirit—86.
Brust, burst—15.
Buckled, joined in marriage—5.
Bucky, buck, gay young fellow—105.
Bug, built—15.
Buik, book—72, 73.
Bums, makes a noise—50.
Bunneuchs, bunions—39.
Burdies, little birds—41, 47.
Burn, stream—21, 36, 92, 93, 94.
Burnie, little burn—13, 14, 106.
Burrel, barrel—49, 53.
Buskin', adorning—105.
Butt, opposite of ben, other end—55.
Buttl't, bundled, made up—46.
By, aside—23.
Byding, residence—42.

Ca'. call—29, 80, 90, 330.
Ca'd, called—18, 24, 25, and often.
Ca'f, calf—26, 47.
Caft, coft, bought—18, 25, 60.
Ca's, calls—37.
Cairns, stone-heaps—21.
Callans, boys—15, 19, and often.
Ca'na, can not—40.
Cam, came—21, 45, 60, and often.
Camsheuch, cross-tempered—21, 45, 53, 85.
Canna, can not—15, 19, 45, 63.
Cannels, candles—323.
Canker, grow crabbed and envy—89.
Cankry,—47.
Canty, cheery—85, 88, 91, 97.
Canny, wisely, niggardly—39, 47, 96.
Carena, care not—99.
Carefu', careful—99.
Carles, persons, (age implied)—17, 42, 85, 101.
Carlines, feminine of carles—20.
Catter, cash—35.
Caul, cold—411.
Cauld, cold—28, 29, and often.
Cauler, colder—83.
Causey, road—48, 56, 84.
Cape, cope, top—60.
Capstane, copestone—4.
Chaist, chased—52.
Chafts, the chops—4, 19, 56, 85.
Chanler, lean, meagre—56.
Chap, knock, chaps, knocks—5, 41.
Chaps, fellows—31, 324, 338.
Chappin', knocking—54.
Chappet, knocked—52.
Chatterin', shaking—21, 339.
Cheerfu', cheerful—92, 99.
Chearless, cheerless—93.
Cheary, cheery—102, 103.
Cheatin', cheating—64.
Cheek, side—7, 8.
Cheeps, chirps—63, 64.
Cheery, cheerful—40.
Chaunter, musical instrument, (e.g., bagpipe)—19.
Chaunerin, murmuring, grumbling—80.
Chew, chewed—3
Chews, chews (bits of tobacco)—101.
Chiel', young fellow, person—7, 11, and often.
Chimly, chimney—49, 50.

Chirts, squeezes—63, 85.
Chirle, comb (of cock)—49.
Chucky, hen—83.
Ciners, cinders—49, 84.
Chaunerin', murmuring, grumbling—98.
Chaunting, chanting—411.
Canty, happy—88.
Cheek, side of fire—105.
Chirtin', squeezing—324.
Clachan, village—19.
Clack, loud din—4.
Claes, clothes—5, 10, 33, and often.
Claise, clothes—337.
Claith, cloth—10, 45, 63, 68, 69.
Clam, climbed—33.
Clankin', clanking—39.
Clash, din—4, 13, 65, 84, 103, 334.
Chappit, chapped—6.
Clashes, lies—18, 89.
Clashing, clashin', din and gossip-talk—11, 63, 94.
Clatter, din—18, 39, 86.
Clatter't, made noise—103.
Clautet, cleaned or cleared out—52.
Clawed, scratched—344.
Clauts, hands, as by the clauts; or clatts, an instrument for teazing wool—34, 94.
Claughan, claughin, clachan, village—89, 107.
Clean, entirely—321, 322.
Cleart, cleared—43.
Clift, cliff—92.
Clinch, catch—44.
Clink, money—29, 40, 73.
Clinket, clinked—47.
Clinkin', clinking—18, 19, 62, 67.
Clippet, clipped—49, 59, 89.
Cloitet, plunged (awkwardly)—53.
Cloorin, wounding—42.
Clootie, Devil (hoofed)—47, 48, 54, 323, 340.
Closin', closing—104.
Closses, lanes, wynds—34, 105.
Closs, lane—93.
Closs-mouth, lane-mouth—82.
Clouts, rags—84, 104.
Cloots, ancles-feet—44.
Clout, white cloth—6.
Cloutet, hard knock—54, 75.
Cloutin', wounding—52.
Cluds, clouds—42, 47, 83, 88, 107.
Cluded, clouded—105.
Clues, clews—44.
Clung, starved and empty—32, 84. 88,
Coblin, cobbling—83.
Cobbler's, shoemaker's—411.
Cock, cocks, hearty fellows—11, 24.
Cockin, cocking—44.
Cock, erect—105.
Cock, push up—66.
Cockernonies, cap, gathering of a woman's hair when it is tied up with a snood—85.
Co'er, cover—42.
Co'ers, covers—57.
Co'ering, covering—43.
Cog, a wooden dish—51.
Cole, cash (cant term)—98.
Comin', coming—67, 323.
Confoundet, confounded—20, 94.
Considerin', considering—328.
Contrivin', contriving—86.
Coof, foolish fellow—20.
Core, company—11, 60, 93, 331.
Cork, small manufacturer—60.
Cornrig, corn-ridge—36.
Corps, company (of a regiment)—67.
Corp-like, corpse-like—54.
Coudna, could not—7, 26, 55, 320.
Courtin', courting—100.
Counterfeits, false-money—64.
Coup, couped, tumbled—13, 40, 80.
Cowl, night-cap—45, 54, 67.
Cowins, cut-off portions—51.
Cozie, comfortable, snug—102.
Crack, cracks, chat—18, and often.
Crackin', chatting—47.
Crackit, chatted—19, 47.
Cracky, chatty—3.
Craig, crag—14.
Craig-neuk, corner of a crag—21.
Craft, croft—35.
Cram, fill full—60.
Cram't, filled full—19, 32.
Crankiest, most cross-tempered—19.

Crawlin', crawling—66, 83.
Crawin', crowing—75.
Craws, crows—33, 40.
Cried, proclaimed (for marriage)—29.
Creels, baskets—18.
Creepin', creeping—51.
Creesh, grease, creeshie—11.
Creeshy, greesy—51.
Croon, to hum a tune—44, 63, 86, 99, 411.
Croon'd, hummed—96.
Crouchin', crouching—31, 41.
Crouds, crowds—53.
Crouse, happy—75.
Crously, happy—71.
Creuk and heuk, by hook and crook—59.
Crump, to chew hard bread—50.
Crumpin, sound of snow trodden on—41, 101, 181.
Crusht, crushed—53.
Cryd, cried—44.
Cryin', crying—334.
Cude, cud—3.
Cuft, cuffed—98.
Cursin' cursing—338.
Cudgel, (to) beat—12.
Cuffets, blows—5.
Curlers, Scotch ice-game—40.
Cut his stick, took his departure—343.

Dab, proficient—25.
Dading, knocking loudly—46.
Dadlin, going idly about—97.
Dads, fathers—71.
Daffin, fun—19, 57.
Daft, full of fun (also insane), 35, 65, 95.
Daft's, as full of gladness as—105.
Dam, collected water—53.
Dancin, dancing—80, 92.
Dang, beat, reopened—33.
Danie, Daniel—11.
Dark, day's work (before dark)—65.
Darna, dare not—23.
Dar't, dared—32.
Dauded, dashed, knocked, 98.
Daudron, slovenly, dirty—80.
Dauner, wander—30, 84.
Dauners, wanders—45.
Daunerin' and daunering, wandering—88, 92, 105, 107, 340.
Daunert, wandered—3, 15, and often.
Daughty, well, able—73.
Dautet, fondled, caressed—52.
Dawds, large pieces—18, 34.
Deals, pieces of sawn wood—46.
Dearie, dear one—55, 328.
Deean, dying—41, 44.
Decoy't, decoyed—93.
Deed, indeed—20, 37, 65, 96, 102, 104.
Deer, dear (exclamation)—57.
Deevil, devil—66, 107, 343.
Deil, deel, devil, 19, 20, and often.
Deil-be-licket, be licked by the devil—104.
Deil-mak-matter, devil-make-matter—46.
Dem, damn—36.
Demented—47.
Des'prate, desperate—4.
Deuk, duck—102.
Devore, devour—31.
Dick, Richard—319.
Didna, did not—323, 343.
Dight, wipe—49, 91.
Dighted, wiped—9.
Digget, digged—93.
Ding, dash, knock—17, 44.
Dinna, do not—330, 331, and often.
Dinsome, noisy, deafening—339.
Direfu, direful—15.
Disgracefu', disgraceful—31.
Dispos'd, disposed—11.
Disputet, disputed—24.
Dizen and dizens, dozens—11, 60.
Doited, stupid—13, 53.
Doitert, most stupid—331.
Doits (smallest coin)—65.
Dool, sorrow—44.
Doolfu', doleful—94, 104.
Door, obstinate—33, 55, 86, 96, 98.
Doos, doves—40.
Dorty, pettish—107.
Douce, dowse, wise, grave—11, 22, 69.

Douk, dip—87.
Douf, dull—25.
Dously, wisely, gravely—52, 71, 322.
Dowin, doing—100.
Doyt, small coin—63.
Dozin', dozing—34, 104.
Draigl't, draggled—21.
Draff, chaff—59.
Drap, drop—7, 62.
Drappan, dripping—21, 86.
Drapped, drapt, dropped—11, 82.
Drawin', drawing—31.
Dreadfu', dreadful—61, 90.
Dree, endure long—7, 49.
Dreein, lengthened out—64.
Dressin, dressing—82, 337.
Driven't, driven it—92.
Drift, snow—24, 43, 47.
Drifted, snow in wreaths—41, 103.
Drog, drug—43, 88.
Drookit, drenched—337.
Droon, drown—319.
Drucken, drunken—6, 9.
Drousy, sleepy—105.
Dryster, the person who has charge of 'drying' the grain in a kiln prior to grinding—3, 5.
Duddie, duddy, ragged and dirty—76, 103, 320.
Duds, clothes—88.
Durk, dirk—52.
Dung, beat, defeated—18, 43.
Dugs, dogs—61.
Duket, dipped—96.
Durstna, dared not—7, 17.
Dwallin, duelling—86.
Dyke, wall—36, 37, 75.
Dyvour, shabby, drunken fellow—6.
Eben, Ebenezer—85.
E'e, eye—14, 22, 48, 87.
Een, e'en, evening—9, and often.
E'ning, evening—9.
Eerie, lonely, timid—52, 328.
Eerocks, chickens—18.
Eild, old age—44, 45, 100.
Eith, easy, easily—19.
Eldin, fuel—50.
Eldren, aged—85.
Eldritch, ghostly (and ghastly implied)—49.
Ellwan, measuring-rod—50, 337.
Elspa, Elspeth—18, 20.
Embrugh, Edinburgh—18, 21.
Empron, lamprey—87.
En', end—53, 320.
Eneugh, enough—25.
Epps and Eppie, Elspeth—23, 47, 48, 340.
Erls, earnest-money—5.

Fa', fall—15, 28, and often.
Fa's, falls—90.
Fab, fob—88.
Fac't, faced—52, 54.
Faes, foes—23, 25, 33.
Fain, fond—10.
Fa'ing, falling—6.
Faintive, faintly—14.
Fair, clearly—11.
Faith, minced oath—21, and often.
Fallow, fellow—4, 22, 338.
Fallow'd, followed—6.
Fan, found—28, 43, and often.
Fan' and fun', found—337.
Fa'n, fallen—16.
Farm town, farm steading—35.
Far aff, far off—25, 40.
Farer, farther—65.
Farest, farthest—40.
Fare-ye-weel, fare-ye-well—5, 7, 89, 97.
Farm-town, farmhouse—411.
Fash, trouble—7, 65, 370.
Fassent, fastened—18.
Fa't, faut, fault—26, 63, 86.
Faught, fight—38, 55.
Feard and feart, feared—16, 24, 54.
Fearfu', fearful—28, 33, 42, 86.
Fearsome, terrifying—54.
Feath'rin', feathering—16, 33.
Fegs, faith (exclamation)—74, 88, 93, 102.
Fell, keen, biting, vigorous—17, and often.
Fells, knocks down—47.
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Ferlies, wonders, strange things—18, 66.

Ferly, wonder—101.
Fernyear, last year—18.
Fill't, filled—35.
Fiel', fiel's, fields—40, 57, 98, 328.
Fient a ane, none—89.
Fin, seek—15.
Fin, find—20, 23, and often.
Finisht, finished—65.
Firms, forms, long seats—66.
Fit, bottom—33; foot—36, 322.
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Fizz, fury, fire—74.
Flea, lice—56.
Flang, flung—411.
Flate, scolded—20, 39.
Flatterin', flattering—96.
Flee, fly—35.
Fleean, flying, departing—44.
Fleech, supplicate—72.
Flees, flies—4, 97.
Fleesome, frightful—45, 337.
Flighter't, fluttered—16, 40, 66.
Flinners, flinders—46.
Flitherin, fluttering—80.
Flounge, flounder, in a rage—53.
Flutterin, fluttering—83.
Flyte, scold—35, 55, 87.
Flytin', scolding—6, 9, and often.
Foamin', foaming—34.
Foistest, next of age—44.
Forbye, besides—65.
Fore, to the, remaining—13.
Fore-door, front door—49.
Forgather't, meet together—87.
Forgie, forgive—8, 16.
Form, seat—13.
Forret, forward—324.
Fother't, fothered—19.
Foul, not one—43.
Frae, from—5, and often.
Fricht, fright—222, 336, and often.
Frichtet, frightened—67, 337, 343.
Frien', frien's, freen, friend—8, 21, and often.
Frien'ly, friendly—82.
Frythin', foaming—33.
Fu', full—often.
Fug, moss—54.
Fuggy, mossy—14.
Fung, thump, kick—30, 37, 42.
Fursday, Thursday—78.
Furl'd, furled, folded—45.

Ga' and ga'd, gall and galled—42, 95.
Gab, mouth, speech, 50, 88, 90, 96, 100.
Gabby, chatty—45.
Gae, to go—14, 45, and often.
Gaed and gade, went—7, and often.
Ga'n, gaun, going—52, and often.
Gane, gaen, going—55, and often.
Gang, go—9, 56, and often.
Gangs, goes—93, 99, 324.
Gangrels, tramps (beggars)—321.
Gapin, gaping—51.
Gant and gaunted, yawned—7, 51, 80.
Gar, compel—22, 57, 69, 87.
Gars, compels—15, 20, and often.
Gart, compelled—5, 18, 27, 29, 85, 87.
Gat, got—16, 87, 104, 322, 340.
Gate, way—25, 102.
Ga't, galled—42, 95.
Garse, grass—96.
Gapet, gaped—89.
Gaudie, high-sounding—105.
Gausey, jolly, large—56, 84, 100.
Gavel, gable—6.
Gay, very—21.
Gayen, gyen, very, quite—98, 320, 330, 343.
Gear, goods—29, 32, and often.
Gentles, well-born—19.
Geordie, George—11, 73.
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Gie, give—9, and often.
Gied, gave—16, 17, 331.
Gien, given—20.
Gies, gives—60, 90, 97, 340.
Gif, if—88, 95, 97, 322, 327, 338, 339.
Giftie, little gift—22.
Gigle, laugh—50, 322.
Gill, drink-measure—3, 81, 82, 102.
Gillie, dimunitive of gill—97.
Gin't, if it were—90.
Gin, if—11, 21, 32, and often.

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Girn, grin—43, 69, 74, 87, 99.
Girning, grinning—8, 27, 37, 60, 61, 80.
Girnt, grinned—54.
Girr, hoop—323, 327.
Gleefu', gleeful—51.
Glowre, stare—102.
Glow'red and gloweret, stared—20, 36, 84, 87, 337.
Glowan, glowing—20.
Glum, gloomy—338.
Glancin', glancing—52, 92.
Glasco', Glasgow—31.
Glasses, glasses used for holding drink—3.
Gled, kite, hawk—15.
Gleg, quick—22, 24, 37.
Glen, vale—93, 103.
Glibby-gabbet, quickly-talked—20.
Glimmerin', glimmering—34, 41, 104.
Glimmers, glitters—63.
Glint, peep—86.
Glinted, peeped out—14.
Glisterin', glistering—40.
Glitterin', glittering—83, 92.
Gloaming, twilight—328.
Gloits, dults—65.
Gloom, frown—9.
Glowan, glowing—20, and often.
Glow, feel hot—18, 91.
Glowre, glower, stare, gaze—12, 20, 44, and often.
Glow'ring, staring, gazing—21, 41, 52, 54.
Glowert, gazed—20, 33, and often.
Gluts, bellyfulls—34.
Gorge, devour—57.
Goud and gowd, gold—18, and often.
Gouk, fool—18.
Goustly, ghostly—21.
Gowan, daisy—14, 85.
Gowden, golden—49, 54, 60.
Graip, dung fork—54.
Graith, working utensils—46, 88.
Gran, grand—322.
Grane, groan—4, 37, 44, and often.
Graned and gran't, groaned—20.
Grannie, grandmother—86, 90.
Graped, groped—28.
Grappleairns, arms, embraces—43.
Grat, wept—10, 29.
'Gree, agree, gree—4, 55.
Gree, bear the, 97—Gree, get the; the best of—34.
Greet, wept, and greetin', greetan, weeping—21, 27, 44, and often.
Grievin', grieving—7.
Grisle—88.
Grit, great—32.
Groat, 4d—6, 27.
Groo, shudder, hate—81.
Groosome, frightful—83.
Groupin', grouping—13.
Growin', growing—62.
Growlin', growling—31.
Grum'le, grumble—50.
Grumphy, pig—331.
Grun, ground—26, 36.
Grunt, noise like a pig—328.
Gruppit, gripped—323.
Grutten, wept—87.
Gude and guid, good—9, and often.
Gude, good—34, 65.
Guide's, God-guide-us—34, 41.
Gude-fegs, good-faith—104.
Gude-for-naething, good-for-nothing—6.
Gude-man, good-man—19.
Gude-sake and gude's-name, God's-sake, God's-name—4, 5, 35, 58, 327, 337.
Gude-wife, good-wife—21, 67.
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Gurle, growl—84.
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Ha', ha's, hall—22, 72, 103.
Hab, hab's, Albert—20, 66, 69.
Hade, hold—15.
Hadna, had not—36.
Hae, have—3, and often.
Haen—321.
Haena—321, 336.
Ha'f, half—19, 43, 85, 90, 94.
Haffets, sides of the head—36.

Ha'flins, half—19, 105.
Haill, whole—25, 28, 42.
Hainches, haunches—37.
Haith, faith—3, 5, 69, 99.
Halcro, Albert—22.
Hale, whole, healthy—7, and often.
Halesale, wholesale—53, 94.
Hallan, outer door—5, 21.
Hallow, hollow—22.
Hallowfair, Hallowmas Fair—21.
Halter't, hanged—4.
Haly, holy—52, 71.
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Hame, home—6, and often.
Hamely, homely—19.
Hamewards, homewards—41, 47.
Hammart, hameart, belonging to home—86.
Hammerin, hammering—83, 93.
Hammocks, swung beds—13, 50.
Han, haun, hand—14, 21, 86, and often.
Handy, convenient—12.
Hap, hop—17; cover—50.
Happin', hopping—40.
Happet, happed—52.
Harebraint, hare-brained—33.
Harl, drag—5, 27, 30, 59, 66.
Harlt and harl'd, dragged—5, 21, 27, 25, 48.
Harnishes, shawls of a particular pattern—60.
Harns, brains (head)—34.
Hash, sloven—24.
Has't, has it—17.
Haud, hold—7, 10, 25, 40, 59.
Haud, retain—45.
Haudin, holding—322, 323, 337.
Haul, drag—35.
Hault, dragged—94.
Haun, hand—22.
Haurlet, harled—331, 343.
Hawk, sell—20.
Havings, dung—20.
Headlang, headlong—23.
Heapet, heaped—3.
Hear't, heard—17, 15.
Hearty, cheery—97.
Hech, faith—24, 45, and often.
Hech's, exclamation—100.
Hechin', exclaiming—67.
Hech't, recalled—18, 21.
Heicht, height—340.
Heigh, high—33, 105.
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Heeze, lift up—28, 104.
He'll, he will—4, 103.
Herd, shepherd—92.
Herdies, shepherd-lads—85, 92.
Herse, hoarse—63.
Hersel', herself—47.
Het, hot—72, 95.
Heuk, hook—49.
Heys, exclamations—100.
Hie, high—38, 410.
Hielan, Highlan, Highland—50, 88.
Himsel, himself—often.
Hinee, honey—80.
Hinder-en', at close—45.
Hindmaist, hindmost, last—24, 97.
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Hornings, law papers—89.
Hoo, how—369.
Hools, husks—18.
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Hotchin, moving—16.
Hotch't, moved—56.
Houps, hopes—18.
Howe, hollow—19, 20, 22.
Howk, dig—92.
Huggin, hugging—49.
Huggers, old stocking-legs—52, 103, 107.

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Hum'elt, humbled—57.
Humle, &c., imitative sound—13, 334.
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Hunkerin, crouching—88.
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Hurdies, buttocks—35, 41.
Hurlin, hurling—39, 89, 94.
Hurry-burry, hurley-burley—21.
Hutch, indefinite quantity—84.
Huthron, hurriedly, confusedly—40.

I', in—6.
I'd, I would—15.
Ilk, each—14, and often.
Ilka, every—13, and often.
Ill-leukin', ill-looking—320.
Ingle, fire-place—7, 19, 21, and often.
Ingle-cheek, fire-side—20.
Ingon, onion—24.
In't, into it—95.
Ise, I shall—15, 17, 89, 104.
Isna, is not—331, 343.
Ithers, others—3, 98, and often.

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Janet, woman's name—53.
Jaw, impudence—32.
Jaud, jade—319.
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Jaunnering, talking idly—39.
Jeannie, diminutive of Jane—327.
Jinglin', rhyme-sounding—82, 96.
Jink, turn suddenly—15.
Jinkin', turning suddenly—22, 30, 62.
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Kail, broth—51, 87, 344.
Kame, comb—49.
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Kechan, yeast—67.
Kecklin, cackling—93.
Keek, peep—107.
Keekin', peeping—13.
Keel or keels, end of the web—64, 69.
Keeking-glass, looking-glass—73.
Keepit and keepin, keeping—49, 52.
Ken, know—5, 14, 17, and often.
Kens, knows—28, 35, 65, and often.
Kent, kend, known—25, and often.
Kentna, knew not—18.
Kepp, catch—90.
Kicket, kicked—3, 61.
Kimmer, woman, wife—18, 49.
Kin'ling, kindling—23.
Kinle, kindle—49.
Kintra, country—18, 20, and often.
Kintra fouk, country people—22.
Kirk, church—21, 25, 64.
Kirkyard, church-yard—21.
Kippled, married—5.
Kirnan-rung, staff of churn—32.
Kist, kissed—7, 10, 369.
Kist, chest—9, 45, 60.
Kittle, tickle—24, 319.
Kittled, tickled—19.
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Knowe, hillock—19, 103.
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Lade, load—30, 46, 58.
Lade, mill-stream—53.
Lad'ent, loaded—102.
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Laird, proprietor—36.
Lallan, lowland—19.
Lam's, lambs—92.
Lamies, little lambs—9.
Lamp, long step—36, 324.

Lampin', } stepping with long
Lampit, } stride—6, 36.
Lan, land—37, 322, 323, 411.
Lanc'd, lanced—101.
Lane, alone—18, 37, 56, 80, 330, 369.
Lanely, lonely—15, 17, and often.
Lanesome, lonesome—336.
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Langer, longer—27.
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Lauchin and laughin, laughing—48, 85, 331.
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Lave, rest—17.
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Leathing, lath—56.
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Mak's, makes—63, 85, 103.
Maksna, makes not—21.
Man, manage—22, 23.
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Mang, mong—37, 89, 319, 327.
Maun, must—30, 64, 104, 107.
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Maukin, hare—41, 331.
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Mem, madam—31.
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Mell, mallet—100.
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Met, meted—68.
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Mistak, mistake—40.
Mistaen, mistaken—20.
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Mouthfu', mouthful—11, 50.
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Na, no—28, 46, and often.
Nae, none—6, 24, and often.
Naething, nothing—5, and often.
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Nain, own—369.
Nainsels, myself—89.
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Ordain't, ordained—30.
Ordour, ordure, excrement—36.
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O't, of it—51, 64, 65, and often.
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Owr't, over it—81.
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Packman, chapman—27, 31.
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Phrazin, flattering with fine phrases —96, 105.
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Plaister, plaster—98.
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Planestanes, pavement—83.
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Platefu, plateful—11.
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Rape, rope—45, 60.
Raps, knocks—45.
Rappet, called for—11.
Rappin, knocking—40.
Rattlin', rattling—54.
Rattons, rats—49.
Raw, row—12.
Rax, reach—46, 60, 83, 98.
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ERRATA.

A final reading of both volumes makes us thankful that the 'slips,' whether of Editor or Printer, are very slight, and of a kind, as the old Divines were wont to put it, as "easily corrected as espied." These are all that it is of any moment to record. In the Scottish Poems, Vol. II., p. 29, line 7, for 'fair,' though in all the texts, read (probably) 'sair,' *i.e.*,—sore, or got only by great toil; p. 35, line 2nd from bottom, substitute , for ; after 'home'; p. 39, l. 17, put comma after 'blow't'; p. 45, l. 17, put ; after 'cowl'; p. 51, l. 2nd from bottom, read 'scarce' for 'sarce'; p. 77, l. 17, read 'Coila' for 'Colia'; p. 335, l. 4, 'conveyed' *sic;* but qu-'convoyed'? *i.e.*, accompanied me to; p. 336, l. 7, read 'gin ye' for 'gin he.'—*G.*

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Eben Ricker p 225
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RUMP THE PETTICOATS & SPOTS
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a longer patience and a shorter pinch

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